

200  
Poem  
Great  
American  
Poets

Beatrice Hart

PS  
128  
H32

CORNELL  
UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY



E. F. Tice

Cornell University Library  
PS 128.H32

Seven great American poets /



3 1924 021 964 246

001



Cornell University  
Library

The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.

# SEVEN GREAT AMERICAN POETS

BY

BEATRICE HART, P.D. D.

FORMERLY FIRST GRAMMAR GRADE TEACHER, PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 3,  
HEAD OF DEPARTMENT, PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 71, BOROUGH  
OF BROOKLYN, NEW YORK CITY.

*ILLUSTRATED*



SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY  
NEW YORK            BOSTON            CHICAGO

COPYRIGHT, 1901,  
BY SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY

33812 ~  
X

## P R E F A C E

---

THERE is a well-founded conviction among educators that students should be acquainted not only with the best American literature but with the lives of its authors, to the end that they may realize that the great writers experienced joys and suffered hardships in common with their fellowmen; in short, that we should aim to sound a more human note in the study of literature. Unfortunately this work is postponed until the student reaches the more advanced grades, usually the High School. Since but a small proportion of pupils attend the High School, it would seem advisable to begin the work much earlier in the school course.

Biography and autobiography are being generally recognized as the form of literature that is the most interesting and stimulating in the education of youth. If "an autobiography is what a biography ought to be," then no biography is of value that is not largely autobiographical. It should not only tell the life story as others knew it, but it should tell, also, as much as may be, what the author himself thought of that life. It should be both objective and subjective. This, then, is the plan adopted in these biographical sketches: to tell briefly and simply the life story of each author, with the hope that an interest will be awakened in his works through the interest in his life. The selections chosen from those parts of his works which are autobiographi-

cal, reminiscent, personal or subjective, form an important part of the narrative, and serve to awaken a personal interest, while at the same time they furnish examples of his writings which may be used apart from the context, in the study of literature. As there are no compilations simple enough to be so used, this book has been prepared with the hope that it will meet the requirements of those teachers who are endeavoring to carry forward this work.

As poetry is the highest form of literary expression, and as children are attracted by the music of rhyme and rhythm, these sketches have been devoted to the lives of poets. "The works of other men live, but their personality dies out of their labors; the poet who reproduces himself in his creation, as no other artist does or can, goes down to posterity with all of his personality blended with whatever is imperishable in his song. . . . A single lyric is enough, if one can only find in his soul and finish in his intellect one of those jewels fit to sparkle on the stretched forefinger of all time."

Sincere thanks are due to Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, Mr. Parke Godwin, Professor George Edward Woodberry, and Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Stone & Kimball, and D. Appleton & Co., for the use of copyrighted material controlled by them. By special arrangement, permission has been obtained from Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the use of their copyrighted material.

BEATRICE HART.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., 1900.

## CONTENTS

---

	PAGE
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT . . . . .	5
RALPH WALDO EMERSON . . . . .	51
EDGAR ALLAN POE . . . . .	91
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW . . . . .	151
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER . . . . .	193
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES . . . . .	243
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL . . . . .	279



## ILLUSTRATIONS

---

	PAGE
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT . . . . .	4
THE BRYANT HOMESTEAD, CUMMINGTON . . . . .	9
GOODRICH AND HOPKINS HALLS, WILLIAMS COLLEGE . . . . .	17
GREEN RIVER . . . . .	27
CEDARMERE, ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND, N.Y. . . . .	37
RALPH WALDO EMERSON . . . . .	50
THE OLD MANSE . . . . .	69
EMERSON'S CONCORD HOME . . . . .	75
CONCORD BRIDGE . . . . .	83
EMERSON'S GRAVE . . . . .	85
EDGAR ALLAN POE . . . . .	90
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA: "THE LAWN" . . . . .	106
THE COLISEUM . . . . .	115
THE POE COTTAGE AT FORDHAM, NEW YORK . . . . .	136
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW . . . . .	150
LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHPLACE . . . . .	153
DEERING'S WOODS . . . . .	157
WADSWORTH HOUSE, PORTLAND, MAINE . . . . .	163
CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS . . . . .	177
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER . . . . .	192
WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE . . . . .	197
SNOW-BOUND . . . . .	203
OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS . . . . .	217
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES . . . . .	242
HOLMES'S BIRTHPLACE . . . . .	245
HOME OF DOROTHY Q., QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS . . . . .	249
"OLD IRONSIDES" . . . . .	259
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL . . . . .	278
ELMWOOD, LOWELL'S HOME . . . . .	282
LOWELL'S STUDY, ELMWOOD . . . . .	293
MEMORIAL HALL, HARVARD COLLEGE . . . . .	305



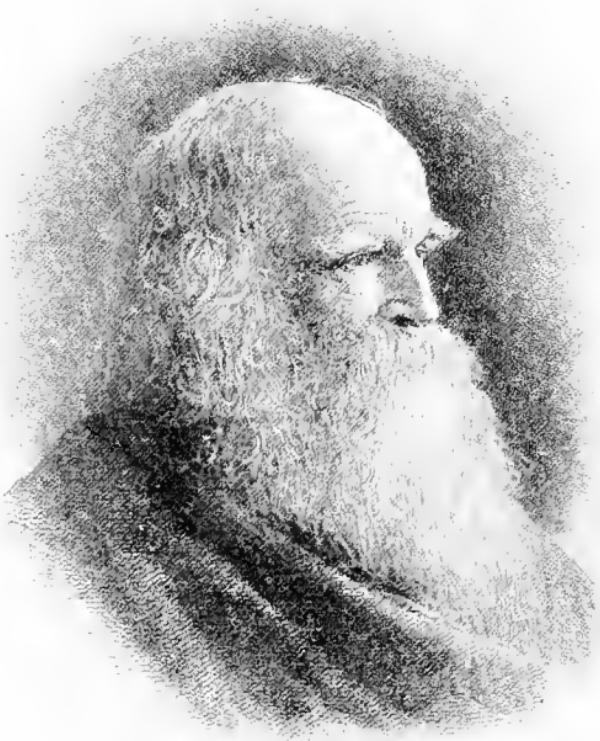
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

1794-1878



So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

*Thanatopsis.*



## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

---

So shalt thou frame a lay  
That haply may endure from age to age,  
And they who read shall say :  
“ What witchery hangs upon this poet’s page !  
What art is his the written spells to find  
That sway from mood to mood the willing mind.”

*The Poet.*

His youth was innocent ; his riper age  
Marked with some act of goodness every day ;  
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,  
Faded his late declining years away.  
Meekly he gave his being up, and went  
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

*The Old Man’s Funeral.*

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is justly called “ the father of our song.” His greatest poem, *Thanatopsis*, which established his reputation, was written twenty-eight years before the appearance of Longfellow’s first volume of poetry. Bryant was a poet of nature, interpreting her in simple and most musical verse. Though he was a patriot in the best sense of the word, a notable journalist for half a century, and a part of the national life of the American republic, it is as poet that he will be best remembered and best loved.

William Cullen Bryant was born November 3, 1794, at Cummington, Hampshire county, Massachusetts.

The log cabin which was his birthplace was removed during his childhood, and the Bryant Homestead, owned by the poet until his death, was really his childhood's home. In 1872, Bryant wrote to a friend of his boyhood, —

“A hundred years since, this broad highland region lying between the Housatonic and the Connecticut was principally forest, and bore the name of Pontoosuc. In a few places, settlers had cleared away woodlands, and cultivated the cleared spots. Bears, catamounts and deer were not uncommon here. Wolves were sometimes seen, and the woods were dense and dark, without any natural openings or meadows. My grandfather on the mother's side came up from Plymouth county, in Massachusetts, when a young man, in the year 1773, and chose a farm on a commanding site overlooking an extensive prospect, cut down the trees on a part of it, and built a house of square logs, with a chimney as large as some kitchens, within which I remember to have sat on a bench in my childhood. About ten years afterwards he purchased, of an original settler, the contiguous farm, now called the Bryant Homestead, and having built beside a little brook, not very far from a spring from which water was to be drawn in pipes, the house which is now mine, he removed to it with his family. The soil of this region was then exceedingly fertile; all the settlers prospered, and my grandfather among the rest. My father, a physician and surgeon, married his daughter, and after awhile came to live with him on the homestead. He made some enlargements of the house, in one part of which he had his office, and in this, during my boyhood, were generally two or three students of medicine, who sometimes accompanied my father in his visits to his patients, always on horseback, which was the mode of traveling at that time. To this place my father brought me in my early childhood, and I have scarce any early recollection which does not relate to it.

“On the farm beside the little brook, and at a short distance

from the house, stood the district schoolhouse, of which nothing now remains but a little hollow where was once a cellar. Here I received my earliest lessons in learning, except such as were given me by my mother, and here, when ten years old, I declaimed a copy of verses composed by me as a description of a district school. The little brook which runs by the house, on the site of the old district schoolhouse, was in after years made the subject of a little poem, entitled ‘The Rivulet.’ To the south of the house is a wood of tall trees, clothing a declivity, and touching with its outermost boughs the grass of a moist meadow at the foot of the hill, which suggested the poem entitled ‘An Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood.’

“ In the year 1835 the place passed out of the family; and at the end of thirty years I purchased it, and made various repairs of the house and additions to its size. A part of the building which my father had added, and which contained his office, had, in the meantime, been detached from it, and moved off down a steep hill to the side of the Westfield river. I supplied its place with a new wing, with the same external form, though of less size, in which is now my library.

“ The site of the house is uncommonly beautiful. Before it, to the east, the ground descends, first gradually, and then rapidly, to the Westfield river, flowing in a deep and narrow valley, from which is heard, after a copious rain, the roar of its swollen current, itself unseen. In the springtime, when the frost-bound waters are loosened by a warm rain, the roar and crash are remarkably loud, as the icy crust of the stream is broken, and the masses of ice are swept along by the flood over the stones with which the bed of the river is paved. Beyond the narrow valley of the Westfield, the surface of the country rises again gradually, carrying the eye over a region of vast extent, interspersed with farmhouses, pasture lands, and wooded heights, where, on a showery day, you sometimes see two or three different showers, each watering its separate district; and in winter time, two or three different snowstorms moving dimly from place to place.”

The house is a spacious and rambling mansion of two stories and a half, with a curb roof, antique dormer windows and broad porches. Bryant's boyhood home, of which the foregoing is a delightful description, was in the beautiful hill country of western Massachusetts. It is a farming and grazing district. The slopes of the hills are dotted with well-tilled farms, and the waters of the mountain streams are used to turn the mills of various industries, yet much of the country is as nature made it, and as the boy early learned to love it. The hills are still covered with thick woods, and the mountain streams still rush down to the beautiful valleys between the hills. In later life, when worn out with his professional cares, Bryant would revisit the home of his childhood, taking great pleasure in it, as the following lines show,—

I stand upon my native hills again,  
Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky,  
With garniture of waving grass and grain,  
Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie,  
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,  
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

Here, have I 'scaped the city's stifling heat,  
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air,  
And, where the season's milder fervor beat,  
And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear  
The song of bird and sound of running stream,  
Am come awhile to wander and to dream.

*Lines on Revisiting the Country.*

It was here that the boy's mind was fed, and his heart filled with that deep love for nature that is



THE BRYANT HOMESTEAD, CUMMINGTON

shown in all his poems. He loved the outdoor life afforded him by the wild and beautiful country surrounding his early home, and its freedom was doubtless one reason for the physical strength and mental vigor that he displayed until his death. That he enjoyed such freedom, and learned to love the hills and dales, the woods and streams, the birds and flowers, of his Hampshire home, is shown in the many allusions to the scenes of his childhood in his poems. *The Rivulet*, one of his first poems, is a charming picture of his early life at Cummington.

This little rill, that from the springs  
Of yonder grove its current brings,  
Plays on the slope awhile, and then  
Goes Prattling into groves again,  
Oft to its warbling waters drew  
My little feet, when life was new.  
When woods in early green were dressed,  
And from the chambers of the west  
The warmer breezes, traveling out,  
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,  
My triuant steps from home would stray,  
Upon its grassy side to play,  
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,  
And crop the violet on its brim,  
With blooming cheek and open brow,  
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,  
And I had grown in love with fame,  
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried  
My first rude numbers by thy side.  
Words cannot tell how bright and gay  
The scenes of life before me lay.  
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak  
Would bring the blood into my cheek,

Passed o'er me ; and I wrote, on high,  
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill  
The tall old maples, verdant still,  
Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,  
How swift the years have passed away,  
Since first, a child, and half afraid,  
I wandered in the forest shade.  
Thou, ever-joyous rivulet,  
Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet ;  
And sporting with the sands that pave  
The windings of thy silver wave,  
And dancing to thy own wild chime,  
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.  
The same sweet sounds are in my ear  
My early childhood loved to hear ;  
As pure thy limpid waters run ;  
As bright they sparkle to the sun ;  
As fresh and thick the bending ranks  
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks ;  
The violet there, in soft May dew,  
Comes up, as modest and as blue ;  
As green amid thy current's stress,  
Floats the scarce-rooted water cress ;  
And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,  
Still chirps as merrily as then.

*The Rivulet.*

The first of the poet's ancestors of his name that came to this country was Stephen Bryant. He came from England about twelve years after the arrival of the Mayflower, and settled at Plymouth, Massachusetts. He married Abigail Shaw in 1650, and their eldest son, Philip, studied medicine. Dr. Philip Bryant settled at North Bridgewater, marrying the daughter of the phy-

sician, Dr. Abiel Howard, with whom he studied medicine. Of their nine children, their son, Peter, father of the poet, studied his father's profession and succeeded to his practice.

In Bridgewater, there was a stern and austere veteran of the Revolution, Ebenezer Snell, whom all the small boys in the town feared. He had a very pretty daughter, Sarah, with whom Peter Bryant fell in love. When Mr. Snell moved to Cummington, Dr. Bryant followed, establishing himself there as physician and surgeon; and in 1792, Dr. Bryant and Sarah Snell were married.

Sarah Snell was a direct descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, whose story has been made familiar to all by Longfellow's poem, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. She was a woman of great force of character. Her dignity, firmness, honesty and energy, showed the stock from which she had come.

Her son says of her: "She was a person of quick and sensitive moral judgment, and had no patience with any form of deceit or duplicity," and he adds, "if, in the discussion of public questions, I have in my riper age endeavored to keep in view the great rule of right without much regard to persons, it has been owing in great degree to the force of her example, which taught me never to countenance a wrong because others did."

Her school education was slight, including only the ordinary English branches, but she was a great reader, by which means she supplied the lack of her early education.

Dr. Bryant was an unusually well-educated man, his literary and scientific knowledge being extensive. As

a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and an attendant at the meetings of a Medical Society which met in Boston, he had frequent occasion to go to the city. In this way, his manners and costume became those of an accomplished city-bred gentleman rather than of a farmer or country physician. Though he enjoyed society, he was a man of very reserved nature.

William Cullen Bryant was the second son in a family of seven children,—five sons and two daughters. He was named William Cullen, after a prominent physician, Dr. Cullen, whom his father greatly admired. Dr. Bryant was one of the third generation to practice medicine, and as he was very proud of his profession, his ambition was that William should become a physician. Neither William nor any of the boys, however, were so inclined.

Mrs. Bryant taught her little son Watts's hymns when he was scarcely three years old, and in his poem, *A Lifetime*, Bryant tells of standing by his mother's knee reading the Scriptures. At four years of age he read well, and was an almost faultless speller.

In *The Boys of My Boyhood*, Bryant has told the story of his childhood, his pleasures and amusements, his early education, the severe discipline of his home life, and the great fear he had of his grandfather, with whom the Bryants lived.

“The boys of the generation to which I belonged — that is to say, who were born in the last years of the last century or the earliest of this — were brought up under a system of discipline which put a far greater distance between parents and their children than now exists. The parents seemed to think this neces-

sary, in order to secure obedience. They were believers in the old maxim that familiarity breeds contempt. My own parents lived in the house with my grandfather and grandmother on the mother's side. My grandfather was a disciplinarian of the stricter sort, and I can hardly find words to express the awe in which I stood of him—an awe so great as almost to prevent anything like affection on my part, although he was in the main kind, and certainly never thought of being severe, beyond what was necessary to maintain a proper degree of order in the family.

"The other boys in that part of the country, my schoolmates and playfellows, were educated on the same system. Yet there were at this time some indications that this very severe discipline was beginning to relax. With my father and mother I was on much easier terms than with my grandfather. If a favor was to be asked of my grandfather it was asked with fear and trembling; the request was postponed to the last moment, and then made with hesitation and blushes and a confused utterance.

"One of the means of keeping the boys of that generation in order was a little bundle of birchen rods, bound together by a small cord, and generally suspended on a nail *against* the wall in the kitchen. This was esteemed as much a part of the necessary furniture as the crane that hung in the kitchen fireplace, or the shovel and tongs. It sometimes happened that the boy suffered a fate similar to that of the eagle in the fable, wounded by an arrow fledged with feathers from his own wing; in other words, the boy was made to gather the twigs intended for his own castigation."—*The Boys of My Boyhood*.

Bryant early showed a liking for reading and study. His father, who was much interested in the education of his children, guided his son in his study, and directed his reading to the poets he himself liked,—Pope, Gray and Goldsmith. Not merely in his study but in his rambles over fields and country roads, Bryant's thoughts were directed by his father, whose knowledge of botany

was extensive. He gave his son his first instruction in the study that afterward developed into that wide knowledge of the whole field of nature. Early recognizing the poetic ability of his son, Dr. Bryant wisely aided in its development, correcting but encouraging the boy's first attempts at verse. In his poem, *Hymn to Death*, he alludes to this early training by his father.

Alas ! I little thought that the stern power,  
Whose fearful praise I sang, would try me thus  
Before the strain was ended. It must cease —  
For he is in his grave who taught my youth  
The art of verse, and in the bud of life  
Offered me to the Muses. Oh, cut off  
Untimely ! when thy reason in its strength,  
Ripened by years of toil and studious research,  
And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught  
Thy hand to practice best the lenient art  
To which thou gavest thy laborious days,  
And, last, thy life. . . . .

*Hymn to Death.*

When he was eight years old, Bryant wrote poems. One of his first efforts was putting into verse the first chapter of Job, and another, a poetical address before the school. His first publication was a school exercise in verse that was printed in *The Hampshire Gazette* of Northampton. In his thirteenth year, he wrote a political poem of over five hundred lines, entitled *The Embargo ; or, Sketches of the Times. A Satire. By a Youth of Thirteen.* The poem attracted general attention, and was praised for its literary worth even by those who opposed the political opinions expressed in it. A second edition of the poem was published in 1809, and

as some doubts were expressed as to its authorship, the printer offered to give the names of those who would vouch that the poem was written by a boy of thirteen. In this second edition appeared several other of his poems.

Before he was sixteen Bryant had written more than forty pieces, in the forms of translations, odes, songs, elegies or satires. Though these early efforts were to some extent echoes of book learning, or his father's opinions, and though they gave no indications of his love for nature, which so marked his later verse, still there was nothing forced or immature about his lines. For years the boy continued to study and write. Occasionally, to test his progress, he would send poems to papers or magazines, without signature, or under names not likely to betray him.

When fourteen years old, he began the study of Latin with his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Snell, living with him for a year. At fifteen, he studied Greek with the Rev. Moses Hallock, who prepared him for college; and it is said that in two months' study he knew the Greek Testament as well as if it had been in English.

Bryant is described as being, at this time, a small, delicate, handsome boy, shy and reserved. He was a great reader, and a natural scholar like his father. At fifteen, he was not only well advanced in all his studies, but was remarkably well informed in every way. Though a student, he enjoyed outdoor sports. He was an excellent runner, and on his visits home would take part in various games with the other boys.

In October, 1810, when in his sixteenth year, he



GOODRICH AND HOPKINS HALLS, WILLIAMS COLLEGE

entered the sophomore class of Williams College. He remained here only seven months, as Dr. Bryant had not the means to pay for his further education. The hope had been that, in due time, he would be able to send his son back to Williams, or to Yale, but it did not become possible. During his short stay in college, Bryant made an excellent record, his associates and professors becoming greatly attached to him. The seven months at Williams College ended his college education, but the college in 1819 conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts, and, later, made him a member of the *Alumni*.

Bryant so disliked the publicity of class duties that he was very glad to renew his studies alone. For a year after he left college, he studied the classics and mathematics, hoping to enter Yale. During that time he did not neglect his poetry, for he continued to write patriotic poems. It was during this period that he was planning or thinking about his wonderful poem on death. *Thanatopsis*, the first great and lasting poem in American literature, shows a power and grandeur that none of his previous efforts indicated. Bryant says that this poem was written either during his eighteenth or nineteenth year, he is not quite sure which, but it was after he left college, and before he began his law studies in 1813. For some reason, he did not send this poem to *The Hampshire Gazette*, as he had his other verses. He put it away, probably with the purpose of re-writing it, and seems to have forgotten it. This first rough draft was written in about a week.

One day, after Bryant had left home to study law, his father, in turning over a drawer full of old manuscripts of his son's, came upon *Thanatopsis*. He was so impressed with its power and beauty, that, unknown to his son, he sent it with two other poems to *The North American Review*. It was published in September, 1817. The poem was then in the form that it is now, Bryant adding the introductory and closing lines in 1821, and making a slight change in the part alluding to the ocean. In its first publication, through a blunder, four verses on death, which were quite inferior in quality, were prefixed as an introduction to the poem. Of the poem, George William Curtis says:

“It was the first adequate poetic voice of the solemn New England spirit; and in the grandeur of the hills, in the heroic Puritan tradition of sacrifice and endurance, in the daily life, saddened by imperious and awful theologic dogma, in the hard circumstances of the pioneer household, the contest with the wilderness, the grim legends of Indians and the war — have we not some outward clue to the strain of ‘Thanatopsis’ — the depthless and entrancing sadness, as of inexorable fate, that murmurs, like the autumn wind through the forest, in the melancholy cadences of this hymn to Death? Moreover, it was without a harbinger in our literature, and without a trace of the English masters of the hour.”

### THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language: for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away

Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —  
Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —  
Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix for ever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,  
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods — rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,  
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —

Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings  
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there :  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.  
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw  
In silence from the living, and no friend  
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man —  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

With *Thanatopsis*, Dr. Bryant also sent *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood*, written in 1813, and published at the same time with *Thanatopsis*. South of the old homestead at Cummington, beyond a meadow, is the wood for which the poet wrote the inscription.

. . . . . These shades

Are still the abodes of gladness ; the thick roof  
Of green and stirring branches is alive  
And musical with birds, that sing and sport  
In wantonness of spirit ; while below  
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,  
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade  
Try their thin wings and dance in the warm beam  
That waked them into life. Even the green trees  
Partake the deep contentment ; as they bend  
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky  
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.  
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy  
Existence, than the wingéd plunderer  
That sucks its sweets. The mossy rocks themselves,  
And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees  
That lead from knoll to knoll a causey rude,  
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,  
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,  
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet  
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed  
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,  
Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice  
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,  
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren  
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,  
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,

Like one that loves thee nor will let thee pass  
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

*Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood.*

In 1813, Bryant began the study of law with Judge Samuel Howe of Worthington, near Cummington. He remained here for nearly two years. He completed his law studies with the Hon. William Baylies of Bridgewater, and in 1815, at the age of twenty-one, he was admitted to the bar at Plymouth.

In 1815, during his residence at Cummington, he wrote his exquisite poem, *To a Waterfowl*. It shows a keen observation of nature and a deep trust in God's loving care. It is expressed in a manner that suggests a sweet and simple melody. The poem was prompted by the flight of a wild duck, which he saw while on his way to Plainfield. His son-in-law, Parke Godwin, gives the following account of the writing of the poem:

"He says in a letter that he felt, as he walked up the hills, very forlorn and desolate indeed, not knowing what was to become of him in the big world, which grew bigger as he ascended, and yet darker with the coming on of night. The sun had already set, leaving behind it one of those brilliant seas of chrysolite and opal which often flood the New England skies; and, while he was looking upon the rosy splendor with wrapt admiration, a solitary bird made wing along the illuminated horizon. He watched the lone wanderer until it was lost in the distance, asking himself whither it had come and to what far home it was flying. When he went to the house where he was to stop for the night, his mind was still full of what he had seen and felt, and he wrote those lines, as imperishable as our language, *The Waterfowl*."

The poem was published six months after *Thanatopsis*.

## TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —  
The desert and illimitable air —  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the weleome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

Bryant began the practice of law at Plainfield, but he removed the following year to Great Barrington. He remained there for nine years, writing during this period some of his most popular poems.

Great Barrington and Williamstown, the seat of Williams College, are situated in the beautiful mountain region of the Berkshires. The valley formed by the mountains is irregularly circular in shape, broad, deep and fertile, with other valleys opening into it, and traversed by the Housatonic, with its tributary, the Green river. Bryant had early formed the habit of taking long, solitary rambles over the fields and through the woods, a habit he always continued as a release from study or work. Of this love of solitude, he says, in an unfinished poem written in his old age,

“Ever apart from the resorts of men  
He roamed the pathless woods, and hearkened long  
To winds that brought into their silent depths  
The murmurs of the mountain waterfalls.”

The Berkshire region afforded him ample opportunity to get away from the haunts of men, and to enjoy the full beauty of waterfall, river, mountain, plain or woods. It is quite certain that during his nine years at Great Barrington, his happiest hours were spent in the study of nature and in voicing her beauties in his poems, for the practice of law from the first was decidedly uncongenial to him.

Of the many poets that Bryant studied, Wordsworth made the deepest and most lasting impression. In 1810, he came upon a volume of his *Lyrical Ballads*. Of it he said that “upon opening the book a thousand springs

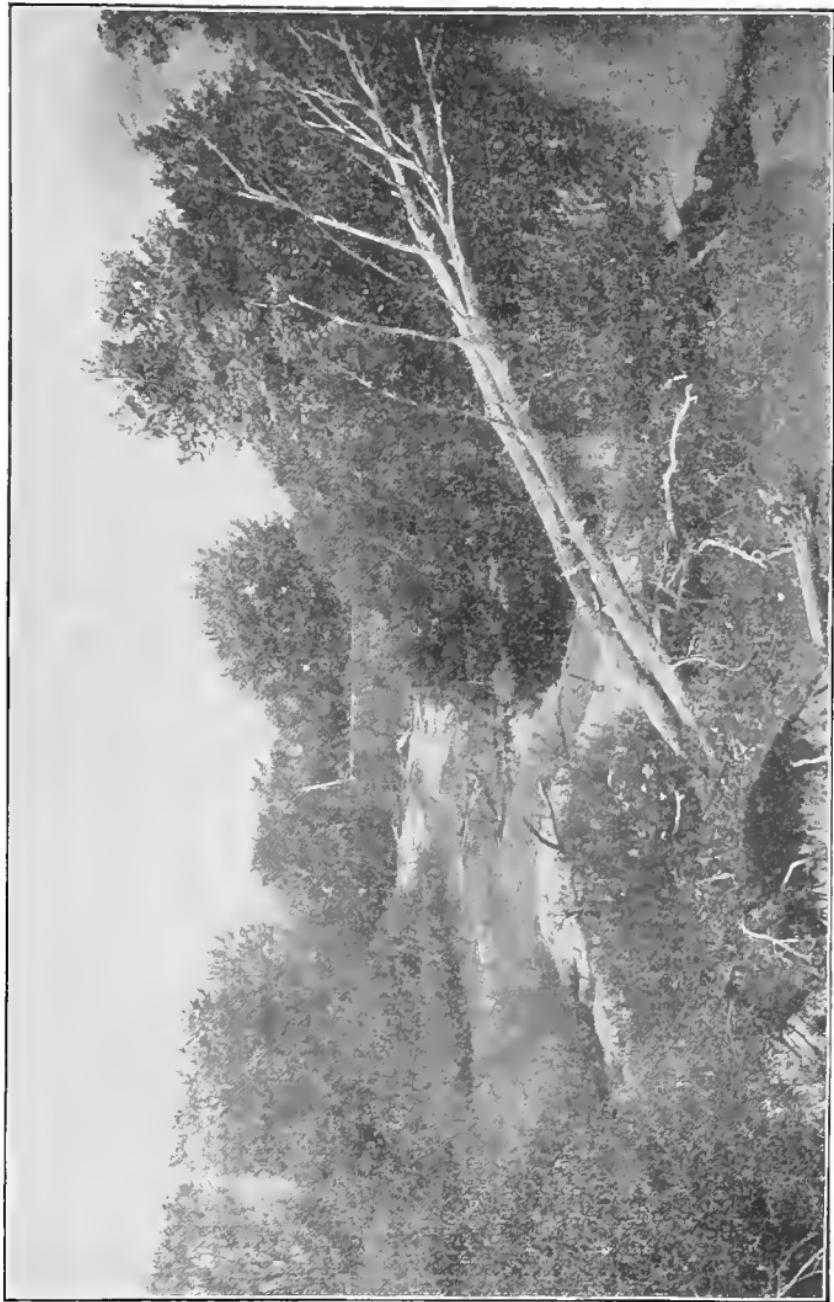
seemed to gush up at once in his heart, and the face of nature, of a sudden, to change into a strange freshness and life." Under the influence of this poet, he seemed to get closer still to the truth, beauty and goodness of universal nature, from which he drew the inspiration of his best poems.

In 1817, while at Great Barrington, Bryant wrote *Green River*. In addition to its being a beautifully descriptive poem, it expresses his dissatisfaction with his profession and his longing to be wholly free.

#### GREEN RIVER

When breezes are soft and skies are fair,  
I steal an hour from study and care,  
And hie me away to the woodland scene,  
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,  
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink  
Had given their stain to the wave they drink ;  
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,  
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters — its shallows are bright  
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,  
And clear the depths where its eddies play,  
And dimples deepen and whirl away,  
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot  
The swifter current that mines its root,  
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,  
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill  
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,  
Like the ray that streams from the diamond-stone.  
Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,  
With blossoms, and birds, and wild-bees' hum ;  
The flowers of summer are fairest there,  
And freshest the breath of the summer air ;



GREEN RIVER

And sweetest the golden autumn day  
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet, fair as thou art, thou shunnest to glide,  
Beautiful stream! by the village side;  
But windest away from haunts of men,  
To quiet valley and shaded glen;  
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,  
Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still,  
Lonely — save when, by thy rippling tides,  
From thicket to thicket the angler glides;  
Or the simpler comes, with basket and book,  
For herbs of power on thy banks to look;  
Or haply, some idle dreamer, like me,  
To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee,  
Still — save the chirp of birds that feed  
On the river cherry and seedy reed,  
And thy own wild music gushing out  
With mellow murmur of fairy shout,  
From dawn to the blush of another day,  
Like traveler singing along his way.

That fairy music I never hear,  
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,  
And mark them winding away from sight.  
Darkened with shade or flashing with light,  
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,  
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,  
But I wish that fate had left me free  
To wander these quiet haunts with thee,  
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,  
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;  
And I envy thy stream, as it glides along  
Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,  
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,

And mingle among the jostling crowd,  
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud,  
I often come to this quiet place,  
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,  
And gaze upon thee in silent dream,  
For in thy lonely and lovely stream  
An image of that calm life appears  
That won my heart in my greener years.

At Great Barrington, Bryant met Miss Frances Fairchild, whom he married in January, 1821. *Song* and *Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids* are two poems in which he expresses his love for her. Mrs. Bryant was a woman of a gentle, sympathetic and deeply religious nature. She was her husband's only intimate friend, and when she died he had no other. Bryant's domestic life, covering a period of forty-six years, was unusually happy. Many of the poet's verses show his devotion and reverence for her sweet and pure character.

In the same year, the summer of 1821, he was invited by the *Phi Beta Kappa Society* of Harvard, to write a poem for them. In response to this invitation, he wrote *The Ages*, his longest and most elaborate poem. It is a thoughtful presentation of the history of mankind from the earliest period. It is considered the best college poem ever written.

Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth  
In her fair page; see, every season brings  
New change, to her, of everlasting youth;  
Still the green soil, with joyous living things,  
Swarms, the wide air is full of joyous wings,  
And myriads, still, are happy in the sleep  
Of ocean's azure gulfs, and where he flings

The restless surge. Eternal Love doth keep,  
In his complacent arms, the earth, the air, the deep.

Late, from this Western shore, that morning chased  
The deep and aneient night, which threw its shroud  
O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,  
Nurse of full streams, and lifter-up of proud  
Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud.  
Erewhile, where yon gay spires their brightness rear,  
Trees waved, and the brown hunter's shouts were loud  
Amid the forest; and the bounding deer  
Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf yelled near.

But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall  
Save with thy children — thy maternal eare,  
Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all —  
These are thy fetters — seas and stormy air  
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,  
Among thy gallant sons who guard thee well,  
Thou laugh'st at enemies; who shall then declare  
The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell  
How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell?

*The Ages.*

During this year, upon the urgent advice of friends, Bryant was induced to publish his first volume of poems, a little book of about forty pages. It contained *The Ages*, *To a Waterfowl*, *Translation of a Fragment of Simonides*, *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood*, *The Yellow Violet*, *Green River*, *Song* and *Thanatopsis*. The book was everywhere well received, and it firmly established his reputation as a poet. Shortly after appeared his *Hymn to Death*, in which is his tender tribute to his father.

During the next four years, Bryant wrote about thirty poems. Some of the most familiar of these poems are *The Rivulet*, *Monument Mountain*, *Autumn Woods*, *Hymn to the North Star*, *The Forest Hymn* and *The Old Man's Funeral*. These are among his finest poems. *Monument Mountain* is a pathetic and tragic love story of an Indian girl of the Stockbridge tribe. The poem is named after Monument Mountain, near Great Barrington.

In 1824, Bryant visited New York for the first time, meeting, while there, the best literary men of the city. The practice of law having always been uncongenial to him, when his friends in New York wrote, in the winter of 1824-1825, that an editorship had been obtained for him, he joyfully gave up law and left Great Barrington for New York early in 1825. One of the last of the Berkshire poems was *June*, published the year after he left Great Barrington.

Bryant began his journalistic career as co-editor of *The New York Review and Athenaeum* in 1825. This position gave little promise of success, so in the following year he became the assistant editor of *The Evening Post*, and, three years later, in 1829, the editor-in-chief. He was associated with this paper for the remainder of his life. His best energies were now devoted to a daily paper, and poetry, of necessity, became the occupation of his leisure hours and not his life work.

Among the poems contributed to *The New York Review* was *The Death of the Flowers*, in which he speaks most tenderly of his sister's death:

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and  
sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang  
and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?  
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.  
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,  
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.  
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:  
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

*The Death of the Flowers.*

As assistant editor, Bryant gained an insight into the requirements of a newspaper, and, seeing the many faults of the journals of the day, he determined to correct them, and to raise the moral and literary tone of journalism. He felt that such was his mission, and the history of his career as editor of *The Evening Post* shows how well he fulfilled it. Looking upon a newspaper as a moral force that could mold and elevate public opinion, he used it as such during the fifty years devoted to the work.

As a newspaper editor, he was thorough, industrious and successful. During a period of fierce political struggle and bitter personal enmities, Bryant showed

how wrongs might be righted and the right maintained without intruding upon the private life of the wrong-doer. He neither criticised nor condemned any person ; it was the wrong act, not the person, that brought forth his censure. The keynote of his newspaper career is best expressed in his famous lines :

“ Truth crushed to earth shall rise again ;  
The eternal years of God are hers ;  
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain  
And dies among his worshippers.”

Bryant was not a close follower of any political party. He remained with a party as long as it represented principles in which he believed. He has, therefore, been called Federalist, Democrat and Republican, whereas he was, in fact, each and all of them in so far as they served the cause for which the Republic stood, — freedom and humanity. During his editorship, he had opportunity to criticise the administrations of Presidents Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Grant and Hayes.

During the great slavery contest from 1820 to 1861, Bryant stood for the freedom of the slave, a course prompted by his conscience, and his love of justice and liberty. He had hoped for freedom without bloodshed, but when the storm burst, his poem, *Our Country's Call*, was a patriotic appeal that aroused thousands to arms.

Lay down the ax : fling by the spade ;  
Leave in its track the toiling plow ;  
The rifle and the bayonet-blade  
For arms like yours were fitter now ;

And let the hands that ply the pen  
Quit the light task, and learn to wield  
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein  
The charger on the battlefield.

Few, few are those whose swords of old  
    Won the fair land in which we dwell;  
But we are many, we who hold  
    The grim resolve to guard it well.  
Strike, for that broad and goodly land,  
    Blow after blow, till men shall see  
That Might and Right move hand in hand,  
    And glorious must their triumph be!

*Our Country's Call.*

In 1865, appeared his beautiful poem,

#### THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,  
    Gentle and merciful and just!  
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear  
    The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,  
    Amid the awe that hushes all,  
And speak the anguish of a land  
    That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free;  
    We bear thee to an honored grave,  
Whose proudest monument shall be  
    The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close  
    Hath placed thee with the sons of light,  
Among the noble host of those  
    Who perished in the cause of Right.

When slavery was finally abolished, he wrote a remarkably fine poem of triumph, entitled *The Death of Slavery*.

Bryant's prose was in every way as excellent as his verse, and doubtless he would have gained a reputation for that alone had not the music of his poems already charmed the public ear.

In 1832, Bryant collected all his poems written previous to that date, and published them in book form. Through the influence of Washington Irving, who was then Secretary of the American Legation at London, an edition was published in England. The poems were everywhere well received, and his reputation became as well established in Europe as in America.

He was a student not only of English literature, but he also translated poems from the Greek, Latin, Spanish, German and Portuguese. He was over seventy years old when he undertook the difficult task of translating Homer. He occupied his leisure hours with it, completing the *Iliad* in three years, and the *Odyssey* in two years. The *Iliad* was published in 1870, and the *Odyssey* in 1871. His work compares most favorably with the translations of other eminent scholars.

Bryant became a great traveler, visiting Europe six times, and traveling extensively in the United States. His first trip abroad was in 1834. He remained two years. His last visit was in 1867. The result of these extensive travels was his *Letters of a Traveler* and *Letters from the East*. During his second trip abroad, he seemed much impressed by the parks of London. A letter written to the *Post* about them and

the necessity of having one in New York, was the means of establishing Central Park.

In 1842, appeared the volume entitled *The Fountain and other Poems*. It contained the poems written during the previous seventeen years, among them being *The Woods*, *The Green Mountain Boys*, *The Death of Schiller*, *Life*, *A Presentiment*, *The Future Life* and *An Evening Reverie*. *The Future Life* was written to his wife about twenty years after their marriage, and is a charming expression of their mutual love.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps  
The disembodied spirits of the dead,  
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps  
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain  
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;  
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again  
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?  
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given—  
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,  
And must thou never utter it in heaven?

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,  
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,  
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,  
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,  
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—  
The wisdom which is love—till I become  
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

*The Future Life.*

CEDARMERE, ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.



*The White-footed Deer and other Poems* was published in 1844. In 1845, Bryant purchased an estate near Roslyn, Long Island, New York, which he named Cedar-mere. The house was built in 1787. It was situated on the top of the hills, surrounded by trees, green fields and streams, and commanded a fine view of the bay. He had the old house repaired and improved, and the grounds made ideally beautiful. He devoted much of his time to tree planting and pruning. The rooms were filled with many beautiful and curious objects that he had collected on his various travels. His excellent library of several thousand volumes he kept at Cedar-mere. Here also he wrote his later poems.

While in Europe in 1858, Mrs. Bryant became dangerously ill. Upon her recovery, her husband wrote the joyous poem, *The Life that Is*.

After Bryant's return from his second trip to Europe, Edgar Allan Poe wrote the following description of him :

"He is now fifty-two years of age. In height he is, perhaps, five feet nine. His frame is rather robust. His features are large, but thin. His countenance is sallow, nearly bloodless. His eyes are piercing gray, deep set, with large projecting eyebrows. His mouth is wide and massive; the expression of the smile hard, cold, even sardonic. The forehead is broad, with prominent organs of ideality; a good deal bald; the hair thin and grayish; as are also the whiskers, which he wears in a simple style. His bearing is quite distinguished, full of the aristocracy of intellect. In general, he looks in better health than before his last visit to England. He seems active — physically and morally energetic. His dress is plain to the extreme of simplicity, although of late there is a certain degree of Anglicism about it.

"In character no man stands more lofty than Bryant. The peculiar melancholy expression of his countenance has caused him to be accused of harshness, or coldness of heart. Never was there a greater mistake. His soul is charity itself, in all respects generous and noble. His manners are undoubtedly reserved."

In 1861, *The Third of November* was published, a poem in which he speaks of himself and his great love for nature.

A volume entitled *Thirty Poems*, which were then his latest, appeared in 1863.

On July 27, 1866, Mrs. Bryant died. She was buried in the Roslyn cemetery, which is about half a mile from Cedarmere. Her death was the one great sorrow of Bryant's life. He has made sacred her memory in many of his poems. *Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids*, *Song*, *The Future Life*, *The Life that Is, A Lifetime*, *May Evening*, and the exquisite poem, *The May Sun Sheds an Amber Light*, all contain allusions to her.

Upon the woodland's morning airs  
The small birds' mingled notes are flung;  
But she, whose voice, more sweet than theirs  
Once bade me listen while they sung,  
                        Is in her grave,  
                        Low in her grave.

That music of the early year  
Brings tears of anguish to my eyes;  
My heart aches when the flowers appear;  
For then I think of her who lies  
Within her grave,  
Low in her grave.  
*The May Sun Sheds an Amber Light.*

In 1874, the citizens of New York, the press and the friends and admirers of Bryant, met to devise some way in which to honor his eightieth birthday. The result was the decision that a silver vase, representing in its design the life and writings of the poet, be presented to him, but placed eventually in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Nearly two years elapsed before the vase was finished. The presentation took place at Chickering Hall, New York, June 20, 1876. The vase was exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876. It is now at the Metropolitan Museum. It cost five thousand dollars, and is most exquisite in design and workmanship. Encircling the neck, in the form of an ornamental border, is his famous line, "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

An illustrated edition of Bryant's poems, containing all that he thought worth preserving, was published in 1876. Among his later poems that became great favorites are *Planting the Apple Tree*, *Among the Trees*, *The Song of the Sower*, *The Wind and the Stream*, *To the Fringed Gentian*, *The Path*, *Day Dreams*, *The Land of Dreams*, and the two fairy pieces, *Sella* and *The Little People of the Snow*. The last poem is the story of a little girl, Eva, who is enticed away by a fairy. She travels far over the glistening snow, and reaches a frost palace, through the ice windows of which she may look and watch the revels of the fairies, but into whose palace she may not enter, because she is a mortal child.

And in that hall a joyous multitude  
Of these by whom its glistening walls were reared,  
Whirled in a merry dance to silvery sounds,

That rang from cymbals of transparent ice,  
And ice-cups, quivering to the skillful touch  
Of little fingers. Round and round they flew,  
As when, in spring, about a chimney-top,  
A cloud of twittering swallows, just returned,  
Wheel round and round, and turn and wheel again,  
Unwinding their swift track. So rapidly  
Flowed the meandering stream of that fair dance  
Beneath that dome of light. Bright eyes that looked  
From lily-brows, and gauzy searfs  
Sparkling like snow-wreaths in the early sun,  
Shot by the window in their mazy whirl.

*The Little People of the Snow.*

Bryant gives in *A Winter Piece*, *Summer Wind*, *Innocent Child and Snow-white Flower* and *To the Fringed Gentian* exquisite pictures of nature.

#### SUMMER WIND

It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk  
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;  
There is no rustling in the lofty elm  
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade  
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint  
And interrupted murmur of the bee,  
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again  
Instantly on the wing. The plants around  
Feel the too potent fervors: the tall maize  
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops  
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.  
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,  
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,  
As if the searing heat and dazzling light  
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,  
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven —  
Their bases on the mountains — their white tops

Shining in the far ether — fire the air  
With a reflected radiance, and make turn  
The gazer's eyes away. For me, I lie  
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,  
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,  
Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind  
That still delays his coming. Why so slow,  
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?

Oh, come and breathe upon the fainting earth  
Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves  
He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge,  
The pine is bending his proud top, and now  
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak  
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes;  
Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!  
The deep distressful silence of the scene  
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds  
And universal motion. He is come,  
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,  
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings  
Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs,  
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice  
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs  
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,  
By the road-side and the borders of the brook,  
Nod gayly to each other; glossy leaves  
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew  
Were on them yet, and silver waters break  
Into small waves and sparkle as he comes.

*Robert of Lincoln* is a poem full of bird music. It is the best example of Bryant's humor.

#### ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,  
Near to the nest of his little dame,

Over the mountain-side or mead,  
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :  
     Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
     Spink, spank, spink ;  
 Snug and safe is that nest of ours,  
 Hidden among the summer flowers.  
     Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,  
 Wearing a bright black wedding-coat ;  
 White are his shoulders and white his crest,  
     Hear him call in his merry note :  
     Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
     Spink, spank, spink ;  
 Look, what a nice new coat is mine,  
 Sure there was never a bird so fine.  
     Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,  
 Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,  
 Passing at home a patient life,  
     Broods in the grass while her husband sings :  
     Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
     Spink, spank, spink ;  
 Brood, kind creature; you need not fear  
 Thieves and robbers while I am here.  
     Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;  
 One weak chirp is her only note.  
 Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,  
     Pouring boasts from his little throat :  
     Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
     Spink, spank, spink ;  
 Never was I afraid of man ;  
 Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can !  
     Chee, chee, chee,

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,  
 Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!  
 There as the mother sits all day,  
 Robert is singing with all his might:  
     Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
     Spink, spank, spink;  
 Nice good wife, that never goes out,  
 Keeping house while I frolic about.  
     Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,  
 Six little mouths are open for food;  
 Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,  
 Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.  
     Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
     Spink, spank, spink;  
 This new life is likely to be  
 Hard for a gay young fellow like me.  
     Chee, chce, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made  
 Sober with work, and silent with care;  
 Off is his holiday garment laid,  
 Half forgotten that merry air:  
     Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
     Spink, spank, spink;  
 Nobody knows but my mate and I  
 Where our nest and our nestlings lie.  
     Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;  
 Fun and frolic no more he knows;  
 Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;  
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:  
     Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
     Spink, spank, spink;  
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,  
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.  
     Chee, chee, chee.

*The Flood of Years* was the last long poem that Bryant wrote. It is religious in tone, and in nature is suggestive of *Thanatopsis*, *The Ages*, *Hymn to Death*, and *Among the Trees*. The closing lines of this poem are an expression of the poet's religious faith.

Bryant was frequently called upon to deliver orations and addresses upon any occasion of public note or importance. While performing this office, May 29, 1878, at the unveiling of the Mazzini bust at Central Park, he was overcome by the heat. He did not apparently feel the effects of the exposure to the sun until after the exercises were over and he had reached the house of a friend, where he fell unconscious. He rallied sufficiently to be taken to his own home, but paralysis set in, and after an illness of thirteen days, he died June 12, 1878. He was placed in his last resting-place at Roslyn, during, as he had once expressed his wish, the month of June, while overhead the birds sweetly sang and the breezes swept softly through the tree-tops.

I gazed upon the glorious sky  
And the green mountains round,  
And thought that when I came to lie  
At rest within the ground,  
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,  
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,  
And groves a joyous sound,  
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,  
The rich, green mountain turf should break.  
  
There through the long, long summer hours,  
The golden light should lie,

And thick young herbs and groups of flowers  
Stand in their beauty by.  
The oriole should build and tell  
His love-tale close beside my cell ;  
The idle butterfly  
Should rest him there, and there be heard  
The housewife bee and humming-bird.

*June.*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

1803–1882



And such I knew, a forest seer,  
A minstrel of the natural year,  
Foreteller of the vernal ides,  
Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,  
A lover true, who knew by heart  
Each joy the mountain dales impart ;  
It seemed that Nature could not raise  
A plant in any secret place,  
In quaking bog, on snowy hill,  
Beneath the grass that shades the rill,  
Under the snow, between the rocks,  
In damp fields known to bird and fox,  
But he would come in the very hour  
It opened in its virgin bower,  
As if a sunbeam showed the place,  
And tell its long-descended race.  
It seemed as if the breezes brought him ;  
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him ;  
As if by some secret sight he knew  
Where, in far fields, the orchis grew.  
Many haply fall in the field  
Seldom seen by wistful eyes ;  
But all her shows did Nature yield,  
To please and win this pilgrim wise.  
He saw the partridge drum in the woods ;  
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn ;  
He found the tawny thrushes' broods ;  
And the shy hawk did wait for him ;  
What others did at distance hear,  
And guessed within the thicket's gloom,  
Was shown to this philosopher,  
And at his bidding seemed to come.

*Woodnotes.*



## RALPH WALDO EMERSON

---

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?  
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?  
At rich men's tables eateu bread and pulse?  
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?  
And loved so well a high behavior,  
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,  
Nobility more nobly to repay?  
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

*Forbearance.*

THE position that Emerson holds in American literature, as a writer of prose and poetry, is singularly different from that of all the writers that preceded him, and even of those of his own period. A close study of his ancestors and of the surroundings of his early life is necessary in order fully to understand the influences that shaped his life and molded his genius. The distinctive quality of his writings is the spirit that breathes through them. It is patient, hopeful and serene, showing a firm belief in happiness, and seeing the virtue of it. He has great faith in the individual, and inspires one with hope, courage, self-reliance. All his lines ring with the truth of what he says. His style of writing is often abrupt, with sudden changes, but the sentences are freighted with thought. One must think in order to grasp and understand his message. The new thought,

the inspiration to right living, which one often gets, is well worth the effort required.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, son of William Emerson, minister to the First Church of Boston, was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. He was the fourth child and third son.

The old parish house, which was his birthplace, was a gambrel-roofed, wooden building, standing in the middle of grounds about three acres in extent, at the corner of Summer and Chauncy streets. During his childhood, this wooden house was replaced by a brick one. It set well back from the street, having a larger orchard and a garden.

The southern part of Boston, where the house and church stood, was then quite rural. Where the busy thoroughfares and great warehouses of the city now are, in the days of Emerson's childhood were green fields and pastures, and fine estates with orchards and gardens. The neighborhood was just the right place for boys, as there were plenty of open grounds with sheds, woodhouses, and an occasional deserted barn. Near at hand was a pond where in winter the boys learned to skate. Not far distant was the salt water with long wharves extending into it, from which the boys indulged in fishing. There was also the Common, then a playground from end to end.

William Emerson, father of Ralph Waldo, was descended from a long line of preachers, dating back to the earliest days of the colonies. One ancestor, the Rev. Peter Bulkeley, left England in 1634, and, with others, settled Concord, Massachusetts, spending most

of his fortune in pioneer work. His granddaughter married the Rev. Joseph Emerson, the pioneer minister of Menden. When this village was destroyed by the Indians, the Emersons went to Concord. Their son Edward married Rebecca Waldo, whence came the name of Waldo into the family. The son of this couple, a second Rev. Joseph Emerson, married Mary Moody, whose father was also a minister. He was a very earnest, almost fanatical student. He kept his son William, the grandfather of Ralph Waldo, constantly at his books. The only change or rest from study was farm work, and even the little time given to this he grudged. This William Emerson was the patriot minister of Concord. He married Phœbe Bliss, daughter of another minister. He built the parsonage at Concord, celebrated by Hawthorne in his *Mosses from an Old Manse*. At the breaking out of the Revolution, he preached to the minute-men of Concord. In 1776, he became chaplain of the army at Ticonderoga, dying in a few months from camp fever, at the early age of thirty-three years.

William Emerson left a widow and four children, one son and three daughters. His widow married again, and another set of children growing up, his son William was left dependent upon his own efforts. He and his sister, Mary Moody, inherited from their father a deep love for learning, and a keen enjoyment of literary society. William's education was frequently interrupted by school teaching, by which means he would acquire money for still more schooling. Eventually, he was graduated from the Cambridge divinity school.

When twenty-three years old, William Emerson became the minister in the town of Harvard. In 1796, he married Ruth Haskins. They were very poor, the calling at Harvard bringing but a small income; but Mr. Emerson had a very buoyant, cheerful disposition, and he and his wife struggled bravely on. Mr. Emerson taught school, took boarders and worked on the farm. At last something in the form of a release from such poverty came in 1799, when he was called to preach in the First Church of Boston. Although the salary attached to this position was not large, still it was much better than that received at Harvard.

The Rev. Charles Lowell, father of the poet, speaks of William Emerson as being a handsome man, tall and fair, easy and graceful in movement, with gracious manners. He was a social man, enjoying society very much, and entertaining considerably for those days. He was interested in literature and literary societies. He also established several libraries, one at Harvard, one at the Boston Athenæum, and a theological library connected with his church. William Emerson died in 1811, leaving his widow six children to support.

Mrs. Emerson, the mother of Ralph Waldo, was spoken of in the highest terms by all who knew her. She displayed under all circumstances a remarkable firmness and dignity of character, and a very sweet, patient, serene temper. Her manners were gentle and graceful, and her speech both kindly and sensible.

The burden that fell upon Mrs. Emerson at the death of her husband was a heavy one. She had no means of support for herself and six children. The First Church

did all they could for her. They continued her husband's salary for six months, gave her an allowance of five hundred dollars for seven years, and the use of the parish house for a year and a half. She remained there, however, for three years.

A less expensive place to live in than Boston would have been preferred, but Mrs. Emerson wished the children to be well educated. With that end in view, she kept within reach of the Latin School and Harvard College. In order to carry out her plans for her children's education, they all had to make many sacrifices and endure many privations.

Mrs. Emerson took boarders, and the boys did much of the housework. Ralph and Edward had but one overcoat between them, and they took turns in wearing it. Many of the school children used to annoy and torment them by calling out, "Whose turn is it to wear the coat to-day?" The children had little opportunity for play. What spare time they had was devoted to study or to reading good literature.

In *Domestic Life*, Emerson speaks of the pleasures of those early days, which were very unlike those of most boys. The eager boys would hasten through their chores, and hurry into the sitting room to prepare the next day's lessons. Often they would steal time to read a chapter from some novel they had smuggled into the room, though they knew the punishment for this forbidden pleasure would surely be extra pages of translations or more pages to memorize. Frequently they would meet in the school yard, or at some old barn or shed, and entertain each other with songs, bits

of poetry and orations, or with imitations of some orator. There would also be the criticism of the previous Sunday's sermon. Another pleasure was the school recitation of pieces, learned faithfully at home, and rehearsed again and again, sometimes to the entertainment, more often to the weariness, of the household. There were also the joy and the pride of the first literary efforts, the completed translation or composition. Theater-going was one of the forbidden pleasures in these days, but it was with keen delight that the advertisements of the arrival of the great actors, Macready, Booth, or Kemble, were studied and compared. Then, too, there was the happiness of reunion after their separation for school or business. Each arrival was a new delight, and the boys found great pleasure in relating and comparing their various experiences and their bits of newly acquired knowledge.

The tie that held these boys so closely together was, Emerson says, "the iron band of poverty, of necessity, of austerity," which "directed their activity in safe and right channels, and made them, despite themselves, reverers of the grand, the beautiful, and the good." The angels that dwelt with them were "Toil and Want, and Truth and Mutual Faith."

Emerson was a serious-minded child, not at all interested in boyish amusements. Though the neighborhood in which he lived afforded many opportunities for all sorts of outdoor sports, he had little time or inclination for play. He never owned a sled, and would have been too timid to use one, as his mother had often warned him against the rough boys that came to play in the

neighborhood. He was different from other boys of his own age, and when very young was quite literary in his tastes and enjoyments. This seriousness and a naturally haughty way of carrying his head — a family trait — separated him from his youthful companions, many of whom disliked him. His elders thought highly of him, and those who knew him best considered him a spiritual-looking boy, with a sweet, lovable disposition.

Beside Mrs. Emerson and the six children, there was in the home circle, their aunt, Mary Moody Emerson. Emerson always felt for this aunt the deepest reverence which he shows in his sketch of her life and character. His poem, *The Nun's Aspiration*, refers to her. She was a woman of very singular character, which had a strong influence upon the boys, and placed a still greater strain upon their already over-taxed minds and bodies.

Mary Moody Emerson was born shortly before the Revolution. Her father, just before the Concord fight, carried her to his mother at Malden. Miss Emerson remained with her grandparents, living a very lonely life, performing many tasks that were beyond her strength, having no young companions, and rarely seeing her brother and sister from Concord. While still a girl, her burden was increased by the care of an insane aunt. She inherited from her father a keen appetite for learning, but had little opportunity in the early days to gratify it. She was a quick, irritable, keen-witted woman, using her wit to sting rather than to amuse. Her peculiarities drove from her many whose love she would have treasured. All these traits were the result of her sad and lonely life, and of a

morbidly religious character which she inherited from her ancestors. She accepted, as God's will, the position in which her strange character placed her.

As a young woman, she was frequently called upon, in times of sickness and need, by her brothers and sisters, in whose families she became much interested. She was passionately attached to some of her nephews and nieces.

When her brother William died, she made her home with his widow, ready to render what aid she could. Emerson highly valued the virtues of this aunt, her lofty principles and high aspirations. He felt that to have lived within the reach of her influence during his childhood was an education that could not be too highly valued, and that her peculiar and often irritable disposition was far outshone by the high character she revealed. This aunt was one of the strongest influences that helped to shape Emerson's mind and character.

The austerity of those early days, the absence of all play, of association with companions of his own age, drove the boy and, later, the man to himself, and made it most difficult for him at any time to meet others in the ordinary, familiar way. Only the interchange of high thoughts and spiritual ideals appealed to him.

It was not a gloomy household, however, for the boys inherited buoyant dispositions and keen wit. The natural joyousness of youth too often verged, their aunt Mary thought, upon silliness and folly. A cousin speaks of the home as being very hospitable and cheerful, and the boys as bright, intelligent, good talkers, and most gracious in their manners.

Emerson went to school when he was three years old, which was not unusual at that time. What was expected of children may be somewhat understood, when, two months after he went to school, his father writes that Ralph "does not read very well yet"! This school was on Summer street, near the parsonage. Later he went to a school kept by a Mr. Lawson Lyon, a severe teacher who believed in the free use of both rule and cowhide.

In 1813, Emerson entered the Latin School. As the school-house was being rebuilt at the time, the school wandered from place to place. At one time, it was held at the Mill Pond, then stretches of flat lands. At another time, it was held in an attic on Pemberton Hill. The head master, Mr. Benjamin Apthorp Gould, was considered an excellent teacher, and was held in high esteem by his pupils.

Emerson was looked upon as a studious but not an especially brilliant pupil. His compositions were always correct, and he early began to be critical in expression. He was liked by his companions for his fairness and sweet temper, but he was never a favorite, for he rarely took part in the athletic sports or boyish fun.

At about this time, Emerson began to write verses. The naval victories of the War of 1812 awakened his admiration, and were often the subjects of his verse. One long poem, called *Fortus*, illustrated by his school fellow, W. H. Furness, is still in existence. During the last year at school, he was often called upon to recite "original poems" on exhibition days. His brothers were rather proud of this ability to make

verses or rhymes, and his letters to them often contained some poem or bit of verse.

In 1814, the cost of living in Boston became so expensive that the Emersons were forced to leave the city. They went to Concord, where they remained for a year. Emerson's fondness for rhyming was soon discovered by his associates at the school in Concord, and when he was about to leave they put him on a barrel, and made him recite a farewell ode. He took great delight, years after, in recalling bits of this ode for the amusement of his children. The lines referring to his younger brother, Charles, who was attending the same school, greatly disgusted that young gentleman, to the intense amusement of the poet and orator of the occasion.

On their return to Boston, they occupied a house on Beacon street, near the present site of the Boston Athenæum. In the back yard they kept a cow which they had brought from Concord, and which Emerson used to drive around the Common to some pasture land belonging to his mother. He describes this new home in some amusing verses to his brother, Edward, who was at boarding-school.

In August, 1817, Emerson entered Harvard College. It was thought at first that he would have to defer his college education, as his family had not then the means to meet the expense, but through Mr. Gould, his former teacher, he received the appointment of President's freshman, which gave him, without charge, lodgings in the President's house. He was also made waiter at Commons, which relieved him of three fourths of the

expense of his board. He received money from one of the scholarship funds, and from a fund for needy scholars connected with the First Church. In this way, his expenses were met. During the first year in college, he did some private teaching, thus making a little more money.

The college studies never received from Emerson the attention which he should have given them, and which the college authorities expected. He was industrious, but in his own way. He read a great deal, and his note books were filled with quotations, favorite expressions, and copies of parts of his aunt Mary's letters, whose style he greatly admired and closely imitated. His interest in literature increased, and he worked earnestly on composition. During his junior year, he won three prizes, two for composition, and one for declamation. This last prize was thirty dollars, which he took home with expectations of great happiness, hoping it would buy his mother a much needed shawl. He was keenly disappointed when he learned that it was used to pay the baker's bill.

Aside from his literary efforts, Emerson passed through the college course without distinction, standing at the close at about the middle in a class of fifty-nine. He was made poet on Class Day, and received one of the twenty-nine commencement parts. He was graduated in 1821.

Emerson is described as being, at that time, a delicate, slender youth, younger than most of his classmates, with a sensitive, retiring nature. Although his brother William was in the senior class, and introduced

him to his associates and to college life, and though his duties as President's freshman brought him in contact with almost every member of the college, still he became acquainted very slowly. The noisy ways of his companions were distasteful to him, and equally so to them was the nearness of his room to the President's. Gradually the more thoughtful boys sought him, finding that if he knew less than they about college text-books, he knew more about general literature. Moreover, he could write poetry, and he was frequently called upon to do so for the various college occasions. Although his quiet nature kept him from joining the college societies, still he was genial and mirthful, though never boisterous, and was fond of telling and hearing a good story. He was well liked by classmates and professors.

The class of 1821 held its annual reunions at Cambridge for fifty years. As Emerson always lived near, he regularly attended these meetings. He looked after the more unfortunate members of the class, helping them when he could, or getting others to assist them.

Emerson's plan was to teach school after leaving college, and to study for the ministry at the same time, though his real ambition was to be a college professor of rhetoric and oratory. No such position was ever offered to him. He so disliked the school teaching that it became a source of great unhappiness to him. He was doing what his father and grandfather had done before him, but in a very different spirit. He took so dismal a view of his work, that it crushed all his hope. The different periods of his teaching were the gloomiest ones of his life.

Emerson did some teaching while in college. After graduation, he renewed this much disliked occupation, but under more favorable circumstances. His brother William had established a school for young ladies in his mother's house in Boston, and he became William's assistant for two years, and for one year had full charge, his brother going abroad to study for the ministry. The income derived from his teaching during these three years was a very good one for those days. By means of it, he was enabled to aid his mother and brothers, and to urge William to prolong his stay in Europe.

Emerson's other teaching was taking one or two pupils in his home, teaching a public school for a few months, and taking charge of his brother Edward's school, he having been compelled by ill health to give up his law studies, and to take a sea voyage. He also had a school of his own in Boston for a short time. This last ended his distasteful work.

Though teaching was so uncongenial to him, yet Emerson's pupils and their parents were well satisfied. His sweet nature attracted his pupils, he had a strong moral influence upon them, and he took a great interest in them and their lives aside from their school work.

As a man, Emerson was as retiring and exclusive as when a boy. He shunned society, finding his greatest happiness in companionship with his brothers, especially Edward and Charles. He also enjoyed corresponding with his classmates.

The tie between the five brothers was very close. Their hard struggle with poverty during childhood and

youth, their noble ambitions and their brave efforts to realize them, brought them into such close sympathy that no one else could possibly take their place in one another's life. Unfortunately, their physical strength was not equal to the tasks they laid upon it. An inherited lung disease showed itself in Waldo, Edward and Charles when each was about thirty years old, from which Edward and Charles died. Their only sister, Mary, had died in 1814. Bulkeley, whose mind had never developed, though he was a boy of fine character, left the home circle in 1825, being placed in the care of others. Edward was a more brilliant man than Waldo. He was remarkably handsome, eloquent and talented, and was a great favorite in society. His ambitions and his hard work to gratify them, were too much for his strength, and his health completely broke in 1828. He was forced to give up all study, and to make his home in Porto Rico, where he died in 1834. Of his death Emerson wrote: "I am bereaved of a part of myself."

Charles seems to have been the closest friend, the most dearly loved of all the much loved brothers. He died in 1836. His death left a void in Emerson's life that none other could fill. In *Peter's Field* and the *Dirge*, he writes most tenderly of them all.

Five rosy boys with morning light  
Had leaped from one fair mother's arms,  
Fronted the sun with hope as bright,  
And greeted God with childhood's psalms.

But they are gone, — the holy ones  
Who trod with me this lovely vale ;  
The strong, star-bright companions  
Are silent, low and pale.

My good, my noble, in their prime,  
Who made this world the feast it was,  
Who learned with me the lore of time,  
Who loved this dwelling-place !

*Dirge.*

Emerson dearly loved the country because it brought him so near to nature. He enjoyed any sojourn, however short, away from the city. In 1823, the Emersons lived for awhile just out of the city of Boston, in a woodland district of rocks, hills and woods, much to Emerson's delight. Here he wrote his poem *Good-Bye*. In it he bids farewell to the world, and promises to go home to nature, to the hills and the rocks and the pines, to the blackbird's song, to a close communion with self and God. In *Woodnotes* and in *My Garden*, he expresses most delightfully his love for nature, and the knowledge and help he obtains in his close study of her. In this woodland retreat they remained until February, 1825. Emerson then went to Cambridge, entering the Divinity School.

He began his preparation for the ministry in a very earnest spirit, seeking advice and aid from those whose opinion he valued, and whose position and experience seemed to fit them to give the help needed. He was not troubled by doubts about his religious belief, but his desire was, if he were to teach others, to be able to give them reasons that justified his faith.

His health began to fail him about this time, and his studying, and afterward his preaching, were often interrupted by illness. In October, 1826, he was qualified to preach, and a few days after, he preached his first sermon at Waltham. His ill health, however, forced him to take a trip South, from which he returned in June, 1827, joining his mother who was staying at the Concord Manse. Later he again established himself at Divinity Hall, Cambridge.

While on his trip South, Emerson did some preaching in the Unitarian churches in the different cities he visited. On his return, he frequently acted as a substitute, but his health did not permit regular work. Since he was not equal to preaching every Sunday, he thought of giving up the ministry, and returning to teaching. Not having the courage to do this, he decided to remain in Cambridge, do what he could in the way of preaching and attending lectures, and wait for better health and better days. He remained there a year, gaining in health slowly, and gradually doing more continuous work.

In March, 1829, Emerson was ordained minister of the Second (Unitarian) Church of Boston. As a minister, he won many admirers, especially among the young. His great charm was the simple style of his sermons, and his ability to make his hearers feel that religion was something very real and a part of their every day life.

Only two of Emerson's sermons are published, one being the sermon on the Lord's Supper, which he delivered when he resigned his charge of the Second Church

in the summer of 1832. The resignation was due to a difference of opinion between himself and the church, concerning the rites of the Lord's Supper. The church was anxious to retain him, but he felt that he could not administer a form of worship in which he had no faith. This ended his regular work as a minister, though he continued to preach at various times for many years after.

Emerson's sermons were frequently criticised by those not accustomed to such startling and broad applications of divine truths, as having a tendency to unsettle the Christian faith. Nothing was farther from his thoughts. His faith in the Christian religion was absolute. He simply made a broader, more generous application of its truths, feeling that they did not belong to any particular sect or creed.

While preaching at Concord, New Hampshire, in 1827, Emerson met Miss Ellen Tucker, who afterward became his wife. Miss Tucker was very frail, but her brave and cheerful disposition easily misled others, even those who knew her best, concerning her health. She was considered by all to be a very attractive character. *To Ellen* is a dainty poem, in which the spring at the North bids her return from the South.

The green grass is bowing,  
The morning wind is in it;  
'T is a tune worth thy knowing,  
Though it change every minute.

. . . . .  
Hark to the winning sound!  
They summon thee, dearest,—

Saying, 'We have dressed for thee the ground,  
Nor yet thou appearest.'

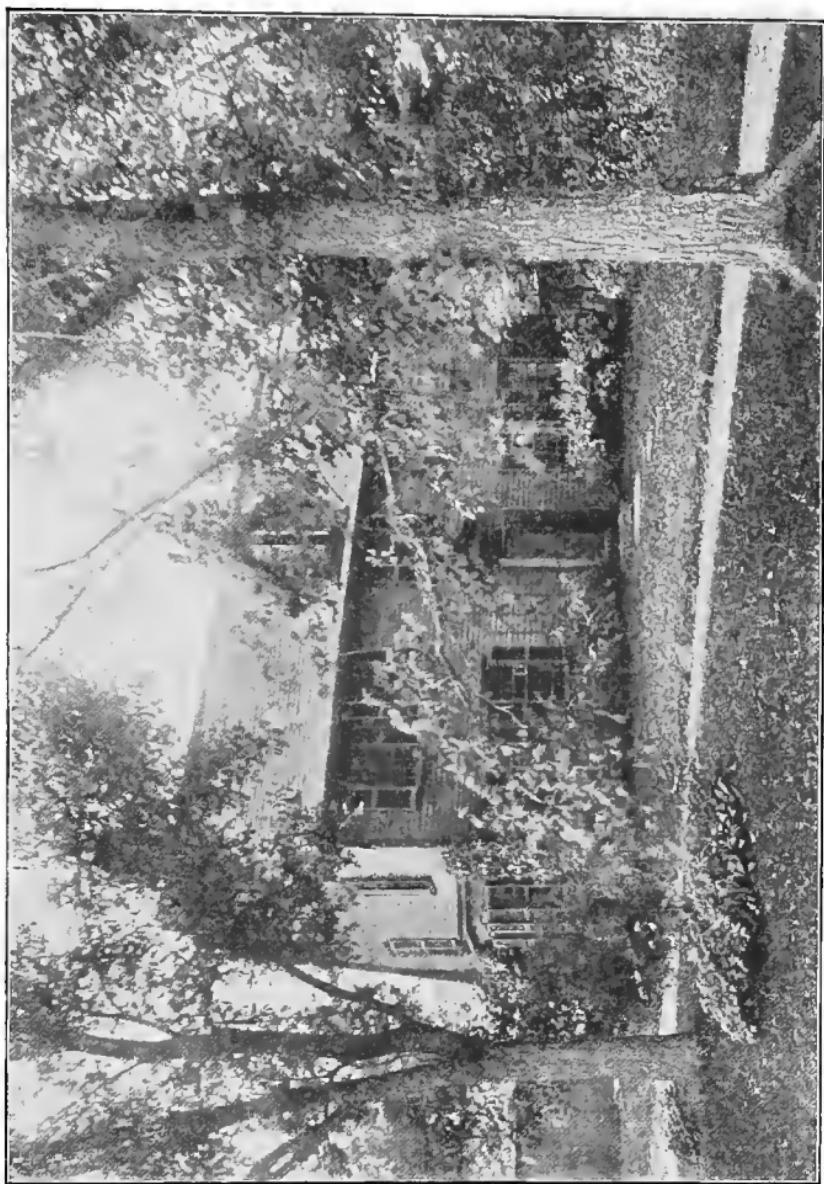
'O come, then, quickly come!  
We are budding, we are blowing;  
And the wind that we perfume  
Sings a tune that's worth the knowing.'

*To Ellen.*

The death of his wife early in 1831, was a sorrow from which he could not seem to rally. His health broke down under the strain, and, at the suggestion of his friends, he sailed for Europe, December 25, 1832, hoping the sea voyage would restore his health.

While abroad, he met General Lafayette, and visited the poets Coleridge and Wordsworth. He also went to Scotland to see Carlyle, between whom and himself was formed a life-long friendship. During this year spent abroad, his health steadily improved. A brief account of this visit is given in *English Traits*, published in 1856. The general topics are *Land, Race, Ability, Manners*. His thoughts are fresh and original, and show keen observation. He is full of admiration for the English, but is not blind to their faults or shortcomings.

Upon his return from Europe, Emerson lived for about a year with his mother at Newton, indulging again in long, solitary rambles in the woods. They left Newton in 1834, again visiting the old Manse at Concord. Here Emerson's wanderings came to an end, for, becoming engaged to Miss Lydia Jackson of Plymouth, in the winter of 1835, he determined to make Concord his home.



THE OLD MANSE

Concord was peculiarly attractive to Emerson. Here his forefathers had their home, and here, during childhood, he and his brothers had often visited the Manse, and taken long tramps through the Walden woods, over Dr. Ripley's hill and Peter's field. His poem, *Peter's Field*, describes the memories and associations which a walk over this field by the Concord river recalls.

The old Manse, made famous by Hawthorne, is an old-fashioned gambrel-roofed house, standing close to the scene of the Concord fight, near the river. In one of the rooms, Emerson wrote his book on *Nature*, and in the same room some years later, Hawthorne wrote *Mosses from an Old Manse*, in which is an excellent description of this old parsonage of the Emerson family.

Concord is a beautiful New England town. In the neighborhood are fine woods, beautiful ponds, and through the meadows flow quiet streams, which later join the Merrimac. At a distance can be seen the summits of Monadnock and Wachusett. *Woodnotes*, *Monadnock*, *Musketaquid* (the latter the Indian name of one of the streams), *My Garden* and *Walden*, all voice the pleasure and inspiration Emerson drew from the beauties of nature which surrounded his Concord home.

Because of his contemplated marriage, Emerson determined to leave the Manse and build a home of his own. Instead, he purchased the Coolidge house, a plain, square, wooden building, large and hospitable-looking. A long hall divides it in the middle. On the right was Emerson's library, a large, square room, plainly furnished, but made pleasant by pictures and sunshine. His study was a room up stairs. The house

is on the outskirts of the village, with plenty of open ground sloping to the meadow through which a brook flowed. There is also a distant view of the Lincoln hills. He owned a wood lot on the west shores of Walden Pond. These woods were a source of great pleasure to Emerson, and are the subject of both *Walden* and *My Garden*.

If I could put my woods in song  
And tell what's there enjoyed,  
All men would to my gardens throng,  
And leave the cities void.

In my plot no tulips blow,—  
Snow-loving pines and oaks instead;  
And rank the savage maples grow  
From Spring's faint blush to Autumn red.

My garden is a forest ledge  
Which older forests bound;  
The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,  
Then plunge to depths profound.

Keen ears can catch a syllable,  
As if one spake to another,  
In the hemlocks tall, untamable,  
And what the whispering grasses smother.

Canst thou copy in verse one chime  
Of the wood-bell's peal and cry,  
Write in a book the morning's prime,  
Or match with words that tender sky?

Wandering voices in the air  
And murmurs in the wold  
Speak what I cannot declare,  
Yet cannot all withhold.

*My Garden.*

In September, 1835, Emerson married Miss Lydia Jackson, and brought her to his Concord home. Here he lived an orderly, methodical life, using his mornings for his writing, taking long walks in the afternoons, and devoting himself to his family in the evenings.

In the autumn of 1836, his first child, a beautiful boy, was born. Waldo became his father's constant companion, staying for hours in the study, playing with some little toy and never interrupting his father's work. He died when he was five years old. In *Threnody*, Emerson expresses but in part his love for this child, and his great grief over his loss.

I see my empty house,  
I see my trees repair their boughs ;  
And he, the wondrous child,  
Whose silver warble wild  
Outvalued every pulsing sound  
Within the air's ceruleau round, —  
The hyacinthine boy, for whom  
Morn might well break and April bloom, —  
The gracieous boy, who did adorn  
The world whereinto he was born,  
And by his countenanee repay  
The favor of the loving Day, —  
Has disappeared from the Day's eye ;  
Far and wide she cannot find him ;  
My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him.  
Returned this day, the south wind searches,  
And finds young pines and budding birches ;  
But finds not the budding man ;  
Nature, who lost, cannot remake him ;  
Fate let him fall, Fate can't retake him ;  
Nature, Fate, men, him seek in vain.

. . . . .

Ah, vainly do these eyes recall  
The school-march, each day's festival,  
When every morn my bosom glowed  
To watch the convoy on the road ;  
The babe iu willow wagon closed,  
With rolling eyes and face composed ;  
With children forward and behind,  
Like Cupids stdionsly inclined ;  
And he, the chieftain, paced beside,  
The center of the troop allied,  
With sunny face of sweet repose,  
To gnard the babe from fancied foes.

Now Love and Pride, alas ! in vain,  
Up and down their glances strain.  
The painted sled stands where it stood ;  
The kennel by the corded wood ;  
His gathered sticks to stauch the wall  
Of the snow-tower, when snow should fall ;  
The ominous hole he dng in the sand,  
And childhood's castles built or plauned ;  
His daily haunts I well discern, —  
The poultry-yard, the shed, the barn, —  
And every inch of garden ground  
Paced by the blessed feet around,  
From the roadside to the brook  
Whereinto he loved to look.  
Step the meek fowls where erst they ranged ;  
The wintry garden lies unchanged ;  
The brook into the stream runs on ;  
Bnt the deep-eyed boy is gone.

*Threnody.*

Emerson devoted much of his time to his children, from their earliest infancy. He showed a deep interest in their pleasures and their sorrows, in their school life

and their associates, and they, in turn, treated him with the same frankness as if he were one of their own age. He early taught them to be self-reliant. On Sunday afternoons, he would take them on long tramps, showing them pretty places, or flowers, or revealing to them some secret of the woods that he had discovered in his rambles during the week. His ways with children were very sweet and winning.

Shortly after his return from Europe, during the winter of 1833–1834, Emerson began to lecture. His first lectures were upon subjects connected with natural science, and upon his trip to Europe. During the next winter, he delivered in Boston ten lectures upon English literature. He at once became a favorite. As Emerson became accustomed to lecturing, he chose subjects more to his tastes and habit of thought. His first lectures were not published.

It is as lecturer and essayist that Emerson first attracted general attention, and is best known and remembered. His subjects are always treated in his original manner, and, however old, presented in a new light, with added beauty and strength. What was purest, noblest, best in human nature interested and occupied his thoughts. Truth and beauty and virtue were one to him, and nature was the expression and indication of it. He was like his *Humble-Bee*,

“ Seeing only what is fair,  
Sipping only what is sweet,  
Thou dost mock at fate and care,  
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.”



EMERSON'S CONCORD HOME

What Emerson said of another, "He was not a citizen of any country, he belonged to the human race," may well be said of him. His purpose was to raise the idea of man, and he inspired others, making life purer, sweeter, nobler and brighter. His deep and sweet humanity won him love everywhere.

In giving up the ministry for a doubt, Emerson sacrificed a life of comparative ease, his position, and his intimates, and began a life of hard, trying work, with always uncertain and poor pay. For forty years he lectured and published lectures. He spoke in great cities and gathered about him the most cultivated audiences. He spoke in small towns and villages, and though his hearers lacked much in the way of education, he made himself understood. Wherever he appeared, he fascinated the people with his charm of voice and manner. He early won the admiration of the ablest thinkers and scholars of Europe.

Emerson's lectures later developed into essays, unfortunately retaining many of the faults of form due to the demands of a lecture room. When the best of one's thoughts is to be crowded into an hour's talk, and presented in a vivid, attractive manner, short sentences, abrupt changes, and unfinished thoughts will appear. His choice of subjects was very large, reaching from the highest spiritual truths down to the most ordinary affairs of life.

*Nature*, a book of about one hundred pages, which was published in 1836, was the first real indication of Emerson's genius. The book did not obtain many readers, for it took twelve years to sell five hundred

copies. It is a very beautiful essay, in which Emerson expresses, for the first time, the feelings which the various aspects of nature awakened in him. It is noble and inspiring, full of elevated thought, and showing both spiritual and poetic beauty.

*The American Scholar* is another remarkable essay, which was delivered before the *Phi Beta Kappa Society*, in Cambridge, August, 1837. This oration was listened to with the deepest interest. In it are expressed all of Emerson's leading ideas. In fact, in these two discourses will be found all the principles of his moral teachings. He believed in culture, in self-reliance, in the divine in man and nature, and in the need of high ideals.

Emerson's first volume of collected essays appeared in 1841, and his second collection in 1844.

Having been invited to lecture in England, Emerson made his second visit to Europe in October, 1847. A number of these lectures were published in 1850, under the title of *Representative Men*. *Conduct of Life* appeared in 1860, and *Society and Solitude* in 1870.

Emerson was from the beginning in sympathy with the anti-slavery movement. As early as 1837, he delivered an address upon slavery, in which he advocated free speech in church and lecture room. He found great difficulty in getting a place to deliver this lecture, but finally the Second Church in Boston permitted him to use the vestry room. In 1850, he gave lectures for the anti-slavery parties of both Boston and New York. He was never in the front rank of the anti-slavery party, for at the beginning of the movement, his idea

of freeing the slave was quite different from that of the abolitionist. His address upon the Emancipation Proclamation, delivered in 1862, is noble and inspiring. In the volume of *Miscellanies*, there are several essays upon war and slavery. Though never indulging in personal criticism, his censure of Webster's false leadership was most severe. His address delivered in Concord, April, 1865, in memory of Abraham Lincoln, is a noble tribute to, and a remarkably fine portrait of, the President. *The Boston Hymn* and *Voluntaries*, both published in 1863, rank among the best poems on the subject of slavery.

Much of Emerson's prose is poetical in thought and spirit, and in his poems we frequently find, in merely the poetic form, the same feeling or thought that we have already enjoyed in his prose. Emerson had no ear for music, and though a born poet, he was not a born singer, for his verses show a lack of the nice harmonies of words and the music of rhyme and rhythm. His best lines flow with a careless ease, but with the strength and rush at times of a mountain torrent.

Emerson wrote his poems solely for the pleasure it afforded him, and many were not published until several years after they were written. He wrote in a letter to a friend, that, judging from his old manuscripts, he had an annual desire to write poetry. *The Humble-Bee* was published in 1838, *The Rhodora* and *Good-Bye* in 1839. The latter was written sixteen years before.

*Each and All*, *The Snow-Storm* and *The Humble-Bee* are among his first poems, and are exquisite outbursts of song.

Burly, dozing humble-bee,  
Where thou art is clime for me.  
Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
Far-off heats through seas to seek ;  
I will follow thee alone,  
Thou animated torrid zone !  
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,  
Let me chase thy waving lines ;  
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,  
Singing over shrubs and vines.

. . . . .  
Hot midsummer's petted crone,  
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone  
Tells of countless sunny hours,  
Long days, and solid banks of flowers ;  
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound  
In Indian wildernesses found.

. . . . .  
Wiser far than human seer,  
Yellow-breeched philosopher !  
Seeing only what is fair,  
Sipping only what is sweet,  
Thou dost mock at fate and care,  
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.

*The Humble-Bee.*

Many of Emerson's earlier poems appeared in *The Dial*, a magazine established in 1840, of which he was for a time the editor. Among these were *The Problem* and *Woodnotes*, two of his best and most familiar poems.

When the pine tosses its cones  
To the song of its waterfall tones,  
Who speeds to the woodland walks ?  
To the birds and trees who talks ?

Cæsar of his leafy Rome,  
There the poet is at home.  
He goes to the river-side,—  
Not hook nor line hath he ;  
He stands in the meadows wide,—  
Nor gun nor scythe to see.  
Sure some god his eye enchanteth :—  
What he knows nobody wants.  
In the wood he travels glad,  
Without better fortune had,  
Melancholy without bad.  
Knowledge this man prizes best  
Seems fantastic to the rest :—  
Pondering shadows, colors, clouds,  
Grass-buds and caterpillar-shrouds,  
Boughs on which the wild bees settle,  
Tints that spot the violet's petal,  
Why Nature loves the number five,  
And why the star-form she repeats :—  
Lover of all things alive,  
Wonderer at all he meets,  
Wonderer chiefly at himself,  
Who can tell him what he is ?  
Or how meet in human elf  
Coming and past eternities ?

• • • • •  
Come learn with me the fatal song  
Which knits the world in music strong,  
Come lift thine eyes to lofty rhymes,  
Of things with things, of times with times,  
Primal chimes of sun and shade,  
Of sound and echo, man and maid,  
The land reflected in the flood,  
Body with shadow still pursued.  
For Nature beats in perfect tune,  
And rounds with rhyme her every rune,

Whether she work in land or sea,  
 Or hide underground her alchemy.  
 Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,  
 Or dip thy paddle in the lake,  
 But it carves the bow of beauty there,  
 And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.  
 The wood is wiser far than thou;  
 The wood and wave each other know  
 Not unrelated, unaffled,  
 But to each thought and thing allied,  
 Is perfect Nature's every part,  
 Rooted in the mighty Heart.

*Woodnotes.*

I like a church; I like a cowl;  
 I love a prophet of the soul;  
 And on my heart monastic aisles  
 Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles:  
 Yet not for all his faith can see  
 Would I that cowled churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,  
 Which I could not on me endure?  
 Not from a vain or shallow thought  
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought;  
 Never from lips of cunning fell  
 The thrilling Delphic oracle;  
 Out from the heart of nature rolled  
 The burdens of the Bible old;  
 The litanies of nations came,  
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,  
 Up from the burning core below,—  
 The canticles of love and woe:  
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome  
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome  
 Wrought in a sad sincerity;

Himself from God he could not free ;  
He builded better than he knew ; —  
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest  
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast ?  
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,  
Painting with morn each annual cell ?  
Or how the sacred pine tree adds  
To her old leaves new myriads ?  
Such and so grew these holy piles,  
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.

*The Problem.*

A number of Emerson's poems were published in *The Atlantic Monthly*. In 1846, appeared his first volume of poems, several of which had been published long before. They were merely collected and put in book form. A second volume was published in 1867, under the title of *May-Day and Other Poems*.

Many of Emerson's poems are remarkable for the beauty of their descriptive portions. The *Concord Hymn*, written in 1836, and sung at the unveiling of the Concord monument, erected in honor of the minutemen of the Revolution, is a poem that is almost faultless. It is compact, expressive, solemn, musical. *Threnody*, written in memory of his first boy, compares well with the finest memorial poems in our language.

*Terminus*, published in 1867, was the first sign Emerson gave that he felt he was growing old.

*Parnassus* was published in 1874. It was a collection of poems by British and American authors. This work was the result of a life habit of copying into a

CONCORD BRIDGE



note-book any poem that pleased him. Many of them had been used to illustrate his lectures.

Emerson has written, "The great poets are judged by the frame of mind they induce." If this be the test, then he is one of the great poets, for his poems lift the reader into a higher region of thought and feeling. "The greatest poet is not he who has done the best; it is he who suggests the most; he, not all of whose meaning is at first obvious, and who leaves you much to desire, to explain, to study; much to complete in your turn."

In July, 1872, the upper portion of Emerson's house and many valuable papers were destroyed by fire. The shock hastened the loss of his memory, which had already begun to fail him. After the fire, he again worked for awhile in the old Manse.

In October, Emerson made a third trip to Europe, taking with him his daughter Ellen. While he was absent, his loving friends in Concord rebuilt his house. When the Emersons returned in May, 1873, his friends met him and drove him to his restored home, much to his surprise and grateful pleasure.

The decline of Emerson's faculties was gradual and gentle. It was "the twilight of a long bright day." The end of his working life was really in 1867, for after that much of his work was the collecting and arranging of manuscripts, and preparing them for publication. His daughter Ellen was his ever faithful and watchful companion. She assisted him in his work with his manuscripts, and aided the failing memory, supplying the word almost before its need was felt, being often

"the echo before the voice." With her help and support, Emerson was able, in these last years, to occasionally read a paper before a small audience.



EMERSON'S GRAVE

In April, 1882, Emerson took a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia. After a few days' illness, he died, April 27, 1882. He lies at rest in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery in Concord. A great pine stands at the head of the grave, and a huge, unhewn block of pink granite is his monument. Not far away lies Hawthorne, and near him, Thoreau.

*As sunbeams stream through liberal space  
And nothing jostle or displace,  
So waved the pine tree through my thought  
And fanned the dreams it never brought.*

. Nature ever faithful is  
To such as trust her faithfulness.  
When the forest shall mislead me,  
When the night and morning lie,  
When sea and land refuse to feed me,  
'T will be time enough to die;  
Then will yet my mother yield  
A pillow in her greenest field,  
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover  
The clay of their departed lover.

*Woodnotes.*

EDGAR ALLAN POE

1809–1849



From childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were—I have not seen  
As others saw—I could not bring  
My passions from a common spring—  
From the same source I have not taken  
My sorrow—I could not awaken  
My heart to joy at the same tone—  
And all I loved—I loved alone.

*Alone.*



## EDGAR ALLAN POE

---

Know thou the secret of a spirit  
Bowed from its wild pride into shame.  
O yearning heart ! I did inherit  
Thy withering portion with the fame,  
The searing glory which hath shone  
Amid the Jewels of my throne,

.

O craving heart, for the lost flowers  
And sunshine of my summer hours !  
The undying voice of that dead time,  
With its interminable chime,  
Rings, in the spirit of a spell,  
Upon thy emptiness — a knell.

*Tamerlane.*

MOST of our great poets have pictured, in the language of verse, the beautiful scenes of nature, the charming visions of the imagination, and have expressed the ennobling thoughts of the mind, the inspiration of love and hope. No matter how hard their lot had been, how bitter their experience, they were able to look beyond their daily suffering and see the beauties of life through the eyes of hope ; or, looking backward, draw from the memory of happier days and write the poems which have lightened the burdens of so many fellow sufferers — the poems so full of hope, of love, of faith. Little of this, however, is to be found in the works of Poe. True, hardly one of our other

poets experienced such bitter and such constant unhappiness as he did. A nature so sensitive that the slightest touch of sorrow or reverse caused him to shrink like the sensitive plant, was bound to be bruised and buffeted almost beyond bearing when brought in contact with the roughness of life. A proud spirit, driven by poverty to the seclusion of his own thoughts and feelings, he had no intimate friends, and loved only two people in the world, his child-wife, Virginia, and her mother, Mrs. Clemm. All his works, both prose and poetry, with but few exceptions, are filled with the bitterness of his own life, made doubly unhappy by his morbid imagination which, under happier circumstances, might have shown him brighter things. His poems are fraught with melancholy and despair, and his stories are filled with the gloom and horror of his distorted imagination.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, January 19, 1809. At the time his parents were members of a theatrical company playing at the Federal Street Theatre. His grandfather, General David Poe, was born in Ireland, and was a descendant of an ancient and highly-connected family. He was brought to America at a very early age, and afterwards distinguished himself in the Revolution as a patriotic American. His son, David, the father of the poet, studied law with his uncle in Georgia, where he had gone for this purpose, but seems to have been more interested in the theater, to which he devoted much of the time that should have been given to study.

In 1802, in consequence of his frequent visits to the

theater, he met and fell in love with Elizabeth Arnold, a youthful member of a company then playing in Baltimore. The love, however, does not appear to have been mutual, at least at this time, for Miss Arnold was married, shortly afterward, to another member of the company, C. D. Hopkins, a very popular comedian. Elizabeth Arnold was the daughter of an English actress of considerable popularity, who first came to America in 1796 with her daughter, then a girl of about sixteen.

In the fall of 1804, David Poe abandoned altogether his half-hearted efforts to become a lawyer and joined the same company to which Miss Arnold (or, as she was in private life, Mrs. Hopkins) belonged. He never became a popular actor, his love for the stage being greater than his ability. In October, 1805, Mr. Hopkins died, and in January of the following year, his widow and David Poe, still a member of the company, were married. They remained in Virginia until May, and during the next few months gradually journeyed northward, playing in various cities on the way, and arrived in Boston in October.

Here they remained for three years, filling their professional engagements. From newspaper criticisms, the only existing record of the Poes' professional career, it would appear that Mrs. Poe was by far the more talented of the two. She was small and rather pretty, a conscientious worker and a singer of considerable ability. Her husband, on the contrary, never reached any eminence in his profession. Their first child, William Henry Leonard, was born in 1807. In 1809, their

second child, Edgar, was born in Boston. On the back of a picture of "Boston Harbour: Morning, 1808," painted by his mother, are the words, "For my little son Edgar, who should ever love Boston, the place of his birth, and where his mother found her best and most sympathetic friends." The third child, Rosalie, was born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1811, some months after the death of David Poe from consumption.

The family, which for some time had been in more or less straitened circumstances, was now in a destitute condition. Mrs. Poe's own health was failing fast, and on Sunday, December 8, 1811, she died, leaving her fatherless children alone in the world. William, the eldest, was cared for by his father's friends in Baltimore. Edgar was adopted by Mrs. Allan of Richmond, a young woman of twenty-five who had no children of her own. Rosalie was adopted by a Scotch woman, Mrs. McKenzie, a friend of the Allans.

Edgar Poe was now, for some years, to be known as Edgar Allan. It was with some reluctance that Mr. Allan admitted the orphan son of the poor actors to his home, and then only to please his wife. But the naturally affectionate nature of the little Edgar, and his unusual brightness soon made him the pet of the household, and an object of pride, if not of very deep love, on the part of his foster father.

Mr. Allan was a native of Ayrshire, Scotland, and had emigrated to the United States, and settled in Virginia, where he made considerable money by the purchase and export of tobacco. His adopted son enjoyed all the luxuries that wealth could buy, and all

the love a childless wife could bestow. At the age of six, he could read, draw and dance, and could recite many fine passages of English poetry in a pleasing manner, an accomplishment very naturally inherited from his mother and father. He was allowed to have his own way in almost everything, and to this indulgence was undoubtedly due much of his future unhappiness. He wrote in later years, “I am the descendant of a race whose imaginative and easily excitable temperament has at all times rendered them remarkable; and in my earliest infancy I gave evidence of having fully inherited the family character. As I advanced in years it was more strongly developed, becoming, for many reasons, a cause of serious disquietude to my friends, and of positive injury to myself. . . . My voice was a household law, and at an age when few children have abandoned their leading-strings, I was left to the guidance of my own will, and became, in all but name, the master of my own actions.”

Poe received his early education at a private school in Richmond. He spent the three summers following his mother’s death with the Allans at the White Sulphur Springs, then the fashionable southern resort. Here he rode his pony or romped with his dogs. He was a handsome boy, prettily dressed, who was indulged in public as a general favorite and petted at home as an only child.

In June, 1815, Mr. Allan sailed for England, accompanied by his wife, her sister and Edgar, then six years old. Shortly after their arrival he was placed in the Manor House School at Stoke-Newington, a suburb of

London. Sometimes he would go to the Allan's house in London on Friday and stay till Monday morning, when he would return to school. Here, during the five years of his stay, he was instructed in the rudimentary branches of education, and studied French and Latin, and became "far better acquainted with history and literature than many boys of a more advanced age, who had had greater advantages than he had."

His life at Stoke-Newington made a very deep impression on his young mind. Not only the loneliness and gloom of the house itself, but the many historic associations of the neighborhood, left a lasting image on his over-sensitive imagination. In his story of *William Wilson*, written in later years, which is largely autobiographic, he describes his surroundings and companions during these five years at school.

The house was old and irregular. "The grounds were extensive, and a high and solid brick wall, topped with a bed of mortar and broken glass, encompassed the whole. This prison-like rampart formed the limit of our domain; beyond it we saw but thrice a week — once every Saturday afternoon, when, attended by two ushers, we were permitted to take brief walks in a body through some of the neighboring fields — and twice during Sunday, when we were paraded in the same formal manner to the morning and evening service in the one church of the village. Of this church the principal of our school was pastor. With how deep a spirit of wonder and perplexity was I wont to regard him from our remote pew in the gallery, as, with step solemn and slow, he ascended the pulpit! This reverend man, with countenance so demurely benign, with robes so glossy and so clerically flowing, with wig so minutely powdered, so rigid and so vast, — could this be he who, of late, with sour visage, and in snuffy habiliments, administered, ferule in hand, the

Draeanian laws of the academy? Oh, gigantic paradox, too utterly monstrous for solution!

"At an angle of the ponderous wall frowned a more ponderous gate. It was riveted and studded with iron bolts, and surmounted with jagged iron spikes. What impressions of deep awe did it inspire! It was never opened save for the three periodical egressions and ingressions already mentioned; then, in every creak of its mighty hinges, we found a plentitude of mystery—a world of matter for solemn remark, or for more solemn meditation.

"The extensive enclosure was irregular in form, having many capacious recesses. Of these, three or four of the largest constituted the playground. It was level, and covered with fine hard gravel. I well remember it had no trees, nor benches, nor anything similar within it. Of course it was in the rear of the house. In front lay a small parterre, planted with box and other shrubs; but through this sacred division we passed only upon rare occasions indeed—such as a first advent to school or final departure thence; or perhaps, when a parent or friend having called for us, we joyfully took our way home for Christmas or Midsummer holidays.

"But the house!—how quaint an old building was this!—to me how veritably a palace of enchantment! There was really no end to its windings—to its incomprehensible subdivisions. It was difficult, at any given time, to say with certainty upon which of its two stories one happened to be. From each room to every other there were sure to be found three or four steps either in ascent or descent. Then the lateral branches were innumerable—inconceivable—and so returning in upon themselves, that our most exact ideas in regard to the whole mansion were not very far different from those with which we pondered upon infinity. During the five years of my residence here, I was never able to ascertain, with precision, in what remote locality lay the little sleeping apartment assigned to myself and some eighteen or twenty other scholars.

"The schoolroom was the largest in the house—I could not help thinking, in the world. It was very long, narrow, and

dismally low, with pointed Gothic windows and a ceiling of oak. In a remote and terror-inspiring angle was a square enclosure of eight or ten feet, comprising the *sanctum*, ‘during hours,’ of our principal, the Reverend Dr. Bransby. It was a solid structure, with massy door, sooner than open which, in the absence of the ‘Dominie,’ we would all have willingly perished by the *peine forte et dure*. In other angles were two other similar boxes, far less reverenced, indeed, but still greatly matters of awe. One of these was the pulpit of the ‘classical’ usher, one of the ‘English and mathematical.’ Interspersed about the room, crossing and recrossing in endless irregularity, were innumerable benches and desks, black, ancient, and time-worn, piled desperately with much-be-thumbed books, and so besmeared with initial letters, names at full length, grotesque figures, and other multiplied efforts of the knife, as to have entirely lost what little of original form might have been their portion in days long departed. A huge bucket with water stood at one extremity of the room, and a clock of stupendous dimensions at the other.”

At this period of his life when, more than at any other time perhaps, he should have been under the influence of a mother’s love and a genial home life, Poe was left very largely to himself. This undoubtedly increased his natural reserve which helped to isolate him from his fellow-men in after years.

In June, 1820, he left the old school at Stoke-Newington, and returned with the Allans to America, where they arrived on the second of August. The next few months were spent in what he terms “mere idleness,” but during this time he wrote many verses and planned for future poems. In fact, much of the contents of his first published volume was written during this period, while he was not yet fifteen years old.

The second year after his return from England, Poe was sent to a preparatory academy in Richmond, Virginia, kept by John Clarke, a fiery, pompous Irishman from Trinity College, Dublin. At this academy Poe, who had now resumed his own name, and was known as Edgar Allan Poe, continued the studies begun in England. In many of these he stood first, although as a scholar he was more brilliant than studious. Much of his learning was superficial, but his genius supplied any shortcomings of an education which was never very profound. A good deal of his time, both in and out of school, was devoted to writing verses, some of which were afterward published either in their original form or rewritten.

In athletic sports, he easily took the lead. The fact, however, that his parents had been actors prevented the ready acceptance by his aristocratic schoolmates of his leadership, which, under other circumstances, would have been willingly granted. His companions, sons of prominent Southern families, were inclined to look down upon an adopted son, dependent upon the generosity of a foster father. This attitude of his schoolmates was the cause of most bitter, though proudly silent, resentment on the part of Poe, who was then and always one whose

“Soul . . . will still  
Find *pride* the ruler of its will.”

Some reminiscences of his fellow students will be interesting as showing the impression he made on those about him at this time :

"In the simple school athletics of those days, when a gymnasium had not been heard of, he was *facile princeps* (easily first). He was a swift runner, a wonderful leaper, and what was more rare, a boxer, with some slight training. I remember, too, that he would allow the strongest boy in the school to strike him with full force in the chest. He taught me the secret, and I imitated him, after my measure. It was to inflate the lungs to the uttermost, and at the moment of receiving the blow to exhale the air. It looked surprising, and was, indeed, a little rough; but with a good breast bone, and some resolution, it was not difficult to stand it. For swimming he was noted, being in many of his athletic proclivities surprisingly like Byron in his youth. There was no one among the schoolboys who would so dare in the midst of the rapids of the James River." . . .

"Poe, as I recall my impressions now, was self-willed, capricious, inclined to be imperious, and though of generous impulses, not steadily kind, or even amiable; and so what he would exact was refused to him. I add another thing which had its influence, I am sure.

"At the time of which I speak, Richmond was one of the most aristocratic cities on this side the Atlantic. I hasten to say that this is not so now. Aristocracy has fallen into desuetude: times having changed, other things pay better. Richmond was certainly then very English, and very aristocratic. A school is, of its nature, democratic; but still boys will unconsciously bear about them the odor of their fathers' notions, good or bad. Of Edgar Poe it was known that his parents had been players, and that he was dependent upon the bounty that is bestowed upon an adopted son. All this had the effect of making the boys decline his leadership; and on looking back on it since, I fancy it gave him a fierceness he would otherwise not have had. . . ."

The great English poet, Byron, was in his day quite an athlete and swimmer. He swam the Hellespont, an exploit which became famous. Poe, like Byron, was a great swimmer. Speaking of one of his own most famous feats he says,

"Any 'swimmer in the falls' in my days would have swum the Hellespont, and thought nothing of the matter. I swam from Ludlam's Wharf to Warwick (six miles), in a hot June sun, against one of the strongest tides ever known in the river. It would have been a feat comparatively easy to swim twenty miles in still water."

According to one of the eye witnesses, "Poe did not seem at all fatigued, and *walked* back to Richmond immediately after the feat," although his face, neck and back were considerably blistered.

Another daring, if foolhardy, deed was performed in midwinter. Poe and a companion entered the almost frozen waters of the James river, and succeeded in reaching the piles upon which a bridge was built. Nearly exhausted, they were anxious to climb up to the bridge above, and thus gain the shore, but upon reaching the flooring of the bridge, they found to their dismay that it extended so far beyond the foundation that it was impossible to climb further. Nothing remained for them to do but to descend, and again enter the icy water and return as they had come. This they did, Poe reaching the shore in an exhausted condition. His companion, about to succumb, was rescued by friends in a boat. Both boys were ill for several weeks. One of his school fellows writes,

"At that time Poe was slight in person and figure, but well made, active, sinewy and graceful. In athletic exercises he was foremost. Especially, he was the best, the most daring, and most enduring swimmer that I ever saw in the water. . . . His disposition was amiable, and his manners pleasant and courteous."

During this period of his life, Poe's boyish heart hungered for affection, a hunger which does not appear to have been satisfied at home. Mr. Allan never seems to have had any very deep affection for his adopted son, and, while Mrs. Allan was undoubtedly devoted to him, he could not, in consequence of his studies, spend much time at home. In the absence of human love, Poe often lavished his affection upon dumb animals. Describing a character in one of his later stories, *The Black Cat*, in words which are decidedly autobiographic, he writes,

"From my infancy, I was noted for the docility and humanity of my disposition. My tenderness of heart was even so conspicuous as to make me the jest of my companions. I was especially fond of animals, and was indulged by my parents with a great variety of pets. With these I spent most of my time, and never was so happy as when feeding and caressing them. This peculiarity of character grew with my growth, and in my manhood I derived from it one of my principal sources of pleasure. To those who have cherished an affection for a faithful and sagacious dog, I need hardly be at the trouble of explaining the nature or the intensity of the gratification thus derivable. There is something in the unselfish and self-sacrificing love of a brute, which goes directly to the heart of him who has had frequent occasion to test the paltry friendship and gossamer fidelity of mere man."

To those, however, who appealed to his sensitive nature through his affections, he gave a love almost idolatrous. While at the Academy in Richmond, one of his schoolmates invited Poe to his home, where he met his young friend's mother, Mrs. Stannard. This lady, lovely, gentle and gracious, spoke to the lonely

boy with some unusual tenderness which kindled within him, as he says "the first purely ideal love of his soul." The tone, more than the words, affected him deeply, almost depriving him of the power of speech. He returned home as one in a dream, his one desire being to hear her voice again. This lady became the friend and confidant of his youth, and it was one of the many misfortunes that "followed fast and followed faster" in the unhappy life of the poet, that she died at the age of thirty-one, April 28, 1824. For a long while he haunted her grave by night, inconsolable for the loss of this friend and counselor. The influence of her character was felt by him for many years after her death. The beautiful poem, *To Helen*, written in manhood, was addressed to her.

And thou . . .  
Didst glide away. *Only thine eyes remained.*  
They *would not* go — they never yet have gone.  
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,  
*They* have not left me (as my hopes have) since.  
They follow me — they lead me through the years.  
They are my ministers — yet I their slave.  
Their office is to illumine and enkindle —  
My duty, *to be sacred* by their bright light,  
And purified in their electric fire,  
And sanctified in their elysian fire.  
They fill my soul with Beauty (which is Hope),  
And are far up in Heaven — the stars I kneel to  
In the sad, silent watches of my night;  
While even in the meridian glare of day  
I see them still — two sweetly scintillant  
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun !

*To Helen.*

*A Paean*, written shortly after her death, was also doubtless inspired by this sad event. This poem was afterwards rewritten and greatly improved, and republished under the name *Lenore*.

How shall the burial rite be read?

The solemn song be sung?

The requiem for the loveliest dead,

That ever died so young?

Her friends are gazing on her,

And on her gaudy bier,

And weep! — oh! to dishonor

Dead beauty with a tear!

Thou didst in thy life's June —

But thou didst not die too fair:

Thou didst not die too soon,

Nor with too calm an air.

From more than friends on earth,

Thy life and love are riven,

To join the untainted mirth

Of more than thrones in heaven. —

Therefore, to thee this night

I will no requiem raise,

But waft thee on thy flight,

With a Paean of old days.

*A Paean.*

Poe remained at the Academy in Richmond about three years, leaving in March, 1825. The master had changed during his attendance, William Burke taking charge of the Academy in the fall of 1823.

During the following year, Poe prepared for college with the aid of private instruction, and on February 14, 1826, entered the University of Virginia, which was founded by President Jefferson. Poe was now seventeen years of age, rather short and thick set, with the rapid, jerky gait of an English boy. His natural shyness had become a fixed reserve, and his face, framed by dark curly hair, was grave and melancholy, the result of reverie, rather than actual sadness. He writes in *A Dream within a Dream*,

You are not wrong, who deem  
That my life has been a dream.

All that we see or seem  
Is a dream within a dream.

His life at the University differed little in daily detail from that of his comrades, who divided their time between the recitation room, the punch bowl, the card table, athletic sports and walking. He was a member of the classes in Latin and Greek, French, Spanish and Italian, but never acquired a thorough critical knowledge of these languages. Judged by the standards of the time and place, Poe's habits gave occasion for no unfavorable remarks. If he drank and gambled, he was not alone, for it was the almost universal practice. During the term, Mr. Allan went to Charlottesville to inquire personally into the state of his son's affairs. He paid all of his debts that he considered just, but refused to honor his losses at cards, amounting to about twenty-five hundred dollars. At the close of the session,



UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA. "THE LAWN."

December 15, 1826, Poe came home with the highest honors in Latin and French. Mr. Allan, however, did not allow him to return to the University, but placed him in his own counting-room. The drudgery of business life, however, Poe could not tolerate. He left Mr. Allan's home to seek his fortune in the world.

He made his way to Boston, taking with him the manuscripts of his early poems. He persuaded a young Boston printer, just starting in business, to publish his first volume of verses, which appeared in the spring of 1827. On the title page was the following inscription :

TAMERLANE,  
AND  
OTHER POEMS.  
BY A BOSTONIAN.

"Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,  
And make mistakes for manhood to reform." — *Couper*.

BOSTON : CALVIN S. THOMAS.

1827.

The greater part of these first poems, as Poe writes in the preface to the volume, "were written in the year 1821-22, when the author had not completed his fourteenth year." But it is probable that they were much improved, and some of them rewritten, between this date and their final publication, five years later. *Tamerlane*, the longest poem in the volume, contained many fine passages, and among the nine shorter poems that followed were some which, while by no means equal to Poe's later work, show promise of his budding genius, and have been retained in the later editions of his

works. *Tamerlane* was afterward entirely rewritten, and it is in this altered form that it now appears. The following passage, referring to the hero of the poem, may well apply to Poe's own feelings and hopes at that time:

I was ambitious. Have you known  
The passion, father? You have not?  
A cottager, I mark'd a throne  
Of half the world as all my own,  
And murmured at such lowly lot.

The sale of this first volume was very small, and added nothing to Poe's income and little to his fame. In a few months he found himself without resources, friends or means of support. He could not expect assistance from his foster father with whom he had quarreled, even if his pride would allow him to ask for it. In this extremity, he enlisted, May 26, 1827, in the United States Army as a private, under the name of Edgar A. Perry.

He was assigned to Battery H, of the First Artillery, then stationed at Fort Independence, Boston Harbor. On October 31, the battery was ordered to Charleston, South Carolina, and one year later transferred to Fortress Monroe, Virginia.

Poe performed his duties, as company clerk and assistant in the commissariat department, to the satisfaction of his superior officers. On January 1, 1829, he was appointed Sergeant-Major, a promotion never made except for merit.

For two years after leaving Richmond, Poe did not communicate with the Allans, and it was not until

some time after reaching Fortress Monroe that he made his situation known to Mr. Allan, his purpose being to secure an appointment as cadet at West Point. It is probable that this was the result of the advice of his officers, who had become acquainted with his ability and education, and who knew that the only way to further advancement in the army was through West Point. It was not, however, until after his wife's death, that Mr. Allan took any steps in the matter. Mrs. Allan died February 28, 1829, and it is likely that it was in consequence of a dying request that Poe was sent for by Mr. Allan. He arrived in Richmond a few days later, too late, however, to see his foster mother.

I reached my home — my home no more;  
For all had flown who made it so.  
I pass'd from out its mossy door,  
And, though my tread was soft and low,  
A voice came from the threshold stone  
Of one whom I had earlier known.

*Tamerlane.*

Mr. Allan secured Poe's discharge from the army April 15, 1829, by procuring a substitute, and began immediately to get a cadetship for Poe at West Point. Armed with various letters of recommendation from his former officers in the army and from friends of Mr. Allan, Poe journeyed to Washington to present, in person, his credentials to the Secretary of War. It was not, however, until one year later, that Poe finally secured his appointment.

In the meantime, his pen had not been idle, neither had he entirely given up verse writing while in the

army. As a result, he had enough new material with which, in addition to some of the poems published in his first volume, to make another volume of verse. He succeeded in finding a publisher for this second volume of poems which appeared in the latter part of 1829. The longest of the new poems was *Al Aaraaf*, a tale of another world, *Tamerlane*, which had appeared in his first volume, and several short poems, some new and some which had been published in 1827. In a letter relating to this volume published in a literary gazette previous to the appearance, Poe says, "I am young—not yet twenty—*am* a poet—if deep worship of all beauty can make me one—and wish to be so in the more common meaning of the word. I would give the world to embody one half the ideas afloat in my imagination."

He was now becoming uneasy about his appointment to West Point, since he had reached and passed the age of twenty-one, the legal limit within which he could be appointed. But it was as easy to become two years younger as it had been to become two years older when he enlisted. Mr. Allan, who was preparing to marry again, seems also to have been anxious to settle his adopted son, as he hoped, for life, and therefore renewed efforts were made to secure him the cadetship. This was accomplished March 31, 1830, and Poe entered the Military Academy July 1. His age is recorded as nineteen years and five months, although he was really over twenty-one, and to the other cadets seemed even older. It was jokingly reported among them that "he had procured a cadet's appointment for his son, and the

boy having died, the father had substituted himself in his place." One of his classmates records that he was,—

. . . "of kindly spirit and simple style. He was very shy and reserved in his intercourse with his fellow cadets — his associates being confined almost exclusively to Virginians. He was an accomplished French scholar, and had a wonderful aptitude for mathematics, so that he had no difficulty in preparing his recitations in his class, and in obtaining the highest marks in these departments. He was a devourer of books, but his great fault was his neglect of, and apparent contempt for, military duties. His wayward and capricious temper made him at times utterly oblivious or indifferent to the ordinary routine of roll call, drills and guard duties. These habits subjected him often to arrest and punishment, and effectually prevented his learning or discharging the duties of a soldier."

Military routine became unbearably tiresome to Poe's poetic and dreamy temperament, and doubtless seemed worse by the previous year of freedom. At the end of six months, he determined to leave the Academy, and endeavored to secure the consent of Mr. Allan, his legal guardian, to his resignation. This was necessary before his resignation could be considered. Mr. Allan refused, as he desired that Poe should remain at the Academy and prepare for a future occupation into which he could enter without further assistance from him. Poe, having abandoned all hope of being Mr. Allan's heir, had his own views as to what his future should be. He therefore took other means of securing his release from West Point.

On January 5, 1831, a court martial was held at West Point to try offenders against discipline. After a short

sitting, it was adjourned until January 28. In the meantime, Poe neglected practically all his duties as a cadet, and was consequently named to appear before the court martial. Here he pleaded guilty to all charges against him save one which could easily be proved, and in this way, closed the door against himself to all official mercy. The result was that in the report of the proceedings appears the following :

“ Cadet Edgar A. Poe will be *dismissed* from the service of the United States, and cease to be considered a member of the Military Academy after the 6th March, 1831.”

Poe was again free, but penniless, once more his own master, but the slave of poverty.

He had secured a number of subscriptions from his fellow cadets to a volume of poems, which he proposed to have published in New York, whither he went. Because of these subscriptions, he was enabled to get a publisher for this volume. The book was published a few months later, and caused considerable disappointment among the subscribers, who had expected it would contain many of the squibs and satires, which had made Poe famous at the Academy. Instead of these, it contained much that had been published in 1829, with some new poems added.

From New York, Poe went to Baltimore, where he determined to settle. He tried to secure a position on a paper. Failing to get this, he offered himself as assistant teacher in a school recently opened by an acquaintance. Here, again, he was disappointed, and was obliged to turn once more to literature for a liveli-

hood. For eighteen months he struggled on, and, beside other work, wrote six short stories. But he could find no publisher for them. In the summer of 1833, the *Baltimore Saturday Visitor*, a newly established weekly literary paper, offered two prizes: one of one hundred dollars for the best prose tale, and the other of fifty dollars for the best short poem.

Poe immediately sent in the six stories which he had ready, and some fifty lines of blank verse from a drama he was writing. The judges in this contest, when they reached Poe's tales, found them so interesting, that they read them all with great pleasure and pronounced them better than any others submitted. They immediately awarded the first prize of one hundred dollars to their author, and selected one, *A Ms. Found in a Bottle*, as the prize story. They also decided that Poe's poem, which he had called *The Coliseum*, was the best sent in for competition, but, since he had won the other prize, the prize for the best poem went to another competitor.

Poe's condition at this time was deplorable, although, unfortunately, not an uncommon one during his life. He was in absolute want, and a letter to Mr. Kennedy, one of the three literary judges, who ever afterward became one of Poe's best friends, will give some idea of his condition.

"Your invitation to dinner has wounded me to the quick, I cannot come for reasons of the most humiliating nature — my personal appearance. You may imagine my mortification in making this disclosure to you, but it is necessary."

The prize-money was consequently most welcome to him, and the encouragement hardly less so. The judges

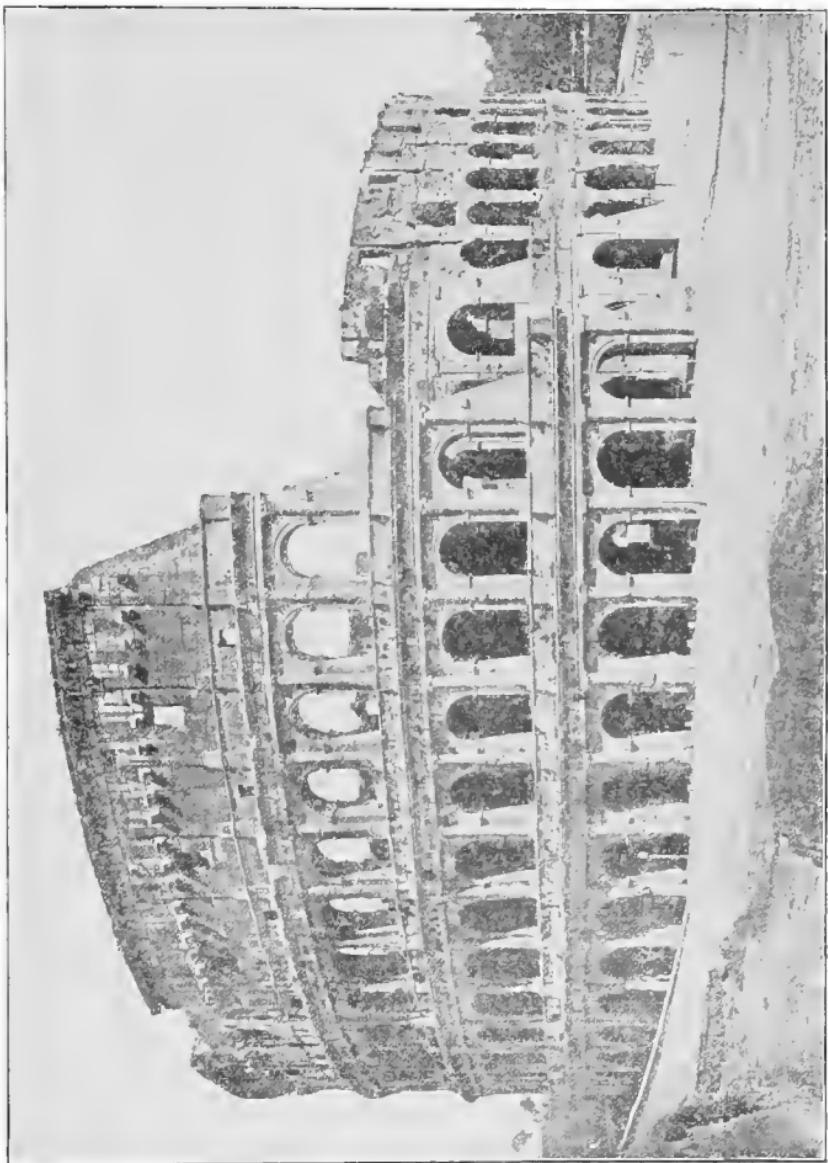
highly praised all six tales as characterized by "singular force and beauty" and "distinguished by a wild, vigorous, and poetical imagination, a rich style, a fertile invention, and varied and curious learning."

### THE COLISEUM

Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary  
Of lofty contemplation left to Time  
By buried centuries of pomp and power!  
At length — at length — after so many days  
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,  
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,)  
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,  
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within  
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!  
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!  
I feel ye now — I feel ye in your strength —  
O spells more sure than e'er Judean king  
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!  
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee  
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!  
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,  
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!  
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair  
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!  
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,  
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,  
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,  
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!



THE COLOSSEUM

But stay ! these walls — these ivy-clad arcades —  
These mouldering plinths — these sad and blackened shafts —  
These vague entablatures — this erumbling frieze —  
These shattered cornices — this wreck — this ruin —  
These stones — alas ! these gray stones — are they all —  
All of the famed, and the colossal left  
By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me ?

“ Not all ”— the Echoes answer me — “ Not all !  
Prophetic sounds and loud, arise for ever  
From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,  
As melody from Memnon to the Sun.  
We rule the hearts of mightiest men — we rule  
With a despotic sway all giant minds.  
We are not impotent — we pallid stones.  
Not all our power is gone — not all our fame —  
Not all the magic of our high renown —  
Not all the wonder that encircles us —  
Not all the mysteries that in ns lie —  
Not all the memories that hang upon  
And cling around about us as a garment,  
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory.”

Poe was able to get along for the next six months by contributing to the *Saturday Visitor*, and by doing other literary work secured for him by Mr. Kennedy. It was during this summer that he went to live with his father's widowed sister, Mrs. Maria Clemm and her daughter Virginia, a girl of eleven, these three remaining together in Baltimore.

On March 27, 1834, Mr. Allan died. In his will Poe was not mentioned. He, who had been educated to look upon this man as his father, and led to consider himself his heir, at least until the first Mrs. Allan's

death, was now left to depend absolutely upon his own resources. He continued his literary work and, in the early part of 1835, on Mr. Kennedy's recommendation, sent some stories to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, recently started in Richmond. He became a constant contributor to this paper, and began writing literary criticisms, a line of work in which he later became famous. In June, the editor, Mr. White, offered Poe a position on the paper. This was an opening such as Poe had been hoping for, and, although the pay was small, he was glad of the opportunity. This made it necessary for him to go to Richmond, and he looked with keen regret upon the parting from Mrs. Clemm and Virginia.

Mrs. Clemm, during the two years Poe had lived with her, had given him more motherly love and care than he had ever before known, and he and Virginia, now a girl of thirteen, had become greatly attached to each other. To give up these two meant a return to his former despondent solitude, and as Mrs. Clemm had become more or less dependent upon her nephew for support, Poe proposed that he and Virginia should marry. Mrs. Clemm gave her consent and with this understanding, Poe went to Richmond in midsummer. He at once entered upon his duties as assistant editor at a salary of ten dollars a week, which was a welcome opening.

In September, the news of the engagement between Poe and his cousin having come to the ears of their relatives, objections were immediately advanced on the score of Virginia's youth, she being but thirteen years

of age. They attempted to persuade Mrs. Clemm to withdraw her consent until her daughter should have reached the age of eighteen. The effect of this news upon Poe was to almost prostrate him, for Virginia and her mother were the only two beings in the world for whom he cared. He wrote an earnest appeal to Mrs. Clemm, and on September 22, arrived at Baltimore in person to plead his cause. The result was that with Mrs. Clemm's consent, he and his cousin were privately married, and Poe returned to Richmond and resumed his duties. Within a few weeks, Mrs. Clemm and Virginia also removed to Richmond.

Poe's devotion to his girl-wife, in fact their mutual love, was most complete and beautiful. In one of his later poems, *Annabel Lee*, he writes,

And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

*I* was a child and *she* was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea:  
But we loved with a love that was more than love —  
I and my Annabel Lee:  
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

. . .

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we —  
Of many far wiser than we —  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

Poe worked with great earnestness on the magazine and soon took entire charge of it. Beside the many duties involved in mere editorial work, he contributed tales, poems, reviews and many general articles. The stories and poems thus contributed are the first important fruits of Poe's ripening genius. It was as a critic that he made his most marked success and placed this new magazine with which he was connected on an equal footing with many long established and foremost publications. The circulation increased from seven hundred to nearly five thousand during the first six months of his editorship.

While his criticisms were severe, they were, in the main, just, but they made him many enemies among writers and publishers. It may be said that Poe's fearless reviews were one of the chief obstacles to his success in literary life because of the enemies they made him.

On May 16, 1836, Poe and his wife were publicly married to avoid comment, since the first ceremony had been so private. Everything was now most hopeful for a happy and successful future. His salary had been raised to fifteen dollars and after November was to be twenty dollars. During the winter, however, he became restless. He had worked very hard to establish the paper on a profitable basis, and he succeeded because of his wonderful stories, beautiful poems and brilliant criticisms. He, therefore, felt that what he was receiving was out of all proportion to what he had accomplished. In January, 1837, therefore, he resigned his post as editor of the *Southern Literary*

*Messenger*, though friendly relations continued to exist between him and the proprietor.

In a short time, he removed to New York, accompanied by his wife and Mrs. Clemm, who attempted to establish a boarding-house but was not altogether successful. Poe could secure no regular literary work, and the condition of the little family grew worse and worse. One who lived with them at this time, a wealthy old Scotch gentleman, writing some years later, says of Poe:

"I must say that I never saw him the least affected with liquor, nor even descend to any known vice, while he was one of the most courteous, gentlemanly, and intelligent companions I have met with during my journeyings and haltings through divers divisions of the globe; besides, he had an extra inducement to be a good man as well as a good husband, for he had a wife of matchless beauty and loveliness; with a temper and disposition of surpassing sweetness; besides, she seemed as much devoted to him and his every interest as a young mother is to her first-born."

Mrs. Clemm, the guardian angel of these two, writing of this period in after years, says:

"Eddie was domestic in all his habits, seldom leaving home for an hour unless his darling Virginia, or myself, were with him. He was truly an affectionate, kind husband, and a devoted son to me. He was impulsive, generous, affectionate and noble. His tastes were very simple, and his admiration for all that was good and beautiful, very great. . . We three lived only for each other."

During the winter Poe worked principally on the *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, a tale of adventure,

horror, shipwreck and mutiny on an expedition to the South Pole. This work was announced by the Harpers in May, 1838, and published in July, but it had little success. In the summer, seeing no hope of better things, they moved to Philadelphia, where some encouragement had been offered to Poe. He contributed to several magazines, and, during the following winter, prepared a school text-book on shells, *The Conchologist's First Text-Book*. This was nothing more than a condensation of a more extensive work published by the Harpers. The author of this work, who sanctioned Poe's compilation, said that his work proved too expensive for the public, and as the Harpers refused to bring it out in a cheaper form, it was decided to publish a new book which would be sufficiently different from the former to escape any suit for the infringement of copyright. This book was published in April, 1839. Previous to its appearance, Poe had established other literary connections, and was a contributor to several publications.

In July, 1839, he became associate editor of *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, in which was published, among other contributions of his, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, one of the greatest achievements of his peculiar genius for describing terror and fear. Among the poems contributed by him was *The Haunted Palace*, which had previously appeared in *The Museum*. Apart from its poetic beauty, this poem caused considerable controversy, as Poe claimed that Longfellow's *The Beleaguered City*, which was not published until November, was a copy of his idea. This was hardly a just

accusation ; in fact, both poems are very similar in idea to Tennyson's *The Desereted House*, published in 1830.

### THE HAUNTED PALACE

In the greenest of our valleys  
    By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace —  
    Radiant palace — reared its head.  
In the monarch Thought's dominion —  
    It stood there !  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
    Over fabrie half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorions, golden,  
    On its roof did float and flow,  
(This — all this — was in the olden  
    Time long ago,)  
And every gentle air that dallied,  
    In that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
    A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,  
    Through two luminous windows, saw  
Spirits moving musically,  
    To a lute's well-tunèd law,  
Round about a throne where, sitting  
    (Porphyrogene !)  
In state his glory well befitting,  
    The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
    Was the fair palace door,  
Through which eame flowing, flowing, flowing  
    And sparkling evermore,

A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the monarch's high estate.  
(Ah, let us mourn! — for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)  
And round about his home the glory  
That blushed and bloomed,  
Is but a dim-remembered story  
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers, now, within that valley,  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms, that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody,  
While, like a ghastly rapid river,  
Through the pale door  
A hideous throng rush out forever  
And laugh — but smile no more.

In December, an edition of Poe's stories in two volumes was published in Philadelphia under the title *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*. This included most of the stories he had written up to this time. These were widely and favorably noticed by the press, but their sale was not large. Until June, 1840, Poe continued to edit *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and then his engagement suddenly terminated.

He accused Mr. Burton, the proprietor, of offering prizes for contributions, which he never intended to pay. Mr. Burton, on the other hand, asserted that

Poe's irregular habits made it necessary for him to dispense with his services. Touching these charges, Poe wrote in April, 1841, to a friend :

" . . . In fine, I pledge you, before God, the solemn word of a gentleman, that I am temperate even to rigor. From the hour in which I first saw this basest of calumniators" (Burton) "to the hour in which I retired from his office in uncontrollable disgust at his chicanery, arrogance, ignorance and brutality, *nothing stronger than water ever passed my lips.*

" It is, however, due to candor that I inform you upon what foundation he has erected his slanders. At no period of my life was I what men call intemperate. I never was in the *habit* of intoxication. I never drunk drams, etc. But, for a brief period, while I resided in Richmond, and edited the *Messenger*, I certainly did give way, at long intervals, to the temptations held out on all sides by the spirit of Southern conviviality. My sensitive temperament could not stand an excitement which was an every day matter to my companions. In short, it sometimes happened that I was completely intoxicated. For some days after each excess I was invariably confined to bed. But it is now quite four years since I have abandoned every kind of alcoholic drink — four years with the exception of a single deviation which occurred shortly *after* my leaving Burton, and when I was induced to resort to the occasional use of *cider*, with the hope of relieving a nervous attack."

One great ambition of Poe's life was to publish a magazine of his own, and within two weeks of his break with Burton, he announced *The Penn Magazine* to appear January 1, 1841. Lack of money and subscribers, however, compelled him to abandon this plan of a magazine of his own for some time to come.

In the meantime, *The Gentleman's Magazine* had been

sold to George R. Graham, editor of a not very successful periodical, *The Casket*. This gentleman combined the two publications under the name, soon to become famous, of *Graham's Magazine*. In February, 1841, Poe accepted the post of editor, and during the eighteen months of his connection with this magazine, he contributed many of his most famous stories and brilliant criticisms. Among the stories of this period may be mentioned *The Murders of the Rue Morgue*, and *The Descent into the Maelstrom*.

Another subject to which Poe devoted considerable time, time which we cannot but regret was not given to more serious literary work, was the study of cryptography or ciphers and secret writings. In his story of *The Gold Bug*, he had written :

"Circumstances, and a certain bias of mind, have led me to take interest in such riddles, and it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve."

In *Graham's Magazine* he publicly offered to solve any cryptogram sent him. As a result, he received hundreds of ciphers in English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Latin and Greek, all of which he deciphered with the exception of one which he proved an imposture. His was a mind peculiarly adapted to solve such puzzles, being capable of the keenest and most minute analysis. His ability to reconstruct the whole from a part was marvelous. The first few chapters only of Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge* had been published, and in a review of them, Poe told, with mathematical exact-

ness, what should be the plot of the yet unwritten story. The correctness of his solution drew from Dickens a letter of admiring praise, in which he jokingly inquired if Poe had dealings with Satan.

Poe's connection with *Graham's Magazine* was the brightest period of his life. From five thousand subscribers, the number had increased to fifty-two thousand, and this success was mainly due to his own fascinating stories and fearless criticisms. His fame as a writer was national and growing greater every day, and his home life was a dream of perfect domestic happiness.

But "unmerciful disaster" still dogged his footsteps. During the fall of 1841, his idolized wife ruptured a blood vessel in singing. Her life was despaired of, and Poe suffered all the agonies of her death as only such a loving, sensitive nature could. She, however, partly recovered, although her health, never robust, was henceforth more delicate than ever. Poe never fully recovered from the shock. Mr. Graham, in writing of Poe in later years, says,

"His love for his wife was a sort of rapturous worship of the spirit of beauty, which he felt was fading before his eyes. I have seen him hovering around her when she was ill, with all the fond fear and tender anxiety of a mother for her first-born — her slightest cough causing in him a shudder, a heart chill, that was visible. I rode out one summer evening with them, and the remembrance of his watchful eyes, eagerly bent upon the slightest change of hue in that loved face, haunts me yet as the memory of a sad strain. It was this hourly *anticipation* of her loss, that made him a sad and thoughtful man, and lent a mournful melody to his undying song."<sup>17</sup>

Poe, always of a restless disposition, became dissatisfied in his position. He felt that what he had accomplished for *Graham's* should have been more liberally rewarded, as indeed it should. He still dreamed of a magazine of his own, and also endeavored to secure a government appointment at Washington, but without success. All these reasons, with the possible irregularities of his life and his wife's health, may explain the severance of his connection with *Graham's* in the spring of 1842. The exact truth will probably never be known.

His life from this time onward was one of almost uninterrupted discouragement and disappointment. During the year after his leaving *Graham's*, he again attempted to establish a magazine to be called *The Stylus*. In the fall, his principal source of income was from one of the less prominent magazines, *Snowden's Lady's Companion*, to which among other pieces, he contributed *The Mystery of Marie Roget*.

The first letters of a correspondence with James Russell Lowell were also written at this time, which resulted in Poe's contributing several articles to *The Pioneer*, a magazine which Lowell was then editing. This publication lasted, however, only a few months.

In June, 1843, Poe's story, *The Gold Bug*, now one of his best known and most popular tales, won a prize of one hundred dollars offered by *The Dollar Newspaper*. Of this incident, Poe wrote to a friend: "'The Gold Bug' was originally sent to *Graham*; but he not liking it, I got him to take some critical papers instead, and sent it to 'The Dollar Newspaper,' which had

offered one hundred dollars for the best story. It obtained the premium, and made a great noise." The fearful tale of *The Black Cat* was published in August.

A visitor to the poet's home at this time says:

"When once he sent for me to visit him, during a period of illness, caused by protracted and anxious watching at the bedside of his sick wife, I was impressed by the singular neatness and the air of refinement in his home. It was in a small house, in one of the pleasant and silent neighborhoods far from the center of the town, and, though slightly and cheaply furnished, everything in it was so tasteful and so fitly disposed that it seemed altogether suitable for a man of genius. For this and for most of the comforts he enjoyed, in his brightest as in his darkest years, he was chiefly indebted to his mother-in-law, who loved him with more than maternal devotion and constancy."

Mayne Reid speaks of Mrs. Clemm as

"the guardian of the home, watching it against the silent but continuous sap of necessity, that appeared every day to be approaching closer and nearer. She was the sole servant, keeping everything clean; the sole messenger, doing the errands, making pilgrimages between the poet and his publishers, frequently bringing back such chilling responses as 'The article not accepted,' or 'The check not to be given until such and such a day,' — often too late for his necessities. And she was also the messenger to the market; from it bringing back not 'the delicacies of the season,' but only such commodities as were called for by the dire exigencies of hunger."

During the winter, Poe seems again to have assisted Graham in the publication of his magazine, but not as acknowledged editor. The following April, 1844, he determined to leave Philadelphia and seek to better his fortunes, which indeed were desperate, in New York.

His first appearance in print after reaching this city was in the *New York Sun*, which published his notorious *Balloon Hoax*. Under the following startling headlines was given a detailed account of an imaginary passage of a balloon from England to America in three days.

ASTOUNDING NEWS BY EXPRESS, *via NORFOLK!*

THE ATLANTIC CROSSED IN THREE DAYS!!

SIGNAL TRIUMPH OF MR. MONCK MASON'S FLYING MACHINE!!!

*"Arrival at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, S. C., of Mr. Mason, Mr. Robert Holland, Mr. Henson, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, and four others, in the Steering Balloon, 'Victoria,' after a passage of seventy-five hours from Land to Land! Full Particulars of the Voyage!"*

So realistic and minute was the description of this journey, that many persons were deceived and believed it an actual occurrence.

During the same month, *A Tale of the Ragged Mountains* was published in *Godley's Lady's Book*. Writing to Lowell a little later, he says:

" . . . My life has been *whim* — impulse — passion — a longing for solitude — a scorn of all things present, in an earnest desire for the future.

" I am profoundly excited by music, and by some poems — those of Tennyson especially — whom, with Keats, Shelley, Coleridge (occasionally), and a few others of like thought and expression, I regard as the *soul* poets. Music is the perfection of the soul, or idea, of poetry. The *vagueness* of exaltation aroused by a sweet air (which should be strictly indefinite and never too strongly suggestive) is precisely what we should aim at in poetry. Affectation, within bounds, is thus no blemish." And further on: " I think my best poems 'The Sleeper,' 'The Conqueror Worm,' 'The Haunted Palace,' 'Lenore,' 'Dreamland,' and 'The Coliseum,' — but all have been hurried and

unconsidered." (This letter is dated July 2, 1844, which was before *The Raven* was written.) "My best tales are 'Ligeia,' the 'Gold Bug,' the 'Murders in the Rue Morgue,' 'The Fall of the House of Usher,' the 'Tell-Tale Heart,' the 'Black Cat,' 'William Wilson,' and 'The Descent into the Maelstrom.' 'The Purloined Letter,' forthcoming in the 'Gift,' is perhaps the best of my tales of ratiocination. I have lately written for Godey 'The Oblong Box,' and 'Thou Art the Man,' — as yet unpublished."

Soon after settling in New York, he became a sub-editor on *The Evening Mirror*, a daily paper with a weekly issue in addition. Here his work was very limited. "It was rather a step downward, after being the chief editor of several monthlies, as Poe had been, to come into the office of a daily journal as a mechanical paragraphist." It assured, however, a steady, though meagre, income. In this paper, January 29, 1845, was first published *The Raven*, the best known of all Poe's writings.

### THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore —  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door —

Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow ; — vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost  
Lenore —

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,  
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,  
“ ‘Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door —  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door ;  
This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,  
“ Sir,” said I, “ or Madame, truly your forgiveness I implore ;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you ” — here I opened wide the  
door —

Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering,  
fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream  
before ;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word  
“ Lenore ! ”

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,  
“ Lenore ! ” —

Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.

“ Surely,” said I, “ surely that is something at my window  
lattice ;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore —  
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore; —  
    'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.  
Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped or  
    stayed he,  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber  
    door —  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —  
    . . . . .  
                Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

'Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
" Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, " art sure  
    no craven.  
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly  
    shore —  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian  
    shore!"  
                Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door —  
    With such name as " Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did ontpour.  
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he flut-  
tered —  
Till I scarcely more than muttered, " Other friends have flown  
    before —  
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown  
    before."  
                Then the bird said, " Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
 " Doubtless," said I, " what it utters is its only stock and store,  
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
 Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden  
 bore —  
 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore  
 Of ' Never — nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and  
 door ;  
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —  
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of  
 yore  
 Meant in croaking " Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core ;  
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
 Bnt whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er  
 She shall press, ah, nevermore !

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an un-  
 seen censer  
 Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
 " Wretek," I cried, " thy God hath lent thee — by these angels  
 he hath sent thee  
 Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore !  
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore !"  
 Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore."

" Prophet !" said I, " thing of evil ! — prophet still, if bird or  
 devil ! —  
 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here  
 ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —  
On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —  
Is there — *is* there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me, I implore! ”

Quoth the Raven, “ Nevermore.”

“ Prophet ! ” said I, “ thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil ! —

By that Heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore —

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”

Quoth the Raven, “ Nevermore.”

“ Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend! ” I shrieked,  
upstarting —

“ Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore !  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken !

Leave my loneliness unbroken ! — quit the bust above my door !  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off  
my door ! ”

Quoth the Raven, “ Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door ;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor ;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted — nevermore !

The success of this poem was instantaneous. It fascinated every reader by its vague terror and the music of its rhythm. It is truly a work of art and genius. For this masterpiece, Poe received ten dollars.

In March, he became associate-editor of *The Broadway Journal*, a weekly which had been started the previous January, and to which he had contributed. He was now to receive one third of the profits. He wrote some original matter for it, but reprinted a great many of his earlier stories with slight revision or change of titles. During the summer, there was a disagreement among the three interested parties, and Poe became sole editor but still with one third interest. On October 24, he became sole proprietor of *The Broadway Journal*, and one dream of his life was realized, only to be shortly afterwards shattered. The *Journal* showed vigorous management; its advertisements had been largely increased and its circulation doubled. Poe had not, however, sufficient capital to successfully carry on the publication. After a brave, but bitter struggle, he was obliged to give up the magazine, December, 1845.

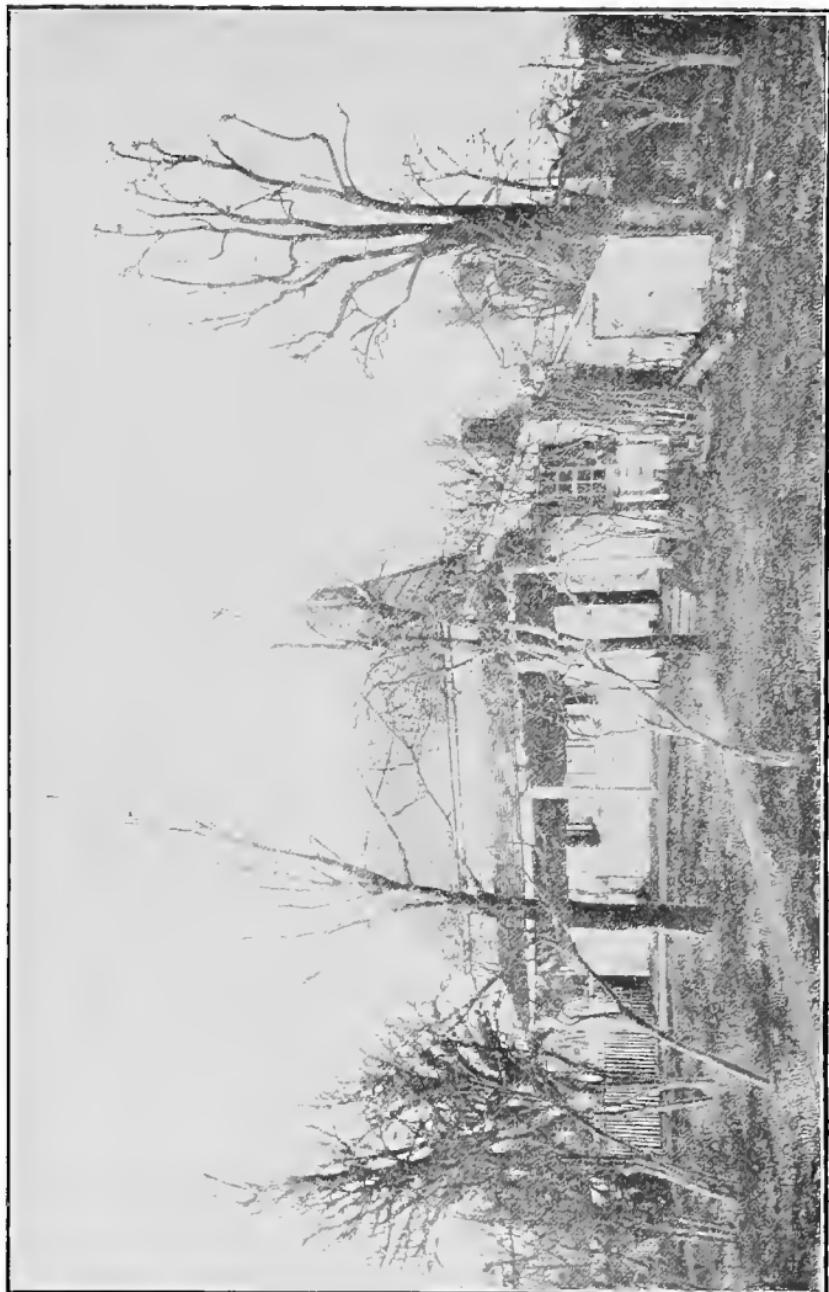
An amusing incident is told by Horace Greeley, who indorsed a promissory note of Poe's for fifty dollars, to help him carry on the *Journal*. This note Greeley himself had to pay. In referring to it in later years, he says:

"A gushing youth once wrote me to this effect:

'DEAR SIR,—Among your literary treasures, you have doubtless preserved several autographs of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. If so, and you can spare one, please enclose it to me, and receive the thanks of yours truly.'

"I promptly responded as follows:—

'DEAR SIR:—Among my literary treasures, there happens to be exactly *one* autograph of our country's late lamented poet,



THE BOB COTTAGE AT FORDHAM, NEW YORK

Edgar A. Poe. It is his note of hand for fifty dollars, with my indorsement across the back. It cost me exactly fifty dollars and seventy-five cents (including protest), and you may have it for half that amount. Yours respectfully.'

"That autograph, I regret to say, remains on my hands, and is still for sale at first cost, despite the lapse of time and the depreciation of our currency."

From this time onward, the unfortunate condition of the little family grew worse and worse. Poe's own health began to fail and his wife was slowly but surely dying. He was in no condition, either of mind or body, to accomplish any work that would count. In the spring, they moved to a little cottage in Fordham, above what is now the upper part of New York city. The surrounding country was very beautiful, but the cottage, standing on King's Bridge Road at the top of Fordham Hill, was very small and plain. Here, during the summer and following winter they struggled on, often without the necessities of life.

On January 30, 1847, his idolized wife, Virginia, died. Poe's love for his young and lovely girl-wife was the most beautiful thing in his life. It was a kind of adoration. When she died, the last hope, the one object that made life worth living for him, passed away. His beautiful poem, *Annabel Lee*, gives some slight idea of the depth of his love.

#### ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;

And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

*I* was a child and *she* was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea:  
But we loved with a love that was more than love —  
I and my Annabel Lee;  
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her high-born kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulcher  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me —  
Yes! — that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we —  
Of many far wiser than we —  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee :

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
In the sepulcher there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

The passage,

“ So that her high-born kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulcher  
In this kingdom by the sea,”

is a very beautiful expression of his feeling that his child-wife was kin to the angels who bore her away from him.

After this sad event, Poe was dangerously ill, so ill, indeed, that his life was despaired of. He recovered, however, but was never the same man afterwards. He yielded more and more to the habit of drink. On one of his sensitive temperament, one glass of wine had the same effect as several glasses on an ordinary man. In a letter to a friend written a year after his wife's death, he writes :

“ You say, ‘ Can you *hint* to me what was the “terrible evil” which caused the “irregularities” so profoundly lamented?’ Yes, I can do more than hint. This ‘evil’ was the greatest which can befall a man. Six years ago, a wife, whom I loved as no man ever loved before, ruptured a blood-vessel in singing. Her life was despaired of. I took leave of her forever, and underwent all the agonies of her death. She recovered partially, and I again hoped. At the end of a year, the vessel broke again. I went through precisely the same scene. . . . Then again—again—and even once again, at varying intervals. Each time I felt all the agonies of her death—and at each accession of the disorder I loved her more dearly and clung to her life with more

desperate pertinacity. But I am constitutionally sensitive—nervous in a very unusual degree. I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness, I drank—God only knows how often or how much. As a matter of course, my enemies referred the insanity to the drink, rather than the drink to the insanity. I had, indeed, nearly abandoned all hope of a permanent cure, when I found one in the *death* of my wife. This I can and do endure as becomes a man. It was the horrible never-ending oscillation between hope and despair which I could *not* longer have endured, without total loss of reason. In the death of what was my life, then, I receive a new, but—Oh God!—how melancholy an existence."

During the three years following his wife's death, he lived almost as one in a dream. Mrs. Clemm was devoted to him to the last. His poem *To My Mother*, is a touching expression of his love for her and his appreciation of her love and devotion for him.

#### TO MY MOTHER

Because I feel that, in the Heavens above,  
The angels, whispering to one another,  
Can find, among their burning terms of love,  
None so devotional as that of "Mother,"  
Therefore by that dear name I long have called you—  
You who are more than mother unto me,  
And fill my heart of hearts, where Death installed you,  
In setting my Virginia's spirit free.  
My mother—my own mother, who died early,  
Was but the mother of myself; but you  
Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,  
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew  
By that infinity with which my wife  
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life.

Poe wrote more or less for the magazines, but nothing of great importance. His best work had been done. He also lectured several times on poetry with some success, for he had a good presence, a strong and sweet voice, and recited the poems that he used as illustrations in an impressive and most effective manner.

An interesting story is connected with the writing of *The Bells*, which was composed during this period. It was early in the summer that he called one day on a friend, Mrs. Shew, and complained that he had to write a poem, but felt no inspiration. She persuaded him to drink some tea in a conservatory whose open windows admitted the sound of church bells, and gave him some paper, which he declined, saying, "I so dislike the noise of bells to-night, I cannot write. I have no subject—I am exhausted." Mrs. Shew then wrote, "The Bells, by E. A. Poe," and added, "The Bells, the little silver bells." On the poet's finishing the stanza thus suggested, she again wrote, "The heavy iron bells," and this idea also Poe elaborated, and then copying off the two stanzas, headed it, "By Mrs. M. L. Shew," and called it her poem. This original draft of the poem was afterwards much lengthened and revised.

#### . THE BELLS

##### I.

Hear the sledges with the bells—  
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle  
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
     With a crystalline delight;  
     Keeping time, time, time,  
     In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
     From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
     Bells, bells, bells—  
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

## II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,  
     Golden bells !  
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !  
     Through the balmy air of night  
     How they ring out their delight !  
     From the molten-golden notes,  
         And all in tune,  
     What a liquid ditty floats  
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
         On the moon !  
     Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !  
     How it swells !  
     How it dwells  
     On the Future ! how it tells  
         Of the rapture that impels  
 To the swinging and the ringing  
         Of the bells, bells, bells,  
     Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
         Bells, bells, bells—  
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

## III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—  
     Brazen bells !  
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !

In the startled ear of night  
 How they scream out their affright!  
     Too much horrified to speak,  
     They can only shriek, shriek,  
         Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,  
     Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
     With a desperate desire,  
     And a resolute endeavor  
     Now — now to sit or never,  
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.

    Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
     What a tale their terror tells  
         Of Despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
     What a horror they outpour  
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!

    Yet the ear it fully knows,  
     By the twanging,  
     And the clanging,  
     How the danger ebbs and flows;  
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
     In the jangling,  
     And the wrangling,  
     How the danger sinks and swells,

By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —  
     Of the bells —

    Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
     Bells, bells, bells —

In the clamor and the clangor of the bells !

## IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells —  
     Iron bells !

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !

In the silence of the night,  
How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their tone!  
For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats  
Is a groan.

And the people — ah, the people —  
They that dwell up in the steeple,  
All alone.

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,  
In that muffled monotone,  
Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone —

They are neither man nor woman —  
They are neither brute nor human —  
They are Ghouls:  
And their king it is who tolls ;  
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,  
Rolls

A paean from the bells !  
And his merry bosom swells  
With the paean of the bells !  
And he dances, and he yells ;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runie rhyme,  
To the paean of the bells —  
Of the bells :

Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the throbbing of the bells —  
Of the bells, bells, bells —  
To the sobbing of the bells ;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
As he knells, knells, knells,  
In a happy Runic rhyme,  
To the rolling of the bells —  
Of the bells, bells, bells —

To the tolling of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—  
Bells, bells, bells—  
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

In 1848, he became engaged to be married, but this engagement was broken off. In 1849, he again became engaged, and the wedding was to have taken place in October. His prospects were brightening and he had gone South to deliver a lecture. On his way back to New York, whence he proposed to take Mrs. Clemm to Richmond, where he meant to live after his marriage, he stopped in Baltimore to visit friends.

The true facts of the last few days will probably never be known. The most generally accepted belief is that he was captured and drugged by politicians, who kept him in a stupefied condition, and made him vote at several places during election day. In the afternoon of that day, he was found in one of the voting places almost unconscious. One of his friends was notified and he was taken to the hospital, where he lingered a few days, passing away on Sunday, October 7, 1849.

The skies they were ashen and sober ;  
The leaves they were crispèd and sere —  
The leaves they were withering and sere ;  
It was night in the lonesome October  
Of my most immemorial year.

*Eulalume.*

George E. Woodbury thus speaks of the poet:

“On the roll of our literature Poe’s name is inscribed with the few foremost, and in the world at large his genius is established as valid among all men. An artist primarily, whose

skill, helped by the finest sensitive and perceptive powers in himself, was developed by thought, patience, and endless self-correction into a subtle deftness of hand unsurpassed in its own work, he belonged to the men of culture instead of those of originally perfect power. Now and then gleams of light and stretches of lovely landscape shine out, but for the most part his mastery was over dismal, superstitious, and waste places. In imagination, as in action, his was an evil genius; and in its realms of reverie he dwelt alone. Except the wife who idolized him, and the mother who cared for him, no one touched his heart in the years of his manhood, and at no time was love so strong in him as to rule his life."

# HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1807–1882



He the sweetest of all singers,  
Beautiful and childlike was he,  
Brave as man is, soft as woman,  
Pliant as a wand of willow,  
Stately as a deer with antlers.

All the many sounds of nature  
Borrowed sweetness from his singing ;  
All the hearts of men were softened  
By the pathos of his music ;  
For he sang of peace and freedom,  
Sang of beauty, love, and longing ;  
Sang of death, and life undying  
In the land of the Hereafter.  
For his gentleness they loved him  
And the magic of his singing.

*The Song of Hiawatha.*



## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

---

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of time.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gush from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start.

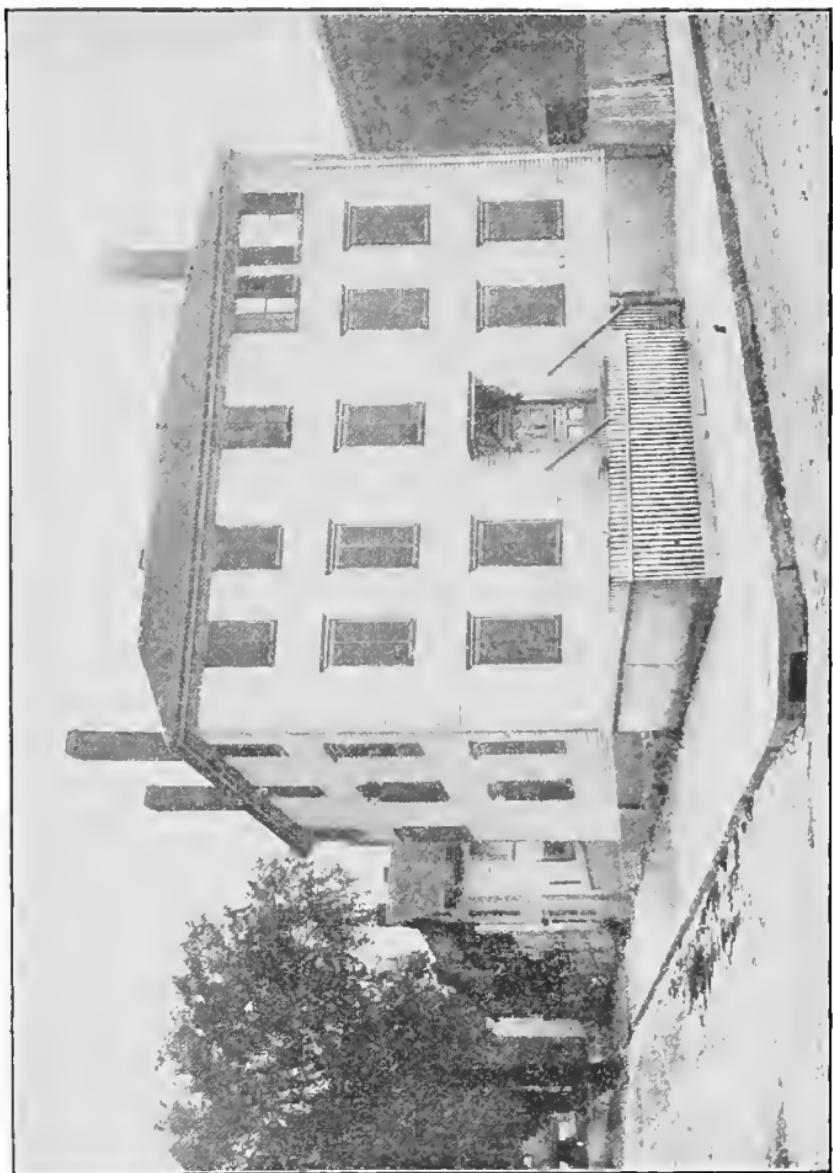
*The Day Is Done.*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807, in "a great, square house by the sea." From his father's side, he was a descendant of a New England family whose founder, William Longfellow, came from England in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and settled at Newbury, Massachusetts. His mother, Zilpah Wadsworth, was a daughter of General Wadsworth of Revolutionary fame, whose ancestors dated back to the landing of the Mayflower. From both sides, therefore, Longfellow was

a descendant from New England families whose histories show that they were sturdy, upright, refined and intelligent, and that they lost no opportunity to show their patriotism. His father, Stephen Longfellow, was a well-educated man of genial disposition and attractive social manners. He was a graduate of Harvard College, establishing there a good record as a scholar. After leaving college, he studied law and eventually became a very successful lawyer. He was a trustee of Bowdoin College from 1817 to 1836. He received from Bowdoin the degree of *Doctor of Laws*. From his mother, Longfellow must have inherited the imaginative and poetic side of his character, for she was a great lover of nature and was fond of poetry and music.

The "great, square house by the sea," where Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born, belonged to his uncle, Captain Samuel Stephenson, the husband of Abigail Longfellow. As Mr. Stephenson was away from home on account of business, the Longfellows spent the winter of 1806-7 with Mrs. Stephenson. The house is a wooden building, on Front and Hancock Streets, fronting the beach, and at that time, commanding a view of Casco Bay with its many islands, which were the Hesperides of Longfellow's boyish dreams. In the early spring of 1808, when Henry was little more than a year old, the Longfellows moved into the Wadsworth house, now called the Longfellow mansion, on Congress street. It was built by General Wadsworth, Longfellow's grandfather, during the years 1784-6. It was an unusual-looking house for that period, differing from the rest of the houses in the town in its architec-

LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHPLACE



ture, and in being made entirely of brick. "The Wadsworth house when originally finished had a high pitched roof of two equal sides, and four chimneys. The store adjoined the house at the southeast, with an entrance door from the house, and was of two stories. Here the General sold all kinds of goods needed in the town and country trade." When General Wadsworth left Portland, and the Longfellows moved into the Wadsworth house, the store was removed and a brick vestibule built in its stead. A third story was afterward added to the house, and as thus altered, it now stands.

Longfellow was named after his uncle, Henry Wadsworth, who was a lieutenant in the American navy. He died in his country's service when a young man of nineteen. Preferring death to slavery, he perished in the fire-ship *Intrepid*, which was blown up before Tripoli, to save it from falling into the enemy's hands, September, 1804.

In *My Lost Youth* Longfellow describes the town of Portland as it was in the days of his childhood.

#### MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.  
And a verse of a Lapland song  
Is haunting my memory still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.  
And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still:  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea tides tossing free;  
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward song  
Is singing and saying still:  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill:  
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,  
The drumbeat repeated o’er and o’er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill.  
And the music of that old song  
Throbs in my memory still:  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it thundered o’er the tide!  
And the dead captains, as they lay  
In their graves, o’erlooking the tranquil bay,  
Where they in battle died.  
And the sound of that mournful song  
Goes through me with a thrill:  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
The shadows of Deering's Woods ;  
And the friendships old and the early loves  
Come back with a sabbath sound, as of doves,  
In quiet neighborhoods.

And the verse of that sweet old song,  
It flutters and murmurs still :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart  
Across the schoolboy’s brain ;  
The song and the silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song  
Sings on, and is never still :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

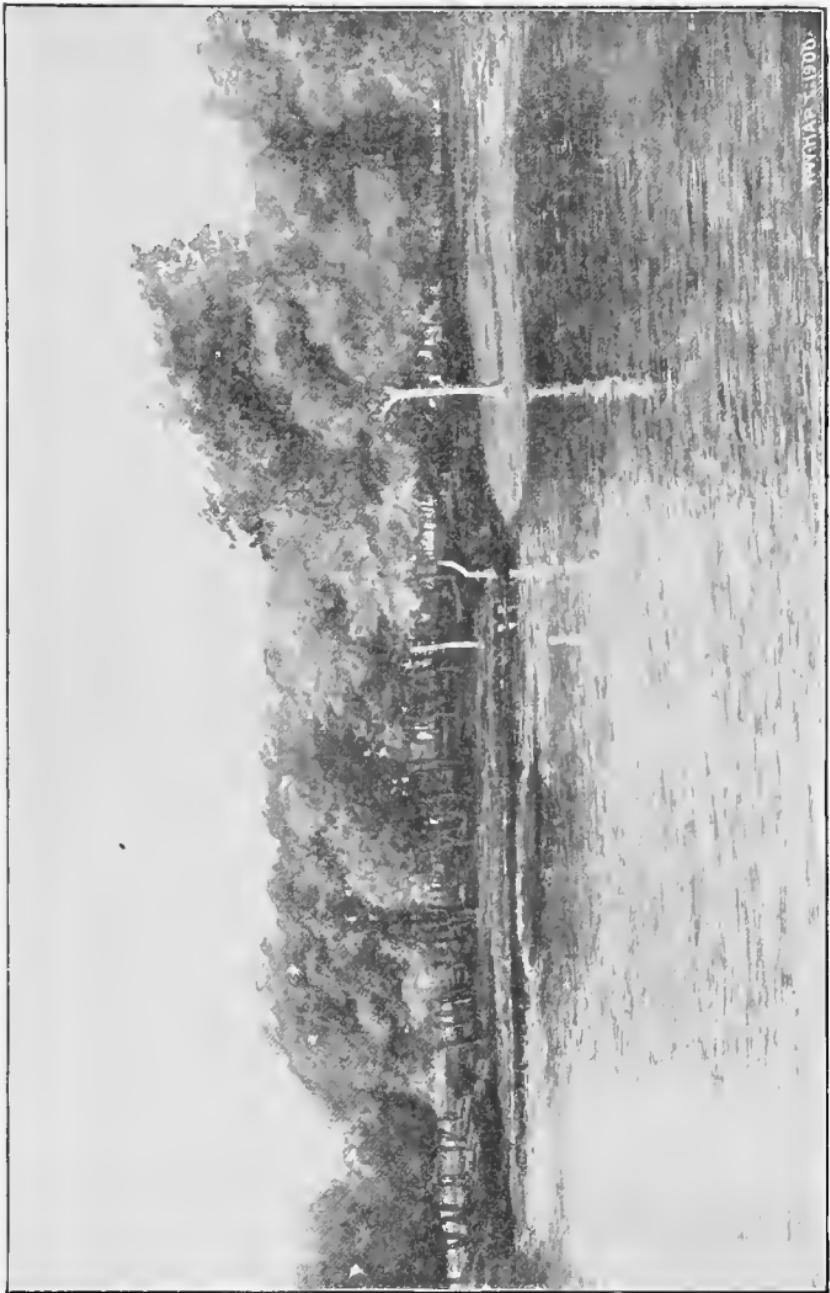
There are things of which I may not speak ;  
There are dreams that cannot die ;  
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song  
Come over me like a chill :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
When I visit the dear old town ;  
But the native air is pure and sweet,  
And the trees that o’ershadow each well-known street,  
As they balance up and down,  
Are singing the beautiful song,  
Are sighing and whispering still :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

MARCH 1900.

DEERING'S WOODS



And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,  
    And with joy that is almost pain  
My heart goes back to wander there,  
    And among the dreams of the days that were,  
        I find my lost youth again.  
        And the strange and beautiful song,  
The groves are repeating it still :  
    " A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

The Spanish sailors, the bulwarks, the fort, the sunrise gun and the dead captains, all refer to the war of 1812, the incidents of which seem to have made a lasting impression on the boy's mind. The pottery and the ropewalks also keenly interested him, as the following poems show :

*Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round  
Without a pause, without a sound :  
So spins the flying world away!  
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,  
Follows the motion of my hand ;  
For some must follow, and some command,  
Though all are made of clay!*

Thus sang the Potter at his task  
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-tree,  
While o'er his features, like a mask,  
The quilted sunshine and leaf-shade  
Moved, as the boughs above him swayed,  
And clothed him, till he seemed to be  
A figure woven in tapestry,  
So sumptuously was he arrayed  
In that magnificent attire  
Of sable tissue flaked with fire,  
Like a magician he appeared,

A conjurer without book or beard ;  
And while he plied his magic art —  
For it was magical to me —  
I stood in silence and apart,  
And wondered more and more to see  
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay  
Rise up to meet the master's hand,  
And now contract and now expand,  
And even his slightest touch obey ;  
While ever in a thoughtful mood  
He sang his ditty, and at times  
Whistled a tune between the rhymes,  
As a melodious interlude.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! All things must change  
To something new, to something strange ;  
Nothing that is can pause or stay ;  
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,  
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,  
The rain to mist and cloud again,  
To-morrow be to-day.*

• • •

What land is this ? Yon pretty town  
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed ;  
The pride, the market-place, the crown  
And center of the Potter's trade.  
See ! every house and room is bright  
With glimmers of reflected light  
From plates that on the dresser shine ;  
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,  
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,  
And pilgrim flasks with fleurs-de-lis,  
And ships upon a rolling sea,  
And tankards pewter topped, and queer  
With comic mask and musketeer !

## THE ROPEWALK

In that building, long and low,  
With its windows all a-row,

Like the portholes of a hulk,  
Human spiders spin and spin,  
Backward down their threads so thin  
Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door;  
Squares of sunshine on the floor

Light the long and dusky lane;  
And the whirring of a wheel,  
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel  
All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end  
Downward go and reascend.

Gleam the long threads in the sun;  
While within this brain of mine  
Cobwebs brighter and more fine  
By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,  
Like white doves upon the wing,  
First before my vision pass;  
Laughing, as their gentle hands  
Closely clasp the twisted strands,  
At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,  
With its smell of tan and planks,  
And a girl poised high in air  
On a cord, in spangled dress,  
With a faded loveliness,  
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,  
And a woman with bare arms  
    Drawing water from a well ;  
As the bucket mounts apace,  
With it mounts her own fair face,  
    As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,  
Ringing loud the noontide hour,  
    While the rope coils round and round  
Like a serpent at his feet.  
And again, in swift retreat,  
    Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,  
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,  
    Laughter and indecent mirth ;  
Ah ! it is the gallows tree !  
Breath of Christian charity,  
    Blow, and sweep it from the earth !

Then a schoolboy, with his kite  
Gleaming in a sky of light,  
    And an eager, upward look ;  
Steeds pursued through lane and field ;  
Fowlers with their snares concealed ;  
    And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,  
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,  
    Anchors dragged through faithless sand ;  
Sea fog drifting overhead,  
And, with lessening line and lead,  
    Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,  
These, and many left untold,

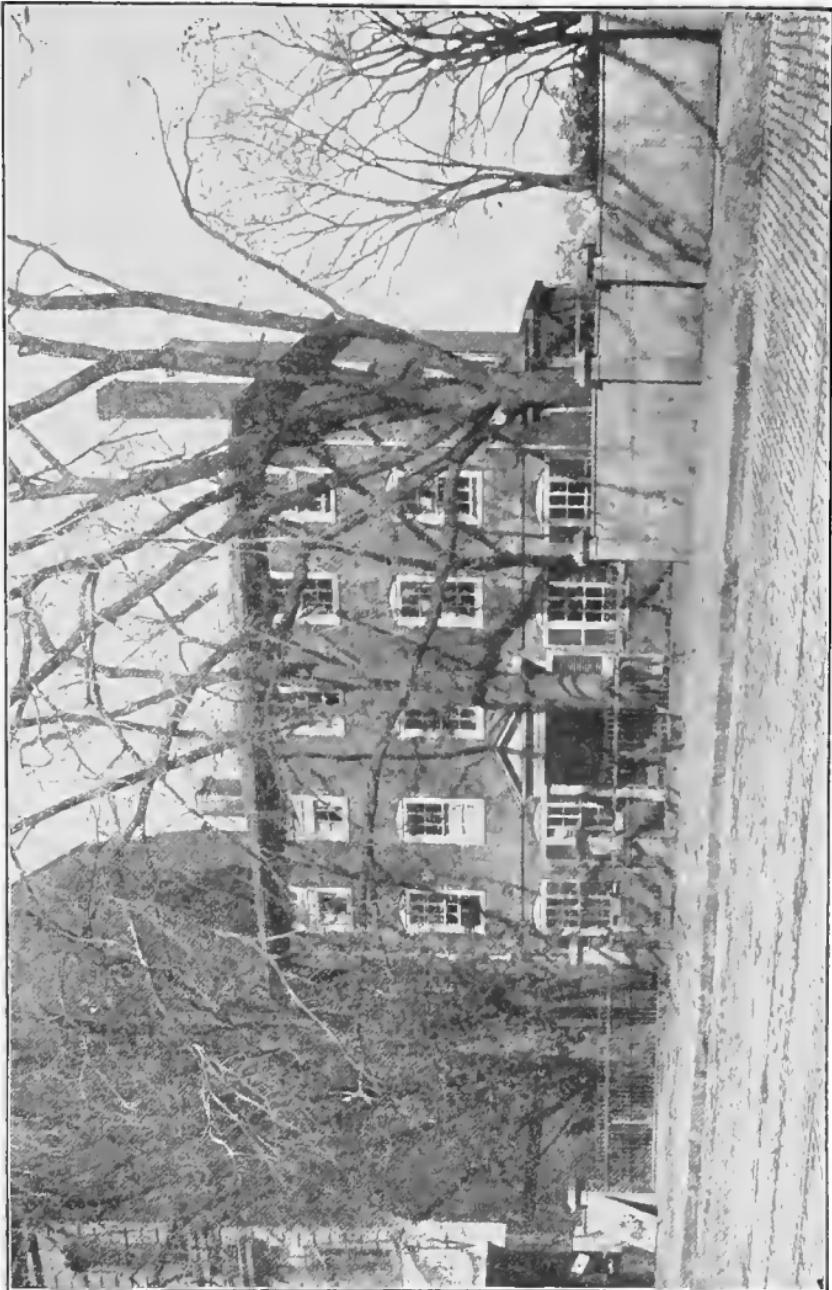
In that building long and low :  
While the wheel goes round and round,  
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,  
And the spinners backward go.

Longfellow had every opportunity to become well educated. In his home there was an excellent library to which he had access from his earliest childhood. Beside this home library, there were the Portland Library and a Mr. Johnson's bookstore, places which he frequently visited. He made good use of his opportunities, for he was always a studious child. Of this early reading, in his remarks upon Washington Irving, he says,

"Every reader has his first book; I mean to say, one book among all others which in early youth first fascinates his imagination, and at once excites and satisfies the desires of his mind. To me, this first book was the *Sketch Book* of Washington Irving. I was a schoolboy when it was published, and read each succeeding number with ever increasing wonder and delight, spellbound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of reverie,—nay, even by its gray-bound covers, the shaded letters of its titles, and the fair, clear type, which seemed an outward symbol of its style. How many delightful books the same author has given us. . . . Yet still the charm of the *Sketch Book* remains unbroken; the old fascination remains about it; and whenever I open its pages, I open also that mysterious door which leads back into the haunted chambers of youth."

Of his childish impressions, he wrote in later years :

"Out of my childhood rises in my memory the recollection of many things rather as poetic impressions than as prosaic facts. Such are the damp mornings of early spring, with the lond



WADSWORTH HOUSE, PORTLAND, MAINE

rowing of cocks and cooing of pigeons on roofs of barns. Very distinct in connection with these are the indefinite longings incident to childhood; feelings of wonder and loneliness which I could not interpret and scarcely took cognizance of. But they have remained in my mind."

When about three years old, Longfellow went to a Mrs. Fellow's school. "My recollection of my first teacher," said the poet, many years after, "are not vivid: but I recall that she was bent on giving me a right start in life; that she thought that even very young children should be made to know the difference between right and wrong; and that severity of manner was more practical than gentleness of persuasion. She inspired me with one trait,—that is, a genuine respect for my elders." Longfellow remained at this school only a short time. He then went to the town school, which he attended only two weeks. After leaving the town school, he went to a private school in charge of Nathaniel H. Carter. When Mr. Carter became a teacher in the Portland Academy, many of his pupils went with him, and among them was Longfellow. Here he was prepared for college. In later years, he relates the following incident about one of his teachers: "I remember the schoolmaster at the Academy, and the mingled odor that hovered about him of tobacco, India rubber and lead pencil. A nervous, excitable man. When we left school, I went with a schoolmate to take leave of him and thank him for his patience with us. He thought we were in jest; and gave me a stern lecture on good behavior and the trials of a teacher's life."

During his vacations from school, Longfellow occasionally would visit his grandfather Wadsworth's home at Hiram. Not far from Hiram was a small lake called Lovewell's or Lovell's Pond. This spot was made famous by an event in New England history called "Lovewell's Fight" with the Indians. The scene and incident must have made a deep impression upon his boyish mind, for it was the subject of his first poem, written when he was thirteen years old. It was printed in *The Portland Gazette* in November, 1820.

#### THE BATTLE OF LOVELL'S POND

Cold, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast  
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,  
As it moans through the tall waving pines lone and drear,  
Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

The war whoop is stilled, and the savage's yell  
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell;  
The din of the battle, the tumult, is o'er  
And the war-clarion's voice is now heard no more.

The warriors that fought for their country and bled,  
Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is their bed;  
No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,  
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,  
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim;  
They are dead; but they live in each patriot's breast,  
And their names are engraven on honor's bright crest.

*Henry.*

With many misgivings, the boy dropped his manuscript into the letter box of *The Portland Gazette*.

The evening before the issue of the paper, which was a semi-weekly, he went again to the office and stood shivering in the November air, looking in, but not having the courage to enter. The next morning, most eagerly he and his sister, the only sharer of his secret, waited for the paper. Impatiently they watched the damp sheet as it was unfolded, dried, and read by their father. When at last they had it in their hands, the youthful poet saw his verses in print, and read and re-read them with increasing satisfaction. In the evening, he visited the home of Judge Mellen, his father's friend. The conversation turned upon poetry, and the Judge remarked : " Did you see the piece in to-day's paper ? Very stiff, remarkably stiff ; moreover, it is all borrowed, every word of it." This was his first, though not his last, encounter with the *critic*.

Longfellow entered Bowdoin College in September, 1821. His sunny and genial disposition won the love and esteem of his classmates and his professors. According to the opinion of many of his associates, he was quiet, retiring, well-bred, and was a model to all in character and manners. His rank in class was high, though he had to compete with those who, afterward, became as brilliant and prominent as he in their various professions. Among this group of men was Nathaniel Hawthorne, who became a very close friend of his in later years. Both of them while in college were noted for their excellence of composition. Longfellow gave an earnest and sincere attention to all departments of study, but his compositions, translations, and contributions to the press, early indicated his literary ability.

Longfellow was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825. He had the first claim to class poet, but as his rank in class was so high, it was deemed best to give him an oration as the highest mark of honor. Chatterton, the boy poet of England, had made so deep an impression upon his mind that he chose his life and writings as his subject, but at his father's suggestion changed his plans and took in its stead *Native Writers*.

During his four years in college, Longfellow wrote several prose sketches and quite a number of poems, seventeen of which were published in *The United States Literary Gazette*. Some of these are his most attractive poems. Of them he says,

“These poems were written, for the most part, during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful: others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers, or have changed their names, and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches on a similar occasion, ‘I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb.’”

In the authorized editions of his works, only a few of the early poems have been retained. These are found under the heading of *Earlier Poems*. The two following poems, *The Indian Hunter* and *The Sea-Diver*, are among those that have been retained. They are considered the best of the earlier poems, and give some indication of the nature and quality of his later verse.

## THE INDIAN HUNTER

When the summer harvest was gathered in,  
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,  
And the plowshare was in its furrow left,  
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,  
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,  
Looked down where the valley lay stretched below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day  
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way;  
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,  
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet;  
And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,  
As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of autumn came over the woods,  
As the sun stole out from their solitudes;  
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,  
And dead from its arms the pale vine shrank;  
And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red  
Where the tree's withered leaves around it shied.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,  
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn;  
The mower sung loud by the meadow-side,  
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide;  
And the voice of the herdsman came up the lea,  
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,  
Where the home of his fathers once had been,  
And heard, by the distant and measured stroke,  
That the woodman hewed down the giant oak;  
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind  
Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,  
 As her golden horn pierc'd the cloud of white :  
 A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,  
 Where the beach overshadowed the misty lake,  
 And a mourning voice, and a phnge from shore,  
 And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had passed on, by that still lakeside,  
 The fisher looked through the silver tide :  
 And there, on the smooth yellow sand displayed,  
 A skeleton wasted and white was laid ;  
 And 'twas seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,  
 That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

## THE SEA-DIVER

My way is on the bright blue sea,  
     My sleep upon its rocking tide ;  
 And many an eye has followed me  
     Where billows clasp the worn seaside.

My plumage bears the crimson blush,  
     When ocean by the sea is kissed,  
 When fades the evening's purple flush,  
     My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath  
     The bright arch of the splendid deep,  
 My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe  
     O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,  
     And by the pearly diadem ;  
 Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown  
     The glorious dwellings made by them.

At night, upon my storm-drenched wing,  
     I poised above a helmless bark ;  
 And soon I saw the shattered thing  
     Had passed away, and left no mark.

And, when the wind and storm were done,  
A ship, that had rode out the gale,  
Sunk down — without a signal-gun;  
And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart,  
The cloud resign its golden crown,  
When to the ocean's beating heart  
The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made  
Beneath the bright and silver sea!  
Peace — that their reliques there were laid  
With no vain pride and pageantry.

That the nature of his future profession was a matter which caused him some anxious thought while he was still in college, is shown by the following extracts from letters to his father during his last years there:

"I feel very glad that I am not to be a physician,— that there are quite enough in the world without me. And now, as somehow or other this subject has been introduced, I am curious to know what you do intend to make of me,— whether I am to study a profession or not; and if so, what profession. I hope your ideas upon this subject will agree with mine, for I have a particular and strong prejudice for one course of life, to which you, I fear, will not agree. It will not be worth while for me to mention what this is, until I become more acquainted with your own wishes."

"I take this early opportunity to write to you, because I wish to know fully your inclination in regard to the profession I am to pursue when I leave college.

"For my part, I have already hinted to you what would best please me. I want to spend one year at Cambridge for the purpose of reading history, and of becoming familiar with the best

authors in polite literature; whilst at the same time I can be acquiring a knowledge of the Italian language, without an acquaintance with which I shall be shut out from one of the most beautiful departments of letters. The French I mean to understand pretty thoroughly before I leave college. After leaving Cambridge, I would attach myself to some literary periodical publication, by which I could maintain myself and still enjoy the advantages of reading. Now, I do not think that there is anything visionary or chimerical in my plan thus far. The fact is—and I will not disguise it in the least, for I think I ought not—the fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centers in it. There may be something visionary in *this*, but I flatter myself that I have prudence enough to keep my enthusiasm from defeating its own object by too great haste. Surely, there never was a better opportunity offered for the exertion of literary talent in our own country than is now offered. To be sure, most of our literary men thus far have not been professedly so, until they have studied and entered the practice of Theology, Law or Medicine. But this is evidently lost time. I do believe that we ought to pay more attention to the opinion of philosophers, that ‘nothing but Nature can qualify a man for knowledge.’

“ Whether Nature has given me any capacity for knowledge or not, she has at any rate given me a very strong predilection for literary pursuits, and I am almost confident in believing, that, if I can ever rise in the world, it must be by the exercise of my talent in the wide field of literature. With such a belief, I must say that I am unwilling to engage in the study of law.

“ Here, then, seems to be the starting point; and I think it best for me to float out into the world upon that tide and in that channel which will the soonest bring me to my destined port, and not to struggle against both wind and tide, and by attempting what is impossible lose everything.”

“ From the general tenor of your last letter it seems to be your fixed desire that I should choose the profession of law for

the business of my life. I am very much rejoiced that you accede so readily to my proposition of studying general literature for one year at Cambridge. My grand object in doing this will be to gain as perfect a knowledge of the French and Italian languages as can be gained without traveling in France and Italy,—though, to tell the trutn, I intend to visit both before I die. . . .

“ But you must acknowledge the usefulness of aiming high,—at something which it is impossible to overshoot— perhaps to reach. The fact is, I have a most voracious appetite for knowledge. To its acquisition I will sacrifice everything. Nothing delights me more than reading and writing. And nothing could induce me to relinquish the pleasures of literature, little as I have yet tasted them. Of the three professions I should much prefer the law. I am far from being a fluent speaker, but practice must serve as a talisman where talent is wanting. I can be a lawyer. This will support my real existence, literature an *ideal* one.”

It will be seen from these letters that Longfellow's plans were to spend a year at Harvard College, Cambridge. His hope was that it would open the way to the pursuit of a literary career, but if not, then the study and practice of law would be followed. However, his future profession was finally settled for him in 1825 by the appointment as professor of modern languages and literature at Bowdoin College. He was then but nineteen years old, and had been out of college only six months. It is said that his appointment was the direct result of his very fine translation, while in college, of one of Horace's odes. When the chair was established and they were considering a fit candidate, the translation was recalled by Mr. Benjamin Orr, a prominent lawyer of Maine, who was a lover of Horace. This gentleman was a member of the board of trustees, and

nominated Longfellow. The appointment was received with great delight by Longfellow, for it settled the question of his future profession.

Before entering upon his duties, Longfellow spent three years in preparatory study in Europe, visiting France, Italy, Spain and Germany, making himself thoroughly familiar with the language of each country. *Outre Mer*, which was not published, however, until 1835, is a very interesting account of his travels through these countries.

Longfellow began his duties at Bowdoin College in September, 1829, remaining there for five years. As a professor, he was much loved by his pupils and highly esteemed by his associate professors. A member of the class of 1830 writes,

“ His manner was invariably full of that charming courtesy which it never lacked throughout his whole life. At the same time he never forgot his position. He was always on the alert, quick to hear, ready to respond. We were fond of him from the start; his speech charmed us; his earnest and dignified demeanor inspired us. A better teacher, a more sympathetic friend, never addressed a class of young men.”

Longfellow entered upon his professional duties with so much earnestness and enthusiasm that during this period he wrote comparatively very little. His principal work was a translation of a book upon the French language. This translation was used as a text-book, not only in Bowdoin, but in many other colleges and schools. It was used for fully twenty years after its first publication. He also contributed several essays to

*The North American Review*, principally upon the languages and literature of foreign countries. In July, 1831, the first installment of *The Schoolmaster* appeared in *The New England Magazine*. This work appeared in a series of sketches at irregular intervals until 1833. The subject matter of these sketches was embodied in *Outre Mer*.

In September, 1831, Longfellow married Miss Mary Storrer Potter of Portland. She was gentle, refined and highly educated, being a charming woman in manner and character. The first few years of their married life were spent in Brunswick, in a house which still stands amidst its elms on Federal Street. The room on the right of the entrance was fitted up as a study. Longfellow has given us a pretty picture of it:

"June 23. I can almost fancy myself in Spain, the morning is so soft and beautiful. The tessellated shadow of the honeysuckle lies motionless upon my study floor, as if it were a figure in the carpet; and through the open window comes the fragrance of the wild brier and the mock orange. The birds are caroling in the trees, and their shadows flit across the window as they dart to and fro in the sunshine; while the murmur of the bee, the cooing of the doves from the eves, and the whirring of a little humming bird that has its nest in the honeysuckle, send up a sound of joy to meet the rising sun."

Longfellow received an invitation in December, 1834, to become professor of modern languages and literature at Harvard College, Cambridge, permission being given him at the same time to spend a year or more abroad, if he thought it necessary. The choice was suggested by Professor Ticknor, who wished to retire from the

position. The invitation was a great surprise to Longfellow. He gladly accepted it, as it gave him a larger field of work.

Accompanied by his wife, he departed for Europe in the spring of 1835. His purpose, as before, was to thoroughly prepare himself for his new position. He visited England and the countries of northern Europe. During their stay at Amsterdam in October, 1835, Mrs. Longfellow became seriously ill. She recovered sufficiently to travel to Rotterdam, but again became ill in that city, where she died, November 29, 1835. He has immortalized her memory in *Footsteps of Angels*.

When the hours of Day are numbered,  
And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight  
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more;

• • •  
And with them the Being Beanteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saintlike,  
Looking downward from the skies.

*Footsteps of Angels.*

In November, 1836, Longfellow was formally appointed "Smith professor of French and Spanish languages and literature, and professor of *belles-lettres*" at Harvard College. He began his duties in December, holding the professorship until 1854. He performed his tasks here, and they were many and trying, with the same faithful earnestness as at Bowdoin. His pupils and associates respected and loved him. His manner was gentle and dignified, and entirely devoid of any display of authority or knowledge. His work proved of great advantage to the college, and it also benefited him, for it brought him in contact with the literary men of the day.

Among the many happy incidents of Longfellow's residence in Cambridge, was the renewal of acquaintance with his classmate, Nathaniel Hawthorne. A deep and sincere friendship was formed between them, and each became an enthusiastic admirer of the other's works.

In the summer of 1837, Longfellow made his home with Mrs. Craigie, at the famous Craigie House. This house was built by Colonel John Vassal in 1759. As

Colonel Vassal remained loyal to England during the Revolution, the house and grounds were confiscated to the State. It afterward passed into other hands, having several owners before it became the property of Longfellow. The history of the house is interesting and remarkable because of the number of noted persons who have resided there, or have been guests for longer



CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

or shorter periods. General Washington used it for a time as his headquarters during the Revolution. In 1793, Doctor Andrew Craigie purchased the mansion. Two of his notable guests were Talleyrand, the great French statesman, and the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria. Doctor Craigie lived very extravagantly, and, before his death, was forced to part with

all but eight acres of the originally large estate. After his death, Mrs. Craigie rented the rooms of the house to students and professors of Harvard as a means of supporting herself. When Longfellow applied to Mrs. Craigie for a room, she assigned to him the southeast corner room on the second story, which was the one that had been occupied by General Washington. The room was in the front of the house, and commanded a view over the meadows to the Charles river. In the pages of *Hyperion*, he writes thus of his pleasant surroundings:

"I sit here at my pleasant chamber-window, and enjoy the balmy air of a bright summer morning, and watch the motions of the golden robin that sits on its swinging nest on the outermost pendulous branch of yonder elm. The broad meadows and the steel-blue river remind me of the meadows of Unterseen and the river Aar, and beyond them rise magnificent snow-white clouds piled up like Alps. Thins the shades of Washington and William Tell seem to walk together in these Elysian Fields; for it was here, that, in days long gone, our great patriot dwelt; and yonder clouds so much resemble the snowy Alps that they remind me irresistibly of the Swiss, noble example of a high purpose and a fixed will.

"Nothing can be more lovely than these summer mornings, nor the southern window at which I sit and write, in this old mansion which is like an Italian villa; but oh, this lassitude, this weariness, when all around me is so bright! I have this morning a singular longing for flowers,—a wish to stroll among the roses and carnations, and inhale their breath as if it would revive me. I wish I knew the man who called the flowers 'the fugitive poetry of Nature.' From this distance, from these scholastic shades, from this leafy, blossoming and beautiful Cambridge, I stretch forth my hand to grasp his, as the hand of

a poet. Yes: this morning I would rather stroll with him among the gay flowers than sit here and write.'

His poem, *To the River Charles*, has immortalized the river for all time.

River! that in silence windest  
Through the meadows, bright and free,  
Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,  
Half in rest, and half in strife,  
I have seen thy waters stealing  
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!  
Many a lesson, deep and strong;  
Thou hast been a generous giver;  
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,  
I have watched thy current glide,  
Till the beauty of its stillness  
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,  
When I saw thy waters gleam,  
I have felt my heart beat lighter,  
And leap onward with thy stream.

To the River Charles.

In 1839, Longfellow published *Hypnerion, A Romance*. It really is an account of his second trip to Europe,

dwelling especially on his journeying along the Rhine in southern Germany. The inscription on the eastern wall of the little chapel of St. Gilgen suggested the romance to him, and in fact became the motto of his life. It reads,

“Look not mournfully into the past. It comes  
Not back again. Wisely improve the present.  
It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy  
Future without fear, and with a manly heart.”

*Hyperion* became very popular, and by 1857, about fifteen thousand copies had been sold in America. It did a great deal toward attracting the attention of American readers to the wealth and beauty of German literature.

In the autumn of 1839, Longfellow published his first volume of poems, entitled *Voices of the Night*. It included five of his earlier pieces which had appeared in *The United States Literary Gazette*, twenty-three translations, some of which had appeared in *The Knickerbocker*, or in *The North American Review*, and eight other poems, six of which had appeared in *The Knickerbocker*; also a poetic prelude. Among the poems in this volume is the famous *Psalm of Life*. It first appeared in *The Knickerbocker* in 1838. It is doubtful if any other poem has appealed to so many persons of all ages and all nationalities as the *Psalm of Life*. Several interesting incidents are told of the helpfulness, the comfort, the hope and the inspiration that it has been to many. The poet says of it, “It was written in my chamber, as I sat looking out at the morning sun, admiring the

beauty of God's creations and the excellency of his plan. The poem was not printed until some months later, and even then with reluctance."

In the autumn of 1841, appeared another volume of poems called *Ballads and Other Poems*. This volume was considered the best collection of poems that Longfellow ever gave to the public.

The poet again sailed for Europe in 1842. This time it was in search of health. He visited France, England and Germany and returned in the autumn. On his return voyage, he wrote eight poems against slavery. These were published under the title of *Poems on Slavery*.

On July 13, 1843, Longfellow married Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton. He had first made her acquaintance while traveling in Europe in 1836. She was the *Mary Ashburton* of his *Hyperion*. The following year Mr. Appleton purchased the Craigie estate and presented it to his daughter, to be the future home of herself and husband.

Of Longfellow's longer poems, published during the years of 1843-58, those that attracted almost universal attention, and became general favorites, are *The Spanish Student*, *Evangeline*, *A Tale of Acadie*, *The Song of Hiawatha*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, and *The Building of the Ship*, which appeared in the volume of poems called *The Seaside and the Fireside*.

His drama, *The Spanish Student*, was published shortly after his return from Europe. *The Serenade* in it is very beautiful, and has been set to music by several great composers. It begins:

“ Stars of the summer night!  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!”

*Evangeline* is a beautiful and pathetic story based upon the historical facts of the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia. In *A Fable for Critics*, Lowell says of it:

“ That rare, tender, virgin-like pastoral Evangeline,  
That's not ancient nor modern, its place is apart  
Where time has no sway, in the realm of pure Art,  
'Tis a shrine of retreat from Earth's hubbub and strife  
As quiet and chaste as the author's own life.”

*The Building of the Ship* is, perhaps, the most powerful and eloquent of all of Longfellow's poems. It appeared at a most critical period in the political history of our country. Without doubt the eloquent patriotism of the following lines appealed to all:

“ Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat  
In what a forge, and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,

'T is of the wave and not the rock :  
'T is but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale !  
In spite of roek and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee, — are all with thee ! "

*The Building of the Ship.*

The popularity of *The Song of Hiawatha* was remarkable both here and in Europe. Its unusual subject, the peculiar meter in which it is written, and the charm of the whole poem attracted universal attention.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*, a story of the early Puritan days, became another general favorite.

At Commencement in 1854, Longfellow resigned his position as professor at Harvard College, much to the regret of his pupils and the members of the faculty. He did not leave, however, without providing a successor. At his suggestion, James Russell Lowell was appointed. After his resignation from Harvard, Longfellow devoted all his time to literature.

On Tuesday, July 9, 1861, Mrs. Longfellow, while making seals for the amusement of her youngest children, was fatally burned, her dress catching fire from a piece of burning wax. Though her husband hastened to her rescue, and the best medical aid was summoned, she died the following day. The poet was too severely injured in trying to subdue the flames to be able to attend the funeral.

Longfellow never recovered from the shock of this great sorrow. He became rapidly old, though he bore his grief with manly reticence, never speaking of it even to his intimate friends. This second marriage, lasting for nearly twenty years, had been a period of complete happiness. During it, five children had been born to him, two sons and three daughters.

Longfellow devoted twenty-five years to the translation of the *Divina Commedia* by Dante, translating it line by line. For many years, a few moments only in the early morning, while he was standing at his desk waiting for his coffee to boil, was all the time he gave to it. After the tragic death of his wife, he turned to the work for solace. When it was published in 1867, it was pronounced by all scholars at home and abroad as the best translation of the poem.

In May, 1868, Longfellow made his fourth visit to Europe, remaining a little more than a year. On June 16, 1868, the university of Cambridge conferred upon him the honorary degree of *Doctor of Laws*, amidst great enthusiasm from students and guests. In July, 1869, the university of Oxford honored him with the degree of *Doctor of Civil Law*. While in England in the summer of 1868, he visited Windsor Castle and had an interview with Queen Victoria. After he left, the queen paid the poet the following tribute:

"The American poet, Longfellow, has been here. I noticed an unusual interest among the attendants and servants. I could scarcely credit that they so generally understood who he was. When he took leave, they concealed themselves in places from which they could get a good look at him as he passed. I have

since inquired among them, and am surprised and pleased to find that many of his poems are familiar to them. No other distinguished person has come here that has excited so peculiar an interest. Such poets wear a crown that is imperishable."

In *Ballads and other Poems*, *The Village Blacksmith* appeared. It begins,

"Under a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands:  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands."

This "village smithy" under the "spreading chestnut tree" stood many years ago on Brattle street, Cambridge. The tree was eventually cut down and a dwelling house erected upon its site. From it was made the armchair which was given to Longfellow on his seventy-second birthday, February 27, 1879, by the children of Cambridge. Around the seat in raised German text are the lines:

"And children eoming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor."

The beautiful poem, *From My Armchair*, was the poet's response to the gift. The last verses are,

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me  
This day a jubilee,  
And to my more than threescore years and ten  
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,  
And in it are enshrined  
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought  
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could  
Give life to this dead wood,  
And make these branches, leafless now so long,  
Blossom again in song."

The poet's last volume of poems was *Ultima Thule*, published in 1880. His last public appearance occurred in December of that year, at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Cambridge. A thousand grammar school children were among the audience, and the poet gave his autograph to every one of them who wished it.

In the summer of 1881, it became apparent to all that Longfellow's health was failing. During the following year he was frequently ill. On March 18, 1882, he received his last visitors, two Boston boys, who had come to visit the poet and to see the Craigie House. After his young guests had gone, he became seriously ill. He died March 24, 1882, and he was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery. England has honored his memory by placing a bust in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

An evidence of the popularity of Longfellow's poems is the fact that they have been translated, wholly or in part, into German, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, Polish, Russian, Hebrew, Chinese, Japanese and Sanskrit.

In order to appreciate the literary services which Long-

fellow rendered to this country, we must consider the condition of American literature in 1825. The fact is that a national literature hardly existed at that period. Washington Irving was the only American writer who had won any reputation at home and abroad. Cooper was just gaining a little attention, William Cullen Bryant was known to only a few, and Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, Hawthorne and Poe were still unknown. There were but few literary magazines, and their existence was uncertain and short-lived. The publishing houses were few and small, and published principally reprints of English works. "It will thus be seen that American life was strangely prosaic; and before it could feel the glow of its own poetry it must know something of the poetry of the past. This was Longfellow's first service to his countrymen. 'He was a mediator between the old and the new; he translated the romance of the past into the language of universal life. Out of the closed volumes he gathered flowers that lay pressed and dead and odorless; he breathed into them the breath of life, and they bloomed and were fragrant again. He came to the past as the south winds come to the woods in the spring; and the trees put on their leaves, and the earth its mosses, and the dell its wild-flowers to greet him.'"



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

1807-1892



He loved his friends, forgave his foes ;  
And, if his words were harsh at times,  
He spared his fellowmen, — his blows  
Fell only on their crimes.

He loved the good and wise, but found  
His human heart to all akin  
Who met him on the common ground  
Of suffering and of sin.

• • • •

His eye was beauty's powerless slave,  
And his the ear which discord pains ;  
Few guessed beneath his aspect grave  
What passions strove in chains.

• • • •

He worshiped as his fathers did,  
And kept the faith of childish days,  
And, howsoe'er he strayed or slid,  
He loved the good old ways.

• • • •

But still his heart was full of awe  
And reverence for all sacred things ;  
And, brooding over form and law,  
He saw the Spirit's wings.

*My Namesake.*



## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

---

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed he will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

*The Eternal Goodness.*

DOES it not seem strange that a farmer's son, living in a lonely valley, shut in from the outer world of culture and learning, with only the hills, the trees and the sky for his teachers, should become one of our great poets? Yet such was the case with John Greenleaf Whittier. Brought up on a farm in the lonely country, near no center of culture, having no advantages of education, in an austere household where denial of pleasure and obedience to duty was the law of his boyhood, with only the Bible for his reading for many years, yet he became the poet of New England and a foremost leader in the great cause of humanity, the freeing of the slaves. He not only sang of the beauty of the trees, the hills and the lakeside, of the goodness and the wisdom of God, but his voice was raised in behalf of the

slaves, and his manhood devoted to their emancipation. Surely, he well deserves all his titles,—the Quaker Poet, the poet of New England, the prophet bard, the bard of a great historic time!

John Greenleaf Whittier was born December 17, 1807, in a lonely farmhouse in the valley of the Merrimac, about three miles northeast of Haverhill, Massachusetts. This little town was settled in 1640, by twelve men from Newbury and Ipswich. In a poem written in 1890 for its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, 1640–1890, Whittier gives its history in a very interesting manner.

Gone steepled town and cultured plain,  
The wilderness returns again,  
The drear, untrodden solitude,  
The gloom and mystery of the wood!

Once more the bear and panther prowl,  
The wolf repeats his hungry howl,  
And, peering through his leafy screen  
The Indian's copper face is seen.

We see, their rude-built huts beside,  
Grave men and women anxious-eyed,  
And wistful youth remembering still  
Dear homes in England's Haverhill.

Slow from the plow the woods withdrew,  
Slowly each year the corn-lands grew ;  
Nor fire, nor frost, nor foe could kill  
The Saxon energy of will.

And never in the hamlet's bound  
Was lack of sturdy manhood found.

And never failed the kindred good  
Of brave and helpful womanhood.

That hamlet now a city is,  
Its log-built huts are palaces ;  
The wood-path of the settler's cow  
Is Traflic's crowded highway now.

And far and wide it stretches still,  
Along its southward sloping hill,  
And overlooks on either hand  
A rich and many-watered land.

And, gladdening all the landscape, fair  
As Pison was to Eden's pair,  
Our river to its valley brings  
The blessings of its mountain springs.

Her sunsets on Kenoza fall,  
Her autumn leaves by Saltonstall ;  
No lavished gold ean richer make  
Her opulence of hill and lake.

Wise was the choice which led our sires  
To kindle here their household fires,  
And share the large content of all  
Whose lines in pleasant places fall.

More dear, as years and years advance,  
We prize the old inheritance,  
And feel, as far and wide we roam,  
That all we seek we leave at home.

*Haverhill.*

The first Whittier to come to this country was Thomas "Whitier," the great-great-grandfather of our poet. He came to America in 1638, and settled at

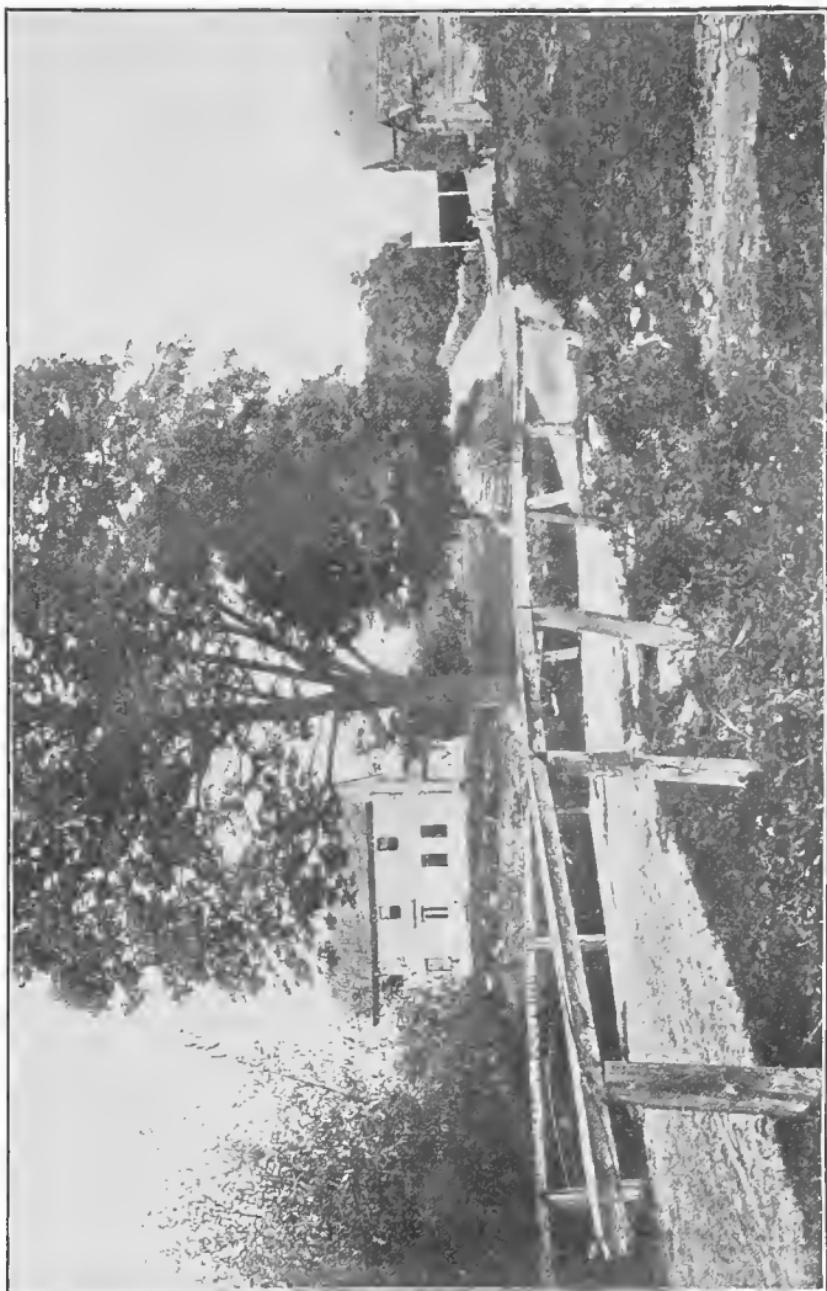
Salisbury, Massachusetts. He afterwards removed to Newbury, and later to Haverhill. He was of Puritan stock, but his sympathies were with the Quakers. His youngest son, Joseph, married the daughter of the well-known Quaker, John Peasley. As Whittier is descended in a direct line from this branch of the family, we see the reason for his being a Quaker, though the Whittiers were originally Puritans. Whittier's grandfather married Sarah Greenleaf after whom the poet was named. He writes of her in a little poem called *The Home Coming of the Bride*.

Sarah Greenleaf, of eighteen years,  
Stepped lightly her bridegroom's boat within,  
Waving mid-river, through smiles and tears,  
A farewell back to her kith and kin.  
With her sweet blue eyes and her new gold gown,  
She sat by her stalwart lover's side—  
Oh, never was brought to Haverhill town  
By land or water so fair a bride.  
Glad as the glad autumnal weather,  
The Indian summer so soft and warm,  
They walked through the golden woods together,  
His arm the girdle about her form.

*The Home Coming of the Bride.*

Whittier's father married Abigail Hussey. The Husseys were English. So much of the history of his ancestors is necessary to show the stock from which he was descended, for he was one of those who resisted oppression and wrong, and fought heroically for truth. The Quaker influence is shown in his sincerity, self-abnegation and spiritual-mindedness.

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE



The house in which our poet was born was built about 1688, by his great-great-grandfather, and remains about the same as when built. It is more open to view from the main road than it was when Whittier was born, the woods about it having been extensively cleared. The house, which is small and plain, was formerly two stories in front, and sloped down to one story in the back. This latter portion was raised and the dwelling otherwise improved by the poet's father in 1801. Since then, there has been some repairing done which gives the old house a modern look, but much of the original carpentry may be seen in the iron door handles, latches and hinges, made more than two centuries ago. The front door opens into a small entry from which a steep, narrow staircase leads to the rooms above. On the left is the room where Whittier was born, and on the right, the parlor where he wrote. The small room above is the one he occupied when a boy. A flight of stairs leads up to it from the kitchen. It is this room he refers to in *Snow-Bound*, in the lines,

Within our beds awhile we heard  
The wind that round the gables roared,  
With now and then a ruder shock,  
Which made our very bedsteads rock.  
We heard the loosened clapboards toss,  
The board-nails snapping in the frost;  
And on us, through the unplastered wall,  
Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.

*Snow-Bound.*

Back of the house is the old orchard, and near it was the barn. Near the orchard rises a clump of oaks

where the Whittiers for many generations were buried. The modern barn and other farm buildings are across the road, opposite the house. A short distance along the road is the Whittier elm. This elm is centuries old. It is eighteen feet in diameter at the smallest point, and casts a shadow at noon of one hundred feet in diameter. Beyond that is the old Garrison house, a place of refuge from the Indians, which the poet describes in *The Boy Captives*.

The house faces the south, and between it and the road rises a grassy knoll at the foot of which flows the little brook mentioned in *Snow-Bound* and also in *The Barefoot Boy*.

Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall.

*The Barefoot Boy.*

We minded that the sharpest ear  
The buried brooklet could not hear,  
The music of whose liquid lip  
Had been to us companionship,  
And, in our lonely life, had grown  
To have an almost human tone.

*Snow-Bound.*

One of the pleasures of his boyhood was to go fishing in this little brook with his brother and uncle Moses. On this grassy slope was once a garden, and to the left a tall well-sweep. It is now replaced by a pump. We get a glimpse of all this in his *Telling the Bees*.

Job's Hill, a knoll about three hundred feet high, is not far distant from the farm. It was a favorite resort of the boys and the cattle on the hot summer afternoons. Among the cattle were two oxen, Buck and Old Butler, which were great pets of the boys. They would sit on the heads of the oxen as they lay in the grass, and rest their arms on the oxen's horns as though they were arm-chairs. A story is told of how Old Butler saved Whittier's life at the risk of his own. One day, he was bringing some salt for the oxen. Old Butler espied him, and knowing what he had, started toward him with long strides down the hillside. The earth was loose and the incline very great. The ox was coming rapidly upon the boy, and he could not stop himself. He would have crushed him to death, but with a presence of mind that was almost human, he leaped into the air over Whittier's head, landing far below, but without injury.

On the road from Haverhill to the Whittier farm, about a mile from the house, is Kenoza lake, formerly called Great Pond. In 1859, the shores were improved for a park, and at its opening Whittier read the poem which gave to it the Indian name of Kenoza, meaning pickerel.

Lake of the pickerel!—let no more  
The echoes answer back, “Great Pond,”  
But sweet Kenoza, from thy shore  
And watching hills beyond,

Let Indian ghosts, if such there be  
Who ply unseen their shadowy lines,  
Call back the ancient name to thee,  
As with the voice of pines.

The shores we trod as barefoot boys,  
The nutted woods we wandered through,  
To friendship, love, and social joys  
We consecrate anew.

In sunny South and prairied West  
Are exiled hearts remembering still,  
As bees their hive, as birds their nest,  
The homes of Haverhill.

Long be it ere the tide of trade  
Shall break with harsh resounding din  
The quiet of thy banks of shade,  
And hills that fold thee in.

Still let thy woodlands hide the hare,  
The shy loon sound his trumpet-note,  
Wind-weary from his fields of air,  
The wild goose on thee float.

*Kenosha Lake.*

The home circle consisted of father and mother, uncle Moses, his father's brother, aunt Mercy, his mother's sister, his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, and his brother, Matthew Franklin. In *Snow-Bound*, the poet gives a beautiful picture of this home of his boyhood, portraying with tender, loving words each member of the fire-side group.

Shut in from all the world without,  
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,  
Content to let the north wind roar  
In baffled rage at pane and door,

While the red logs before us beat  
The frost-line back with tropic heat;  
And ever, when a louder blast  
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
The merrier up its roaring draught  
The great throat of the chimney laughed.

We sped the time with stories old,  
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told.

Our mother, while she turned her wheel  
Or run the new-knit stocking heel,  
Told how the Indian hordes came down  
At midnight on C'ocheco town,  
And how her own great-uncle bore  
His cruel scalp mark to fourscore.  
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,  
So rich and picturesque and free,  
(The common unrhymed poetry  
Of simple life and country ways,)  
The story of her early days.

Our uncle, innocent of books,  
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,  
The ancient teachers never dumb  
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.  
In moons and tides and weather wise,  
He read the clouds as prophecies,  
And foul or fair could well divine,  
By many an occult hint and sign,  
Holding the cunning-warded keys  
To all the woodcraft mysteries;  
Himself to Nature's heart so near  
That all her voices in his ear  
Of beast or bird had meaning clear.

SNOW-BOUND



Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer  
And voice in dreams I see and hear,—  
The sweetest woman ever Fate  
Perverse denied a household mate,  
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less  
Found peace in love's unselfishness,  
And welcome wheresoe'er she went,  
A calm and gracious element,  
Whose presence seemed the sweet income  
And womanly atmosphere of home.

. . . . .  
There, too, our elder sister plied  
Her evening task the stand beside;  
A full, rich nature, free to trust,  
Truthful and almost sternly just,  
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,  
And make her generous thought a fact,  
Keeping with many a light disguise  
The secret of self-sacrifice.

. . . . .  
As one who held herself a part  
Of all she saw, and let her heart  
    Against the household bosom lean,  
Upon the motley braided mat  
Our youngest and our dearest sat,  
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,  
    Now bathed in the unfading green  
And holy peace of paradise.

. . . . .  
Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,  
The master of the district school  
Held at the fire his favored place,  
Its warm glow lit a laughing face  
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared  
The uncertain prophecy of beard.

He teased the mitten-blinded cat,  
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,  
Sang songs, and told us what befalls  
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.

So days went on: a week had passed  
Since the great world was heard from last.  
The Almanac we studied o'er,  
Read and reread our little store  
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score.

At last the floundering carrier bore  
The village paper to our door.  
Lo! broadening outward as we read,  
To warmer zones the horizon spread,  
In panoramic length unrolled  
We saw the marvels that it told.

We felt the stir of hall and street,  
The pulse of life that round us beat.  
The chill embargo of the snow  
Was melted in the genial glow;  
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,  
And all the world was ours once more!

*Snow-Bound.*

Very few anecdotes of Whittier's boyhood have been preserved. In later years he himself related the following incident to a friend.

When he was nine years old, President Monroe visited Haverhill, and on the same day a circus pitched its tents in the town. Whittier was not allowed to be present at either event. He did not care so much about the circus, but was bitterly disappointed at not

seeing the president. The next day he trudged to Haverhill, determined to see at least the footprints of the great man. In the circus parade, there was an elephant whose footprints were plainly visible in the road over which the procession had passed. When Whittier came to these, he was at once convinced that they must be the footprints of President Monroe, the greatest man in America, and he reverently followed them as far as they could be traced.

One of his childish fears was of a gander, the leader of a flock of geese that he and his father met every time they went on a certain journey. In going up hill, the boy and his father would get out of the wagon and walk. The gander would take this opportunity to run after them, hissing and flapping his wings in a most alarming manner. This used to frighten Whittier very much, and he would have been glad to be safe in the wagon, but he did not like to admit that he was afraid. This stage of the journey was always greatly dreaded by him.

Another experience of fear was with the Country Bridge Ghost. This was a headless spirit which was supposed to haunt the "Country Bridge." Upon being dared by some of his playmates to run across this bridge after sundown, Whittier promised not only to cross it, but to call for the ghost to come forth. He kept his promise, but when he approached the bridge fear overcame his brave resolutions, and, although he called loudly for the ghost, he ran so fast he never knew whether it answered his summons or not.

Whittier went to school when he was seven years

old. He had very little opportunity, however, for an education, as the school term only lasted during the three winter months and there was usually a new master every term. At one time, the school was kept in a private house, while the school-building was undergoing repairs. The schoolmaster, who became his lifelong friend, was Joshua Coffin. He tells us of this teacher and these school days in his poem, *To My Old Schoolmaster*.

Old friend, kind friend! lightly down  
Drop time's snow-flakes on thy crown !  
Never be thy shadow less,  
Never fail thy cheerfulness.

I, the urchin unto whom,  
In that smoked and dingy room,  
Where the district gave thee rule  
O'er its ragged winter school,  
Thou didst teach the mysteries  
Of those weary A B C's,—  
Where, to fill the every pause  
Of thy wise and learnèd saws,  
Through the cracked and crazy wall  
Came the cradle-rock and squall,  
And the goodman's voice, at strife  
With his shrill and tipsy wife,—  
Luring us by stories old,  
With a comic unction told,  
More than by the eloquence  
Of terse birchen arguments  
(Doubtful gain, I fear), to look  
With complacence on a book ;—

I,—the man of middle years,  
In whose sable locks appears  
Many a warning fleck of gray,—  
Looking back to that far day,  
And thy primal lessons, feel  
Grateful smiles my lips unseal,  
As, remembering thee, I blend  
Olden teacher, present friend.

*To My Old Schoolmaster.*

The site of the old schoolhouse where Whittier attended school is marked by a wooden slab on a tall post set back from the roadside. On it is written, "Here Whittier went to school." The following description of the schoolhouse is taken from *In School Days*:

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road  
A ragged beggar sleeping;  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry-vines are creeping.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescos on its wall;  
Its door's worn sill, betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing!

*In School Days.*

If there was little time or opportunity for education at school, there was less at home, for here his reading

was still more limited. There were only twenty volumes in the house and they were nearly all journals of the pioneers of the Friends' Society. His reading in those early days was mostly from the Bible. To this constant Bible reading may be attributed the accurate knowledge of Bible history so apparent in his poems. Other reading consisted of the almanac and the village weekly newspaper.

His boyhood was simple and uneventful. He attended school when he could, worked on the farm or helped his mother in the performance of her home duties. Sometimes on Sundays, the boy would be taken with his parents to the Friends' meeting-house. This was at Amesbury, about eight miles distant from the farm. The Whittiers made the journey in an old-fashioned chaise, and when the boy was crowded out, he would spend the day wandering in the woods, or on the lake shore or climbing Job's Hill. In his poem, *The Barefoot Boy*, Whittier describes himself in those early days.

Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes ;  
With thy red lip, redder still  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;  
From my heart I give thee joy, —  
I was once a barefoot boy !

Oh for boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
Knowledge never learned of schools,  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
Of the wild-flower's time and place,  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood ;  
How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the woodchuck digs his cell,  
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;  
How the robin feeds her young,  
How the oriole's nest is hung ;  
Where the whitest lilies blow,  
Where the freshest berries grow,  
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,  
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;  
Of the black wasp's cunning way,  
Mason of his walls of clay,  
And the architectural plans  
Of gray hornet artisans !  
For, eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks ;  
Hand in hand with her he walks,  
Face to face with her he talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy,—  
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

• • • • •

All too soon these feet must hide  
In the prison cells of pride,  
Lose the freedom of the sod,  
Like a colt's for work be shod,  
Made to tread the mills of toil,  
Up and down in ceaseless moil :  
Happy if their track be found  
Never on forbidden ground ;

Happy if they sink not in  
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.  
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,  
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

*The Barefoot Boy.*

So passed the lonely days of boyhood and youth on the farm, free from all outside disturbances and influences, surrounded by the beauties of nature and the pure moral atmosphere of his Quaker home. Very little was heard from the outside world. Visits of traveling Friends would occasionally break the monotony of the home. Sometimes tramps would come to the house, very often receiving a kindly welcome. The visits of these beggars, or old stragglers as they were then called, were events of considerable interest in the lonely farm life. Many of them visited the farm at regular intervals and became well known. In his *Yankee Gipsies*, Whittier gives an interesting account of these visitors. To one, a wandering Scotchman, he owes his first knowledge of the poet Burns. This man after eating his bread and cheese, and drinking his cider, sang for them *Bonnie Doon*, *Highland Mary* and *Auld Lang Syne*. The incident seems unimportant, yet in the Quaker home, where music was not allowed, this first introduction to the beautiful Scotch ballads opened to the boy a new world. When he was fourteen years old, his attention was again attracted to the Scotch poet. His teacher, Joshua Coffin, brought to the house a volume of Burns's poems, from which he read, greatly to the boy's delight. Whittier borrowed the book, taught himself the dialect, and read and reread the poems.

This was Whittier's first knowledge of poetry, and it made a lasting impression upon him. The verses awakened feeling and thought before unknown. During the next few years, he tried to shape his own thoughts in rhyme in imitation of Burns. These, however, were not his first efforts, for when he was a boy of seven, he used to write verses instead of doing his sums. Like the plant closed within the dark cells of a seed, the innate talent was there; it only needed the poetry of Burns to awaken it. In his poem, *Burns*, he speaks of this first acquaintance with his poetry and of the older poet's influence upon him, in a very beautiful manner.

Wild heather bells and Robert Burns !  
The moorland flower and peasant !  
How, at their mention, memory turns  
Her pages old and pleasant !

The gray sky wears again its gold  
And purple of adorning,  
And manhood's noonday shadows hold  
The dews of boyhood's morning.

I call to mind the summer day,  
The early harvest mowing,  
The sky with sun and clouds at play,  
And flowers with breezes blowing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,  
I sought the maple's shadow,  
And sang with Burns the hours away,  
Forgetful of the meadow !

Sweet day, sweet songs ! The golden hours  
Grew brighter for that singing,  
From brook and bird and meadow flowers  
A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen Nature beamed,  
New glory over Woman ;  
And daily life and duty seemed  
No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth  
Of fact and feeling better  
Than all the dreams that held my youth  
A still repining debtor :

With clearer eyes I saw the worth  
Of life among the lowly :  
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth  
Had made my own more holy.

Through all his tuneful art, how strong  
The human feeling gushes !  
The very moonlight of his song  
Is warm with smiles and blushes !

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,  
So " Bonnie Doon " but tarry :  
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,  
But spare his Highland Mary.

*Burns.*

During this period, William Lloyd Garrison, who was only three years older than Whittier, was writing for the Newburyport *Herald*. He was the great abolitionist that awakened the national conscience to the sin of

slavery. In 1826, he established *The Free Press*, to which the Whittier family subscribed. In this paper, in 1826, appeared Whittier's first published poem, *The Exile's Departure*. The poem had been sent to the paper by his sister Mary without his knowledge. One summer day, while he was mending fences with some of the older members of the family, the postman came along and, taking a copy of *The Free Press* from the saddle-bags, threw it to them. Whittier took the paper, opened it, saw his poem in the poet's corner, and read his lines with delight again and again, all work being forgotten for the time. So began his career as a poet.

Shortly after the publication of this poem, while working in the fields one day, word was brought to Whittier that a stranger had driven to the house and had asked for him. As visitors were very unusual, the boy was much astonished. He hesitated about seeing his caller, but his sister induced him to appear. He entered the house by the back door that he might dress properly before he presented himself to the stranger, who proved to be Garrison, the young and enthusiastic editor of *The Free Press*. His sister Mary had revealed the authorship of *The Exile's Departure* to Garrison, and he had come out to the farm on a friendly visit of encouragement. This was the first meeting of the two young men, and the beginning of that life-long friendship which had, upon Whittier at least, such a strong influence. In a poem written some years after this first meeting, in 1833, Whittier expresses his love for Garrison.

I love thee with a brother's love,  
I feel my pulses thrill,  
To mark thy spirit soar above  
The cloud of human ill.  
My heart hath leaped to answer thine,  
And echo back thy words,  
As leaps the warrior's at the shine  
And flash of kindred swords!

• • • •  
Have I not known thee well, and read  
Thy mighty purpose long?  
And watched the trials which have made  
Thy human spirit strong?  
And shall the slanderer's demon breath  
Avail with one like me,  
To dim the sunshine of my faith  
And earnest trust in thee?

*To William Lloyd Garrison.*

The words of praise and encouragement from Garrison made a deep impression on the young poet, and had great weight with his family. Garrison spoke to the boy's father about his ability, and advised and urged his being better educated. Though the family were well-to-do farmers for that period, still there was no money that could be used for the boy's education, so it did not seem possible at first to act upon the advice. However, a way was found, and that through the boy's own effort. One of the helpers on the farm, who made ladies' shoes during the winter months, offered to teach Whittier the trade. The offer was eagerly accepted. During the next winter, Whittier earned enough money, making ladies' slippers at twenty-five cents a pair, to

pay for six months' schooling, board and a suit of clothes. He calculated the cost so closely and lived so economically that at the end of six months, he had just twenty-five cents left.

In April, 1827, when he was in his twentieth year, Whittier went to the Academy at Haverhill. As the academy was just opened and in a new building, there was a formal dedication for which Whittier wrote an ode that was sung. He remained in Haverhill six months, leaving every Friday to spend Saturday and Sunday at home. His regular studies were the ordinary English branches but he also took lessons in French. His work in prose composition was surprisingly good from the first, and he immediately established a good record in all his work. His standing at school, the fact that he had written a hymn for the opening of the Academy, and had had some verses printed, attracted a great deal of attention to him and made him quite a person of distinction in the town of Haverhill.

He is described at that period as being tall, slight, erect, very handsome and distinguished-looking, with remarkably beautiful eyes. He was very shy, grave, and quiet in manner, but there was an undercurrent of fun and wit also. He was always extremely courteous, and had a keen sense of truth and justice. Then, as always, he was much loved by children. In later years, when he had his home at Amesbury and at Oak Knoll, Danvers, Massachusetts, he had many friends among the little ones. He was often spoken of by the children of Amesbury as "the man who owns the parrot." The parrot, called Charlie, had belonged to his sister Mary.

When she died he took care of it. It was a great talker, and would often even after having been well fed, say again and again, "What does Charlie want?" This bird and its oft repeated question became the subject of a poem entitled *The Common Question*.

*Red Riding Hood* is a poem about a little girl friend,



OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS

who, clad in her red cloak, went out on the snow-covered lawn and fed the blue jays and the squirrels with nuts and corn.

At Oak Knoll, Whittier had another dear little friend named Phoebe. She considered him her especial playfellow. One day, after romping with her, he said, "She is seventy, I am seven, and we both act like sixty."

At the close of his first term, the autumn of 1827, Whittier had his first and only experience as a teacher. He taught the district school at Amesbury during the following winter. In the spring, he returned to the Academy and passed another six months in study.

While in Haverhill, Whittier boarded with Mr. A. W. Thayer, the editor and publisher of *The Haverhill Gazette*. As early as 1828, he wrote poems for this paper, and continued his contributions for nearly forty years.

In the autumn of 1828, Whittier obtained a place as a regular writer for *The American Manufacturer* of Boston. This position had been obtained for him by Garrison, who, his *Free Press* being a failure, had gone to Boston and established *The National Philanthropist*. As Whittier's salary was very small and his help needed on the farm, he returned to his home in the early summer of 1829 and remained there until the summer of 1830.

During the years from 1830 to 1832, Whittier did a great deal of writing both in prose and verse for the different papers of that period. Though many of the pieces are not of value in themselves, still the constant writing was excellent practice. During this period, he edited *The Haverhill Gazette*, and *The New England Review* of Hartford for a year and a half. Of the many poems published in the review, he retained only three in the later editions of his works: *The Frost Spirit*, *The City of the Plain*, *The Vaudois Teacher*. The last poem was translated many years ago into French, and was believed by the Protestants of the lower Alps to

be an original French poem. When the people learned that it was written by an American, at a general assemblage of their churches, an affectionate address was sent to Whittier.

After Whittier became editor of the *Review*, he spent part of the time in Hartford, and part at the farm on account of his father's failing health. His father died in June, 1831. Whittier then went to Hartford for a short period, leaving his mother and sisters in charge of the farm. His own want of health, however, forced him to give up the newspaper drudgery in January, 1832, and to return again to the farm where he remained during the year.

In February, 1831, he published a volume called *New England Legends in Prose and Verse*.

After his return from Hartford, Whittier thought long upon the question of slavery, its contradiction to free institutions in a free country and to all Christian teachings. After having studied the subject long and thoughtfully, he printed, in 1833, a pamphlet on slavery and abolition. For many years after this, his pen was never idle, and his writings in prose and verse were devoted to the purpose of freeing the slaves.

An anti-slavery society was formed in Haverhill in April, 1834, of which Whittier was made secretary. In 1835 he was elected to the state legislature, and this, with the exception of once being a presidential elector, was the only political position he held, his advocacy of abolition tending to make him unpopular with many.

As Whittier devoted his life more and more to the

cause of freedom and the brotherhood of man, his life became more closely linked with that of Garrison's, and both are part of the history of that great moral struggle, the effort to awaken the conscience of the people to the sin of slavery, which preceded the Civil War. Garrison believed that the three great evils to be attacked were slavery, war and intemperance. As the years passed by, Whittier sacrificed all possible ease and leisure, the companionship of scholars and all prospect of literary renown, yielding more and more to the influence of Garrison, with whom he stood unwaveringly for truth and freedom. His poem on Sumner may well be applied to himself as he started on his career as an abolitionist.

In referring in after years to this period of his life, Whittier says, "I had thrown myself with a young man's fervid enthusiasm into a movement which commended itself to my reason and conscience, to my love of country, and my sense of duty to God and my fellow-men."

From the time of his father's death in 1831, until 1837, Whittier managed the farm, sometimes engaging help, but always doing a good share of the work himself. The income, as usual, was very small, so every farm product was used either in the house or given in exchange for other things that were needed. In the autumn he would drive his team to Rock Bridge on the Merrimac, carrying vegetables and apples to be exchanged for salt fish. It was a life of toil and hardship, a struggle with poverty, but a strong will and a cheerful and contented mind lightened the burden. Though he wrote much, it was for a cause that had but few

followers, so his income from that source was but slight. In 1836, he again became the editor of the *Gazette* in Haverhill, but he gave it up in a few months.

In 1837, Whittier went to Philadelphia to write for *The Pennsylvania Freeman*, a paper devoted to the anti-slavery cause, of which he became the editor in 1838. The office of the *Freeman*, which was in Pennsylvania Hall, was sacked and burned by a mob in May, 1838, the entire building being destroyed. Whittier resigned this editorship in March, 1840, and left Philadelphia the following May.

The old homestead was sold in 1840, and the family, consisting of mother, aunt, and younger sister, moved to Amesbury. Here Whittier joined them on his return from Philadelphia. He made this his legal residence, though he spent much of his time during the last few years of his life at Oak Knoll, Danvers, Massachusetts.

Whittier's life, from the time he moved to Amesbury, was uneventful. For five years or more following this removal, he was earnestly engaged in working for the anti-slavery cause. It was done in straitened circumstances, for he had to depend on his writings for support. His standing as a great poet had not yet been established, and the fact that he was an abolitionist was sufficient to exclude his writings from many magazines and newspapers. He wrote constantly, however, for those papers that sympathized with his views, and frequently went from town to town trying to create a feeling against slavery. The one break in his residence in Amesbury was the six months that he lived in Lowell,

while writing for *The Middlesex Standard*. Some of these articles were afterwards reprinted under the title *The Stranger in Lowell*.

The home circle gradually narrowed. His sister Mary had been married some years before to Mr. Jacob Caldwell who once was publisher of the *Haverhill Gazette*. She died in 1861. His aunt, Mercy Hussey, died in the spring of 1846. His mother lived until 1857. She had the happiness of seeing her son properly appreciated as a poet.

Whittier speaks thus tenderly of his mother: "All that the sacred word mother means in its broadest and fullest significance, our mother was to us — a friend, counselor, companion, ever loving, gentle and unselfish."

His sister Elizabeth was his closest and most sympathetic companion. Her death occurred in 1864. She was, like her brother, an active worker in the anti-slavery cause, and bore, with him, with grave patience the insults of riotous mobs. As her nature was retiring, she took but little part in public demonstrations. She wrote poetry from her fifteenth year, and her poems are full of tender feeling and reveal her spiritual nature. In *Hazel Blossoms*, Whittier has printed a few of her poems. He exercised, however, as much severity of judgment in making the selections as he did in regard to his own works. As a result, many of her poems which were well worth reprinting, can only be found in the periodicals where they first appeared. It was of this sister that he wrote in *The Tent on the Beach*,

"the dear  
Memory of one who might have tuned my song  
To sweeter music by her delicate ear."

The first volume of poems for which Whittier received any remuneration was the one published in 1843, entitled *Lays of my Home and Other Poems*. This little book contained poems that have become great favorites. In this collection, the poet gives glimpses of himself and of his friends. He paints charming pictures of the beautiful Merrimac and the scenery of the river-valley.

In order to fully understand and rightly value Whittier's position in the group of America's great poets, close study and a complete knowledge of the great moral conflict for the freedom of the slaves is necessary. The desire to abolish slavery in the United States was not one that united the entire North against the entire South. The small party of men and women who looked upon slavery within the boundaries of a free country as a national disgrace and contrary to all Christian teaching, also had opposed to them a large part of the North itself. Even the churches forgot the teachings of Christ and the brotherhood of man. Some clergymen actually preached in defense of the slaveholder. When Garrison attacked them with quotations from the Scriptures, he was called an infidel. After awhile these friends of the slave were looked upon as a distinct sect, and were separated from religious bodies as rigorously as were the first Quakers. The abolitionists were everywhere insulted, their public meetings mobbed, and their places of meeting burned to

the ground by their Northern neighbors. The criminal laws were consulted to find excuse for their arrest and imprisonment, juries were urged to indict them, and governors of states offered rewards for their heads. These persecutions not only occurred in the large cities, but even in the small towns of such a state as Massachusetts. This malicious feeling was displayed not merely by the low, ignorant classes, but by the cultured, educated and wealthy. As we look back upon that period, we are shocked at the outrages committed against these brave workers for truth and freedom.

This treatment did not turn Whittier from his purpose. He had been brought up in a home where duty to God and to man was the principal influence. He became a most earnest worker, and of all our poets did the most for abolition. From 1832 to the close of the war in 1865, his pen was always busy. Every important event connected with that long and dreadful contest brought forth from his heart poems that are strong, inspiring, arousing. That they fulfilled their mission there is little doubt. They had a wide circulation, and were read in the schools and in the homes. They reached the hearts of the people. When the final struggle, the Civil War, came, the result of the work of Whittier and that small band of abolitionists was seen by the loyal response to arms. Their earnest and constant endeavors also made the Emancipation Proclamation possible.

As poetry was a means not an end with Whittier, as his purpose was to reach the heart and conscience of men, the anti-slavery poems are not as remarkable for

beauty of thought and form as are those relating to other incidents and calmer periods of his life. If his censure seemed harsh and severe at times, it was because he felt so keenly the importance of the occasion and the hour. These poems were written at the call of duty, and they are an earnest and eloquent protest against slavery. They are strong, religious, hopeful. Being associated with his toils and triumphs, they show his inmost feelings when most deeply touched.

The poems of this group are numerous. It is difficult to trace all to their first publication. Many of them, however, were printed in *The Liberator*, *The Emancipator*, *The Anti-slavery Standard*, *The Haverhill Gazette* and *The National Era*. In the latest edition of Whittier's works, they are to be found under the headings of *Anti-slavery Poems*, *In War Time* and *After the War*.

The poem, *Expostulation*, was called forth by a speech of a German patriot, Dr. Charles Follen. In his speech he condemned in eloquent language the crime of a free country holding men in bondage. The poem is strong, forcible, almost harsh.

*Hunters of Men* is a protest against the action of the American Colonization Society whose plan was that the free blacks should be sent to Africa, and that there should be no emancipation unless the negroes were sent out of the country immediately upon obtaining their freedom.

*Stanzas for the Times* refers to a proslavery meeting in Faneuil Hall, the so-called "Cradle of Liberty." At this meeting, a demand was made for the suppression

of free speech, for it was claimed it would interfere with the interests of commerce.

At a meeting of the General Association of Congregational Ministers of Massachusetts in 1837, a pastoral letter was sent to the churches under its care. Its purpose was to discourage all discussion, especially the public speaking of women, upon the subject of slavery. This letter was aimed principally against Sarah and Angelina Grimké, two women of Carolina, who had been slave-owners, but had become staunch defenders of freedom. Whittier's reply, *The Pastoral Letter*, is filled with sarcasm and indignation.

*Texas*, *To Faneuil Hall*, *To Massachusetts*, *The Pine Tree*, *To a Southern Statesman* and *At Washington* are all poems in which Whittier expresses the intense feeling of the anti-slavery party concerning the annexation of Texas, for the friends of slavery held that the new territory was large enough to form six slave states. The first poem was written at the suggestion of Lowell, who appealed to Whittier to "cry aloud and spare not against the accursed plot."

The first real encouragement which the abolitionists received was the formation in 1848 of a national anti-slavery party. This party was led by Martin Van Buren. The great joy felt by the abolitionists over this event was beautifully expressed by Whittier in the *Paan*.

*The Crisis* relates to the terms of the treaty of peace with Mexico. *A Sabbath Scene* was called forth by the eagerness with which the clergymen, even of the North, urged the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law.

*The Kansas Emigrants, For Righteousness' Sake, A Letter* and *Burial of Barbouir* are poems which refer to the settlement of Kansas and the conflicts which took place between the antislavery and the proslavery settlers. *The Kansas Emigrants* was sent to the first company of settlers as they started upon their journey across the prairies. It was sung by them when they started, it was sung by them during their journey, it was sung in their new homes.

The poems written during the Civil War, *In War Time*, are few and full of sadness and anxiety. A Quaker, the friend of peace, could hardly write war poems. The idea of war was most abhorrent to Whittier. To him, it was only murder. He did not favor forcing the South by war to free the slaves. His feeling on this subject is plainly expressed in the poem, *A Word for the Hour*.

*To John C. Frémont* refers to an incident that occurred during the early part of the war. Frémont had charge of the army of the West. A number of slaves came into his lines whom he proclaimed free. President Lincoln annulled his proclamation and later relieved Frémont of his command.

During this period of strife and suspense, Whittier's reliance and trust in the Power that makes for righteousness, will be seen in *Thy Will Be Done*, *The Battle Autumn of 1862*, *The Watchers*, and *Ein Feste Burg ist Unser Gott*.

*Barbara Frietchie* is the only romantic ballad in this group of poems.

*Lauds Deo* is a beautiful poem full of gratitude for

the abolition of slavery by the constitutional amendment. Its ratification by the states was announced December 18, 1865. Whittier sat in the Friends' meeting-house in Amesbury when the good news was proclaimed by the ringing of bells. The poem "wrote itself, or rather sang itself, as the bells rang," for he recited a portion of it to some associates before it was written.

It is done !

Clang of bell and roar of gun  
Send the tidings up and down.  
How the belfries rock and reel !  
How the great guns, peal on peal,  
Fling the joy from town to town !

Ring, O bells !  
Every stroke exulting tells  
Of the burial hour of crime.  
Loud and long, that all may hear,  
Ring for every listening ear  
Of Eternity and Time !

Let us kneel :  
God's own voice is in that peal,  
And this spot is holy ground.  
Lord, forgive us ! What are we,  
That our eyes this glory see,  
That our ears have heard the sound !

It is done !  
In the circuit of the sun  
Shall the sound thereof go forth.  
It shall bid the sad rejoice,  
It shall give the dumb a voice,  
It shall belt with joy the earth !

Ring and swing,  
Bells of joy ! On morning's wing  
Send the song of praise abroad !  
With a sound of broken chains  
Tell the nations that He reigns,  
Who alone is Lord and God !

*Laud Deo.*

*The Peace Autumn in After the War* expresses the same spirit of glad thankfulness.

Among the group of personal poems which bear upon the anti-slavery struggle are two of unusual interest. *Brown of Ossawatomie* relates to John Brown's kissing the child of a slave mother when he was being led on his way to his execution. *Ichabod*, meaning the glory has departed, refers to the great conciliatory speech of Daniel Webster in March, 1850. The result of this speech was the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law. The poem is strong and beautiful, and was written more in grief than in anger over the loss of a great leader, and his descent from the high position which he had previously held. Some years after, Whittier expressed in *The Lost Occasion* the same grief and regret, but in milder language. At the time of the writing of *Ichabod*, remembering the great cause at stake, none but the strongest language seemed possible to the poet. *Ichabod* is equaled by no other poem of the same nature in the English language.

In the history of no other conflict for human rights do we find poems that make such a direct appeal to the heart, conscience, honor and valor of man. Bryant, Longfellow and Emerson gave aid with timely words and the influence of their names to the cause of free-

dom. Lowell employed all his sarcasm and wit in its behalf, but Whittier seemed to live for no other purpose than to sound the call to duty, duty to God and man. At the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the American Anti-slavery Society, Garrison, who presided, made an impressive speech in which he referred to the services Whittier had rendered to the cause. He said, "I have no words to express my sense of the value of his services. There are few living who have done so much to operate upon the public mind and conscience and heart of our country for the abolition of slavery as John Greenleaf Whittier." Ill health prevented Whittier from attending this gathering. In his letter of congratulation, he says, "I set a higher value on my name as appended to the anti-slavery declaration of 1833 than on the title page of any book. Looking over a life marked by many errors and shortcomings, I rejoice that I have been able to maintain the pledge of that signature, and that in the long intervening years,

‘My voice, though not the loudest, has been heard  
Wherever Freedom raised her cry of pain.’”

In reading carefully Whittier's poems, it will be seen that all of suffering humanity appealed to him. He dwells upon the wrongs of the Indian, protests against capital punishment, and expresses his sympathy for the prisoner for debt.

Whittier's writing was not confined wholly to poetry. Much excellent prose came from his pen, but it did not make the deep and lasting impression that his poems

have made. Among the most interesting of his prose works are *Literary Recreations*, *Old Portraits*, a collection of biographical sketches, and *Margaret Smith's Journal*, which is considered his best effort.

In 1857, when Whittier had reached his fiftieth year, a complete edition of his poems was published. He had already won his position in literature. He was well known as a man with high moral ideals, and his place among the great poets was established. The same year *The Atlantic Monthly* was organized, and he was invited to be one of its contributors with Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson and Holmes. The *Atlantic* was the first magazine of high rank which considered the great moral question of the day. In fact, it discussed all moral and political questions with the greatest freedom. Whittier's poems during the first few years were largely upon general subjects, for he left the discussion of all grave questions to the editors.

The contributors to the *Atlantic* would meet socially once a month, but as Whittier's health was feeble, the result of his years of privations and hard toil, he rarely attended these meetings. In this way, he was deprived of the pleasure of interchanging thoughts and opinions with his literary associates. His increasing ill health forced him to a life of seclusion, and as the years passed on, the publication of a poem became the only event in his life.

In 1860, appeared another volume of poems, *Home Ballads, Poems and Lyrics*. Among the poems were *Kenoza Lake*, *Brown of Ossawatomie* and *Telling the Bees*. This last poem refers to a custom in New Eng-

land of telling the bees when a death occurred in a family, and of draping their lives in mourning, to prevent their seeking a new home. It is a very beautiful idyl. All the bits of description in it are pictures of the old homestead of his childhood.

*Snow-Bound* was published in 1866. It is a true and very charming description of country life in New England in the days of Whittier's boyhood. Parts of it were quoted in describing the poet's home circle, but the whole poem should be studied in order to understand its full beauty. It is the very best expression of Whittier's poetic ability. It immediately became a very great favorite, and added much to Whittier's fame. In it, he refers with sadness to the changes that Time had wrought in that fireside group.

O Time and Change! — with hair as gray  
As was my sire's that winter day,  
How strange it seems, with so much gone  
Of life and love, to still live on!  
Ah, brother! only I and thou  
Are left of all that circle now.

*Snow-Bound.*

His brother, Matthew Franklin, died in Boston, January 7, 1883. When this brother was a baby, and his parents were talking about naming him, Whittier, then a little fellow, suggested that as his name was Greenleaf, his brother's name should be Peachleaf.

*The Tent on the Beach and Other Poems* appeared in 1867. It is the story of the poet, and his two friends, Bayard Taylor and James T. Fields, camping on Salisbury beach, and telling stories of old times. The in-

troduction is saddened by the memory of his sister's death, and he tells us, too, to think of his "enforced leisure of slow pain." Among the occasional poems in this volume are *Our Master* and *The Eternal Goodness* which are marked by deep religious feeling. The latter poem is a full expression of Whittier's creed.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground  
Ye tread with boldness shod;  
I dare not fix with mete and bound  
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such  
His pitying love I deem:  
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch  
The robe that hath no seam.

The wrong that pains my soul below  
I dare not throne above:  
I know not of His hate, — I know  
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known  
Of greater out of sight,  
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own  
His judgments too are right.

*The Eternal Goodness.*

*In School Days*, from which we have quoted a description of the schoolhouse, was published in 1870. It is a charming story of an incident in his friendship with a little girl classmate.

Among the purely personal poems is *My Triumph*. In it, Whittier shows how indifferent he is to praise or fame; that he thinks only of the good that has been done and of that which still can be accomplished.

*Hazel Blossoms* was published in 1875 when Whittier was sixty-eight years old. The principal poem in this collection is the one to Charles Sumner, who died in 1874. The poem was due to the poet's feeling of sincere friendship and deep admiration for Sumner's career. It is a long poem of fifty verses, and shows careful study. It is a just and fine tribute to a Northern statesman who was intellectual, faithful, persistent and brave, and whose career was spotless. In this volume are a small number of his sister Elizabeth's poems.

On December 17, 1877, the publishers of *The Atlantic Monthly* gave a dinner in honor of Whittier's seventieth birthday. Among the men of eminence present were Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes. All contributed words of praise in prose and verse. Emerson, instead of reading a poem of his own, paid Whittier the greater compliment of reading *Ichabod*. Whittier's seventieth birthday was not only celebrated by the publishers of *The Atlantic Monthly* in Boston, but magazines, newspapers, authors and a host of others remembered it with kind words and congratulations,—so warm a place had he won in the hearts of the people.

In 1878, appeared *At Eventide*, which in many ways is a summary of Whittier's own life.

*The Lost Occasion*, to which we have already referred, was one of a collection of poems that was published in 1881.

*At Sundown* appeared in 1890, when Whittier was eighty years old. It was printed only for his friends and was sent to them on his birthday. The affectionate dedication is to Edmund Clarence Stedman. In a re-

print of these poems, their number has been increased and contains his last writing, *To Oliver Wendell Holmes*, which Whittier sent to his friend on his eighty-third birthday. It is dated August 29, 1892, only nine days before Whittier died. It shows his brave and cheerful spirit, and his fine appreciation of his friend, whose work was quite different from his own.

Among the thousands who with hail and cheer  
Will welcome thy new year,  
How few of all have passed, as thou and I,  
So many milestones by!

We have grown old together; we have seen  
Our youth and age between.  
Two generations leave us, and to-day  
We with the third hold way. . . .

Loving and loved. If thought must backward run  
To those who, one by one,  
In the great silence and the dark beyond  
Vanished with farewells fond,  
Unseen, not lost; our grateful memories still  
Their vacant places fill,  
And with the full-voiced greeting of new friends  
A tenderer whisper blends.

. . . .  
The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,  
When at the Eternal Gate  
We leave the words and works we call our own,  
And lift void hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul  
Brings to that Gate no toll;  
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives  
And live because He lives.

*To Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Whittier was stricken with paralysis September 3, 1892. At the time, he was visiting friends at Hampton Falls, N. H. When the serious nature of his illness became apparent, his friends thought that he might want to return to Amesbury, as he had often expressed the wish that he might die where his beloved mother and sisters had lived and died. He was too ill to be moved, however, but he bore this last disappointment with the same old-time patience. He died September 7, 1892. His poem, *At Last*, was recited by one of the group of relatives about his bedside as he quietly passed away. He was buried in the village cemetery of Amesbury, in the section reserved for the Society of Friends. "Unseen, not lost," he yet lives, for from his life-work there emanates an influence that will always be felt.

In glancing backward over the life of Whittier, it will be seen that none of the influences which surrounded the lives of our other poets, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, and helped to form their characters, came into the life of Whittier. He had nothing in common with them until very late in life. His life and work stand alone. On the lonely farm, in the little town of Haverhill, were to be found none of the culture and learning of Boston and Cambridge. The great world of literature was unknown to him for many years. College training he had none. Neither did he come from a stock of highly educated men and women. For generations back his ancestors were simple, God-fearing folk. He began his life's work with no knowledge of the usages and conventionalities of the world

outside of the home circle; he was prepared for the battle with little education, but was sustained and fortified by the desire to perform his duty to God and man. The standard by which he measured all things was the standard of Right.

Whittier's literary methods and style are his own. His lack of education and the loneliness of those early years placed him outside of all literary, poetic or theological influences. His devotion to abolition still further separated him from his fellow men. In the early days the effect of Burns may be seen, but it was not until late in life that he had the leisure to study the old masters. It was then he wrote:

“I love the old melodious lays  
Which softly melt the ages through.”

If, now and then, his poems show a lack of finish, an absence of that beauty of form which is found in some of the other poets, the spirit that breathes through them is beyond criticism. Love of truth, beauty and nature, and for man and God, are the strains of music heard in all. How hard the task, how brave the struggle, how great the heights he scaled!



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

1809–1894



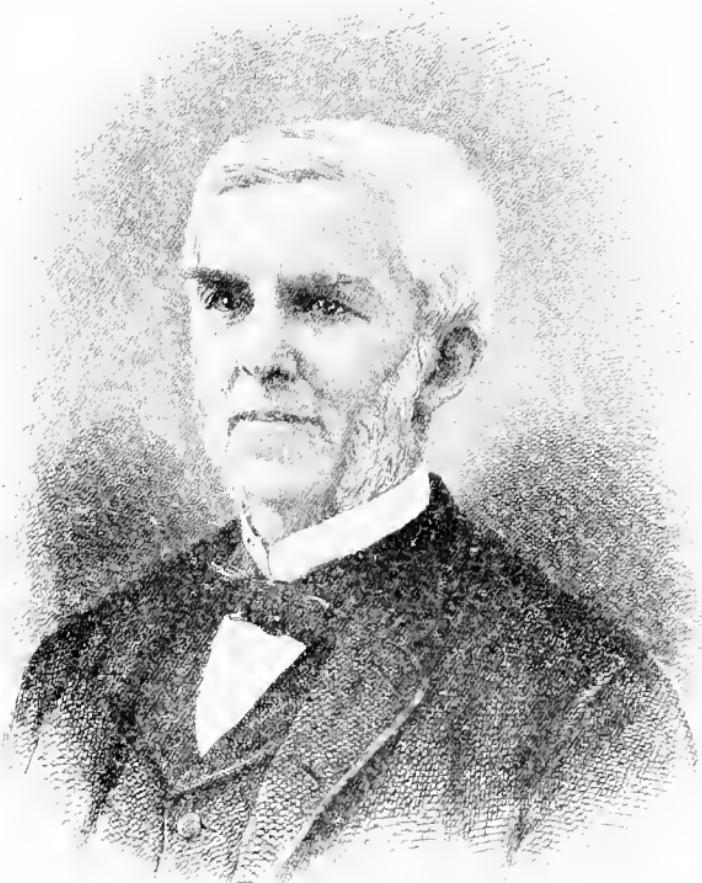
Where is this patriarch you are kindly greeting ?  
Not unfamiliar to my ear his name,  
Nor yet unknown to many a joyous meeting  
In days long vanished, — is he still the same ?

Yes, long, indeed, I've known him at a distance,  
And now my lifted door-latch shows him here ;  
I take his shriveled hand without resistance,  
And find him smiling as his step draws near.

I come not here your morning hour to sadden,  
A limping pilgrim, leaning on his staff, —  
I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden  
This vale of sorrow with a wholesome laugh.

If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,  
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message came ;  
If hand of mine another's task has lightened,  
It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.

*The Iron Gate.*



## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

---

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll !  
Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

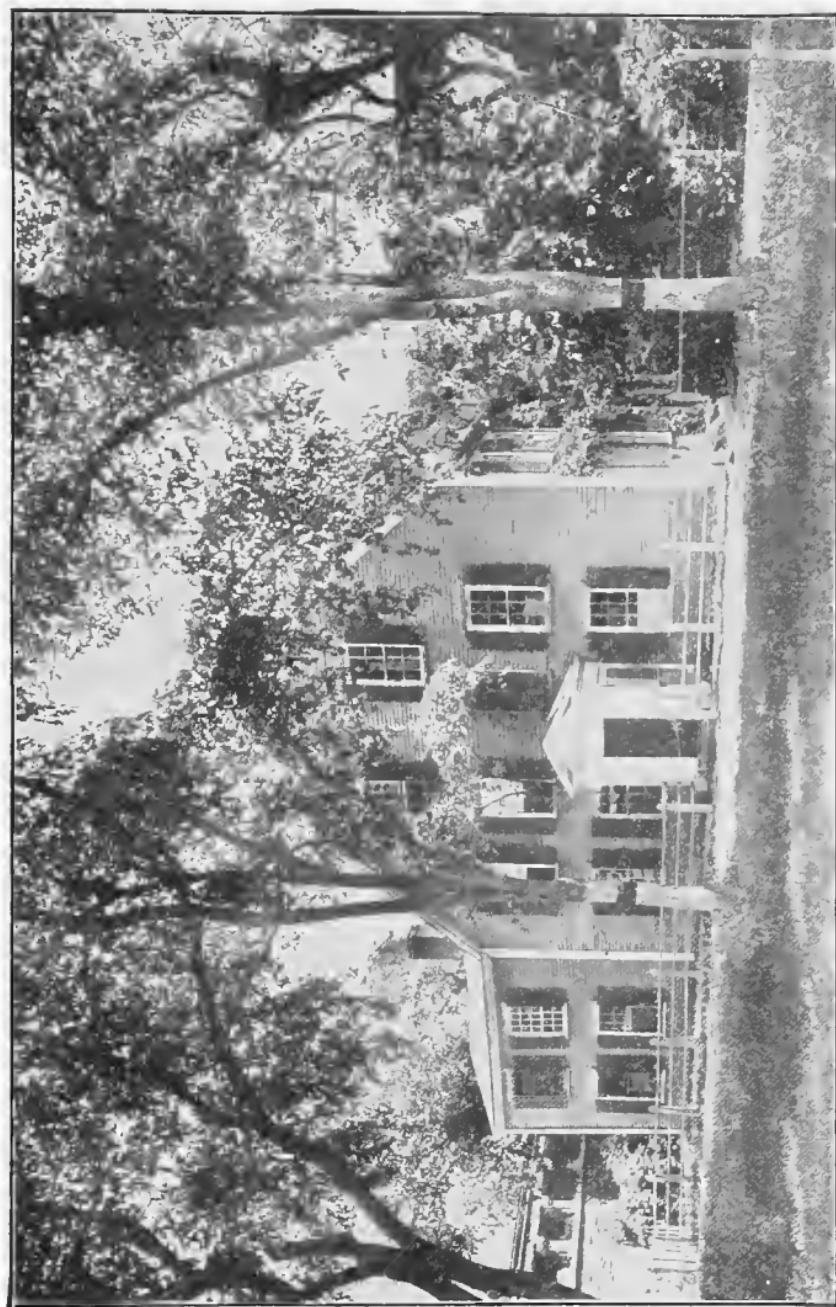
*The Chambered Nautilus.*

WHEN a person thinks of an author, he usually thinks of a man who has devoted his life to the writing of books ; who has no interest in politics, who could understand medicine as little as a child, and to whom law is a puzzle, while in the matters of ordinary business, he is also unfortunately ignorant and unsuccessful. In short, the usual idea of an author, especially of a poet, is that he is incapable of taking part in the practical affairs of life, but belongs wholly to the world of intellect, where to weave the fancies of the imagination in glowing words and dainty verse is his sole occupation. Yet the fact is that many of the greatest writers gained distinction in other professions, and it was because of this knowledge of many things beside writing words and making verses, this helpful knowledge of life and men, that they were enabled to become great writers. James Russell Lowell was one of our great

poets, but he was also interested in public affairs, for he loved his country and his country's honor beyond all things else, and well represented our nation's interests at the Court of St. James. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet with whose works you are, perhaps, the most familiar, was a very successful and much loved professor at Bowdoin College and at Harvard University. Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose poetry is humorous, pathetic, beautiful, and whose prose is among the wittiest, was also a physician of profound knowledge and a writer of valuable essays upon medical subjects, whose opinion was respected by the greatest physicians.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in an "old gambrel-roofed house" in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809. In referring to his birthday, he said, "In the last week of August used to fall Commencement Day at Cambridge. I remember that week well, for something happened to me once at that time, namely, I was born." This "old gambrel-roofed house" stood between the sites now occupied by the Hemenway Gymnasium and the Law School of Harvard University. It was a spacious mansion, set well back from the road, with a generous expanse of common beside it, and tall American elms that overshadowed it. The poet says,

"The old house was General Ward's headquarters at the breaking out of the Revolution ; the plan for fortifying Bunker's Hill was laid, as commonly believed, in the southeast lower room, the floor of which was covered with dents, made, it was alleged, by the butts of the soldiers' muskets. In the house, too, General Warren probably passed the night before the Bunker Hill battle, and over its threshold must the stately figure of Washington have often cast its shadow."



HOLMES'S BIRTHPLACE

When, years after, the old homestead became the property of Harvard University, Holmes wrote most regretfully of its destruction:

"The 'Old Gambrel-roofed House' exists no longer. . . . We may die out of many houses, but the house can die but once; and so real is the life of a house to one who has dwelt in it, more especially the life of a house which held him in dreamy infancy, in restless boyhood, in passionate youth, — so real, I say, is its life, that it seems as if something like a soul of it must outlast its perishing frame."

To his friend, Lowell, he wrote:

"Our old house is gone. I went all over it, — into every chamber and closet, and found a ghost in each and all of them, to which I said good-by. I have not seen the level ground where it stood. Be very thankful that you still keep your birth-place. This earth has a homeless look to me since mine has disappeared from its face."

The Reverend Abiel Holmes, the father of the poet, apart from his severe religious belief, which was that of the early New England days, was a modest, kindly gentleman of culture. He had some literary ability, and wrote a few poems which were published in book form. His *Annals of America*, however, was the first accurate American history after the Revolution. Holmes's mother, Sarah Wendell, was a bright, well-educated woman, from whom he seemed to inherit his intellectual ability. His parents came from the best New England stock. The first Holmes to arrive in this country was John Holmes, who came from England to Woodstock, Connecticut, with the first settlers in 1686. The Wendells came from Holland about 1640, and settled at Albany.

These facts about Holmes's ancestors are interesting because, as he has written:

"The nest is made ready long beforehand for the bird which is to be bred in it and to fly from it. The intellectual atmosphere into which a scholar is born, and from which he draws the breath of his early mental life, must be studied, if we will hope to understand it thoroughly."

Dorothy Quincy, celebrated by the poet in the following lines, was an ancestor of his and also of his wife.

Grandmother's mother: her age, I guess,  
Thirteen summers, or something less;  
Girlish bust, but womanly air;  
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair;  
Lips that lover has never kissed;  
Taper fingers and slender wrist;  
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;  
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green  
Sits unmoving and broods serene.  
Hold up the canvas full in view, —  
Look! there's a rent the light shines through,  
Dark with a century's fringe of dust, —  
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!  
Such is the tale the lady old,  
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.  
• • • • •

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!  
Strange is the gift that I owe to yon;  
Such a gift as never king  
Save to daughter or son might bring, —  
All my tenure of heart and hand,  
All my title to house and land;  
Mother and sister and child and wife  
And joy and sorrow and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago  
Those close-shut lips had answered No,  
When forth the tremulous question came  
That eost the maiden her Norman name,  
And under the folds that look so still  
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?  
Should I be I, or would it be  
One-tenth another, to nine-tenths me?

*Dorothy Q.*

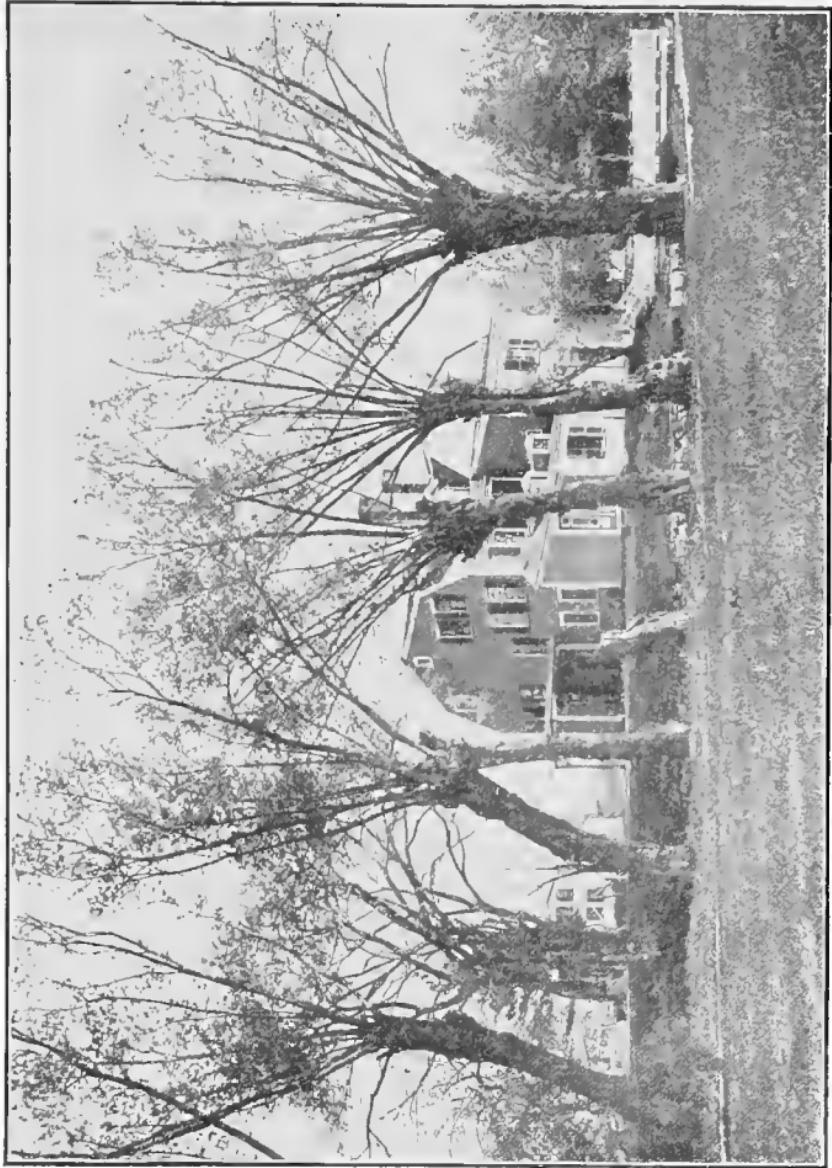
Some years later the poet sent to his grandniece, Dorothy Quincy Upham, who was named after Dorothy Q., the following verses :

Dear little Dorothy, Dorothy Q.,  
What can I find to write to you?  
You have two U's in your name, it's true,  
And mine is adorned with a double-u,  
But there's this difference in the U's,  
That one you will stand a chance to lose  
When a happy man of the bearded sex  
Shall make it Dorothy Q. + X.

May Heaven smile bright on the blissful day  
That teaches this lesson in Algebra!  
When the orange blossoms crown your head,  
Then read what your old great-uncle said,  
And remember how in your baby-time  
He scribbled a scrap of idle rhyme,—  
Idle, it may be—but kindly, too,  
For the little lady, Dorothy Q."

Of his childish impressions the poet wrote,

" When the chick first emerges from the shell, the Creator's studio in which he was organized and shaped, it is a very little world with which he finds himself in relation. First the nest, then the hen-coop, by and by the barnyard with occasional pre-



THE HOME OF DOROTHY Q., QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

datory incursions into the neighbor's garden — and his little universe has reached its boundaries. Just so with my experience of atmospheric existence. The low room of the old house — the little patch called the front yard — somewhat larger than the Turkish rug beneath my rocking-chair — the back yard with its wood-house, its carriage house, its barn, and, let me not forget, its pigsty. These were the world of my earliest experiences. But from the western window of the room where I was born, I could see the vast expanse of the Common, with the far-away 'Washington Elm' as its central figure — the immeasurably distant hills of the horizon, and the infinite of space in which these gigantic figures were projected — all these, in unworded impressions — vague pictures swimming by each other as the eyes rolled without aim — through the lights and shadows which floated by them. From this center I felt my way into the creation beyond.

"Like all children, I began to speculate on the problems of existence at an early age. . . . As for the government of the universe to which I belonged, my thoughts were very confused. The Deity was to me an Old Man, as represented in some of the pictures I had seen. Angels and Demons were his subjects, and fellow-inhabitants with myself in the planet on which I lived.

"The garret, the door of which I sometimes passed, but whose depths I never explored until later in life, was full of unshaped terrors. There was an outhouse where old and broken furniture had been stored, which I shunned as if it had been peopled with living bipeds and quadrupeds in the place of old chairs and tables.

"Two specters haunted my earliest years, the dread of midnight visitors, and the visits of the doctor. I hardly know when I was not subject to fears when left alone in the dark. These terrors were vague, and different at different times. I could not say that I believed in ghosts, nor yet that I disbelieved in their existence, but the strange sounds at night, the creaking of the boards, the howling of the winds, the footfall of animals, voices heard from a distance and unaccounted for, — all such things

kept me awake, restless, and full of strange apprehensions. These fears lasted, until, on the approach of adolescence, I became greatly ashamed of them. . . . The other source of distress was, as I have said, the visits of the physician. The dispenser of drugs that embittered my boyhood was Dr. William Gamage. He was an old man, associated principally in my mind with two vegetable products, namely the useful though not comforting rhubarb, and the revolting and ever to be execrated ipecacuanha. The dread of the last of these two drugs was one of my chronic miseries. . . . Such causes of unhappiness as those I have mentioned may seem trivial to persons of less sensibility than myself, but they were serious drawbacks to the pleasures of existence, and, added to the torture of tooth-drawing, made a considerable sum of wretchedness.

“One of the greatest changes of the modern decades has been in the matter of heating and lighting. We depended on wood, which was brought from the country in loads upon wagons or sledges. This was often not kept long enough to burn easily, and the mockery of the green-wood fire was one of my recollections, the sap oozing from the ends, and standing in puddles around the hearth.

“Some of my pleasantest Sundays were those when I went with my father, who was exchanging pulpits with a neighboring clergyman. We jogged off together in one of the old-fashioned two-wheeled chaises, behind a quiet horse, for the most part. I remember the house at Lexington at which we stayed, had a sanded floor instead of a carpeted one.

“I never wanted for occupation. Though not an inventor, I was always a contriver. I was constantly at work with tools of some sort. I was never really a skillful workman,—other boys were neater with their jackknives than I. I had ingenuity enough to cut a ball in a cage, with a chain attached carved out of the same wood; but my tendency was to hasty and imperfect workmanship. I was always in too much of a hurry to complete my work, as if finished when only half done. My imagination helped me into immense absurdities, in which, however, I found great delight. Thus, before I had a pair of skates, I had made one skate

of wood, which I had fastened on to my foot, and experimented with ‘on the ditch,’ a narrow groove which one could step across, but where I served my first apprenticeship in the art of skating. But the strongest attraction of my early ‘teens’ was found in shooting such small game as presented, more especially small birds and squirrels. It sounds strangely now to say that my achievements as a sportsman were performed, not with a gun, such as is carried by the sportsman of to-day, not even with a percussion lock in use during the greater part of my manhood, but with the old flintlock, such as our grandfathers used in the Revolution. I do not think I ever used a percussion cap, but many a flint have I worn down in service. . . . An old ‘king’s arm’ had been hanging up in the store closet ever since I could remember. This I shouldered, and with this I blazed away at every living thing that was worthy of a charge of the smallest shot I could employ.”

This ability to “contrive” was shown in later years by his inventing the hand stereoscope, which had a light frame that was easily held in one hand. Although a large number of them have been manufactured, Holmes derived no benefit, as he did not have his invention patented. The stereoscope in use before this was a large, clumsy case, too heavy to hold in the hand, and with room for only a small number of pictures.

Holmes’ schooling began early, and, as was customary at that time, at a dame’s school. At the age of ten, he went to a school at Cambridgeport where he stayed five years. Of his school days, he wrote,

“ My first schoolmaster, William Biglow, was a man of peculiar character. . . . He was of a somewhat Bardolphian aspect, red in the face, and was troubled from time to time with headaches, which led to occasional absence from the place of duty. He was a good-natured man, a humorist, a punster; but his good-nature had something of the Rip Van Winkle character.

"I do not remember being the subject of any reproof or discipline at that school, although I do not doubt I deserved it, for I was an inveterate whisperer at every school I ever attended. I do remember that once as he passed me, he tapped me on the forehead with his pencil, and said he 'couldn't help it if I would do so well,' a compliment which I have never forgotten."

From Cambridgeport, Holmes went to Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts. He gives us a delightful picture of his boyish impressions in a poem entitled *The School-Boy*, read at the centennial celebration of the foundation of Phillips Academy, 1778–1878.

My cheek was bare of adolescent down  
When first I sought the academic town ;  
Slow rolls the coach along the dusty road,  
Big with its filial and parental load ;  
The frequent hills, the lonely woods are past,  
The schoolboy's chosen home is reached at last.  
I see it now, the same unchanging spot,  
The swinging gate, the little garden plot,  
The narrow yard, the rock that made its floor,  
The flat, pale house, the knocker-garnished door,  
The small, trim parlor, neat, decorous, chill,  
The strange, new faces, kind, but grave and still ;  
Two, creased with age, — or what I then called age, —  
Life's volume open at its fiftieth page ;  
One a shy maiden's, pallid, placid, sweet  
As the first snowdrop, which the sunbeams greet ;  
One the last mursling's; slight she was, and fair,  
Her smooth white forehead warmed with auburn hair.

Brave, but with effort, had the schoolboy come  
To the cold comfort of a stranger's home ;

How like a dagger to my sinking heart  
Came the dry summons, "It is time to part";  
"Good-by!" "Goo—ood-by!" one fond maternal kiss.  
Homesick as death! Was ever pang like this?  
Too young as yet with willing feet to stray  
From the tame fireside, glad to get away,—  
Too old to let my watery grief appear,—  
And what so bitter as a swallowed tear!

How all comes back! the upward slanting floor,—  
The master's thrones that flank the central door,—  
The long, outstretching alleys that divide  
The rows of desks that stand on either side,—  
The staring boys, a face to every desk,  
Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common, picturesque.

Grave is the Master's look; his forehead wears  
Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares;  
Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,  
His most of all whose kingdom is a school.  
Supreme he sits; before the awful frown  
That bends his brows the boldest eye goes down;  
Not more submissive Israel heard and saw  
At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law.

As to the traveler's eye the varied plain  
Shows through the window of the flying train,  
A mingled landscape, rather felt than seen,  
A gravelly bank, a sudden flash of green,  
A tangled wood, a glittering stream that flows  
Through the cleft summit where the cliff once rose,  
All strangely blended in a hurried gleam,  
Rock, wood, waste, meadow, village, hillside, stream,—  
So, as we look behind us, life appears,  
Seen through the vista of our bygone years.

Yet in the dead past's shadow-filled domain,  
Some vanished shapes the hues of life retain ;  
Unbidden, oft, before our dreaming eyes  
From the vague mists in memory's path they rise.

*The School-Boy.*

From Andover, Holmes went to Harvard College in the summer of 1825, thus becoming a member of "the famous class of '29," as it has been called, because of the distinction which many of the members gained in their different professions. Among them was Samuel Francis Smith, the author of "America."

While at Harvard, Holmes "wrote poetry fiercely," as he himself afterward said, for a little monthly paper, called the *Collegian*. He said, "It was silly stuff, I suppose, but the papers have quoted some of it about as if they really thought it respectable." Among this "silly stuff," were *The Dorchester Giant*, *The Specter Pig*, *Evening*, *By a Tailor*, and several other equally well-known poems. *The Dorchester Giant* is his very amusing account of the presence of the pudding stones which are found in such quantities near Dorchester, Milton and Roxbury, Massachusetts.

### THE DORCHESTER GIANT

There was a giant in time of old,  
A mighty one was he ;  
He had a wife, but she was a scold,  
So he kept her shut in his mammoth fold ;  
And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,  
And the giants were choosing a king ;

The people were not democrats then,  
They did not talk of the rights of men,  
And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three,  
And fastened them in the pen;  
The children roared; quoth the giant, "Be still!"  
And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill  
Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought them a pudding stuffed with plums,  
As big as the State-House dome;  
Quoth he, "There's something for you to eat;  
So stop your mouths with your 'lection treat,  
And wait till your dad comes home."

So the giant pulled him a chestnut stout,  
And whittled the boughs away;  
The boys and their mother set up a shont,  
Said he, "You're in, and you can't get out,  
Bellow as loud as you may."

Off he went, and he growled a tune  
As he strode the fields along;  
'T is said a buffalo fainted away,  
And fell as cold as a lump of clay,  
When he heard the giant's song.

But whether the story's true or not,  
It isn't for me to show;  
There's many a thing that's twice as queer  
In somebody's lectures that we hear,  
And those are true, you know.

• • • • •  
What are those lone ones doing now,  
The wife and the children sad?  
O, they are in a terrible rout,  
Screaming, and throwing their pudding about,  
Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,  
They flung it over the plain,  
And all over Milton and Dorchester too  
Great lumps of pudding the giants threw ;  
They tumbled as thick as rain.

Giant and mammoth have passed away,  
For ages have floated by :  
The suet is hard as a marrow-bone,  
And every plum is turned to a stone,  
But there the puddings lie.

And if, some pleasant afternoon,  
You'll ask me out to ride,  
The whole of the story I will tell,  
And you shall see where the puddings fell,  
And pay for the punch beside.

Just what was to be Holmes's life work, was a matter of considerable doubt during his college days. His father wished him to be a clergyman like himself, although he by no means insisted upon it. The son, however, had no inclination toward the ministry. He said, "I might have been a minister myself, for aught I know, if a certain clergyman had not looked and talked so like an undertaker."

During his last year at college, Holmes wrote in a letter to a friend, "I am quite undecided what to study; it will be law or physic, for I cannot say that I think the trade of authorship quite adapted to this meridian." Even after he was graduated from Harvard, the question was not finally settled. He studied law at the Dane Law School, Cambridge, for a year, but the study was not pursued with much enthusiasm.

It was during this year, 1830, that Holmes wrote that stirring poem, *Old Ironsides*. The historic frigate, *Constitution*, old and unseaworthy, was condemned by the Navy Department to be destroyed. Holmes read of it in the newspapers, and immediately wrote the protest, *Old Ironsides*.

### OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !

    Long has it waved on high,  
    And many an eye has daneed to see  
        That banner in the sky ;  
    Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
        And burst the cannon's roar ; —  
    The meteor of the ocean air  
        Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
    Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
    And waves were white below,  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
    Or know the conquered knee ; —  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
    The eagle of the sea !

O better that her shattered hulk  
    Should sink beneath the wave ;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
    And there should be her grave ;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
    Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
    The lightning and the gale !



THE "CONSTITUTION" IN A GALE OFF THE ISLAND OF TRISTAN DA CUNHA, DECEMBER, 1845.  
From a painting by Marshall Johnson, owned by Benjamin F. Stevens.

The poem was published in *The Boston Daily Advertiser*, and from that was copied into almost every paper in the country, awakening national indignation against an action done in the ordinary course of business. The Secretary of the Navy, who was much surprised at the indignation, withdrew his order. The frigate was saved, and a number of people of the United States heard for the first time of Oliver Wendell Holmes, a law student at Cambridge, who was one month past his majority.

The next year, Holmes gave up law and began the study of medicine. In March, 1831, he wrote,

"I must announce to you the startling position that I have been a medical student for more than six months. I know I might have made an indifferent lawyer,—I think I may make a tolerable physician,—I do not like the one and I do like the other. And so you must know that for the last several months I have been quietly occupying a room in Boston, attending medical lectures, and going to the Massachusetts Hospital. . . . If you would die fagged to death like a crow with the king birds after him,—be a schoolmaster; if you would wax thin and savage, like a half-fed spider,—be a lawyer; if you would go off like an opium-eater in love with your starving delusions,—be a doctor."

Holmes studied for over two years at the private school of Dr. James Jackson. After he finished the course with Doctor Jackson, two years more of study in European hospitals was necessary, if he were to be more than a country doctor. His parents were not rich, but they made such sacrifices as were necessary to give their son this extra preparation for his profession. In the spring of 1833, when he was little more than

twenty-one years old, Holmes was in Paris "at last, quietly established and almost naturalized," and "quite absorbed in study." There he worked diligently, going to the hospital at half-past seven every morning, where he heard lectures by the most prominent physicians and surgeons of France. He generally stayed there till ten o'clock, when he had breakfast. After breakfast, study was continued until five o'clock. In the evening, he sometimes went to the theater. He felt that his time was well spent, and that he was learning more in these two years in Paris than he would have done in a life-time of ordinary practice.

During his stay in Europe, Holmes did no literary work, as he was wholly absorbed in study, occupying all his time with it. The editor of *The New England Magazine*, an old friend of his, requested him to write for that publication. Holmes gave the following reasons for declining :

"I am at the present moment living not merely the most laborious, but by far the most unvaried and, in its outward circumstances, most unexciting mode of life that I have ever lived. Nearly five hours in the day I pass at the bedside of patients, and you may imagine that this is no trifling occupation when I tell you that it is always with my note-book in my hand; that I often devote nearly two hours to investigating a difficult case, in order that no element *can* escape me, and that I have always a hundred patients under my eye. Add to this the details and laborious examination of all the organs of the body in such cases as are fatal — the demands of a Society of which I am a member — which in the course of two months has called on me for memoirs to the extent of thirty thick-set pages — all French, and almost all facts hewn out one by one from the quarry — and my out-of-door occupations have borne their testimony. . . .

No, John, a heavier burden from my own science, if you will,  
but not another hair from the locks of Poesy."

In December of 1835, Holmes returned from Europe. On his return to Cambridge, he read before the members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, his *Poetry*, in which he affectionately alludes to his boyhood. His beautiful tribute to the war-song, *Marseillaise*, is considered the finest part of the poem.

In the latter part of 1836, he published his first volume of poems. It was a collection of those that had appeared elsewhere. It contained, among others, *Old Ironsides*, the history of which you already know, the very attractive poem *To an Insect*, and *The Last Leaf*, which became a great favorite, and was translated into French and German. These poems are full of rollicking good humor, of a swing which carries the reader along, and of a determination to see the bright side of life and to try to make others see it. This bright cheerfulness of disposition was one of the Doctor's most noticeable traits during his whole life.

#### TO AN INSECT

I love to hear thine earnest voice,  
Wherever thou art hid,  
Thou testy little dogmatist,  
Thou pretty Katydid!  
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks, —  
Old gentlefolks are they, —  
Thou say'st an undisputed thing  
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid !  
I know it by the trill  
That quivers through thy piercing notes,  
So petulant and shrill ;  
I think there is a knot of you  
Beneath the hollow tree, —  
A knot of spinster Katydid s, —  
Do Katydid s drink tea ?

O tell me where did Katy live,  
And what did Katy do ?  
And was she very fair and young,  
And yet so wicked, too ?  
Did Katy love a naughty man,  
Or kiss more cheeks than one ?  
I warrant Katy did no more  
Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me ! I'll tell you all about  
My fuss with little Jane,  
And Ann, with whom I used to walk  
So often down the lane,  
And all that tore their locks of black,  
Or wet their eyes of blue, —  
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,  
What did poor Katy do ?

Ah no ! the living oak shall crash,  
That stood for ages still,  
The rock shall rend its mossy base  
And thunder down the hill,  
Before the little Katydid  
Shall add one word, to tell  
The mystic story of the maid  
Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever-murmuring race !  
And when the latest one  
Shall fold in death her feeble wings  
Beneath the autumn sun,  
Then shall she raise her fainting voice,  
And lift her drooping lid,  
And then the child of future years  
Shall hear what Katy did.

Holmes took his degree from Harvard in 1836, and this same year began the practice of medicine in Boston. Here, in his office, "the smallest fevers were thankfully received." As a visiting physician, Dr. Holmes never had a very large practice, but as a lecturer and a college professor, he was very successful. The reason he was not a success as a physician was that most people at that time had an idea that a doctor must be old, white-haired and solemn. The ordinary doctor, even though he had lived all his life in some small town, never broadening his knowledge by visiting the large hospitals of his own country nor those of Europe, was preferred to Dr. Holmes, notwithstanding his three years of study and experience in Paris and Edinburgh. He, unfortunately, was brilliant, witty and, worst of all, a poet. Regarding this poor success as a physician, he wrote in later years,—

" Besides — my prospects — don't you know that people won't employ  
A man that wrongs his manliness by laughing like a boy ?  
And suspect the azure blossom that unfolds upon a shoot,  
As if wisdom's old potato could not flourish at its root ?

• • • • •

It's a vastly pleasing prospect, when you're screwing out a laugh,  
That your very next year's income is diminished by a half!"

As we have said, he was very successful as a professor, and a writer on medical subjects. In 1838, he was appointed Professor of Anatomy at Dartmouth College, which position he held for two years.

In June, 1840, Holmes married Miss Amelia Lee Jackson, a lady who made an ideal wife for the doctor, as their happy married life shows. They had three children. The eldest son was Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., whose birth his father announced to his sister in the following letter:

My Dear Ann,—Last evening between eight and nine there appeared at No. 8 Montgomery Place a little individual who may be hereafter addressed as

— Holmes, Esq.

or

The Hon. — Holmes, M.C.

or

His Excellency — Holmes, President, etc., etc., but who for the present is content with scratching his face and sucking his right forefinger.

In *My Hunt After the Captain*, Holmes gives a thrilling account of his search for this son, who had been wounded in battle, during the war of the Rebellion.

He afterward became prominent in his profession, that of law, and Dr. Holmes wrote of him to a friend :

"Thank you for all the pleasant words about the *Judge*. To think of it, — my little boy a Judge, and able to send me to jail if I don't behave myself."

The second child was a daughter, who died in 1889, and the third, another boy, who died in 1884.

In 1847, Dr. Holmes was appointed Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical School of Harvard University. He also occasionally gave instruction in the use of the microscope. Teaching so many branches prompted him to say that he occupied "not a professor's chair, but a whole settee." Dr. Holmes held this professorship of anatomy for thirty-five years.

At the University, the lectures frequently began at eight o'clock and continued until two. By this time the students were completely worn out by their close attention to five hours of continuous instruction. To Dr. Holmes was assigned the last hour, for, as one of the students has said, "No one but Dr. Holmes could have been endured under the circumstances." He was frequently greeted upon his entrance in the classroom with uproarious applause. With his bright, cheery disposition, his quaint and humorous comparisons, and the wit which sparkled through the whole lecture, he was able to hold the weary students' attention. Yet beneath the brightness and attractiveness of Dr. Holmes's lectures, were the solid foundation of fact and a thorough knowledge of his subject, so that the student listened not only with pleasure but with profit. Thus the very traits which had hindered him in his practice as a physician greatly aided him to succeed as a professor and a lecturer.

Dr. Holmes delivered a large number of public lectures on literature and other general topics. In this he

was also very successful. At times he became very tired of it. "Family men," he said, "get dreadfully homesick." His health also suffered considerably from the exposure of country traveling.

From 1849, for seven succeeding years, Holmes spent his summers at Canoe Place, the name of his home which he built on a part of the large estate that his great-grandfather had purchased, at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. The place was so called because of the mark, a canoe, with which the Indian sachem signed away the land. During these summer months, he delivered lectures before the Berkshire Medical School at Pittsfield. At the Berkshire festivals, the poet was frequently called upon to write a poem, which he did in his usual wise and witty way.

In 1857, a monthly magazine was started in Boston, of which James Russell Lowell was invited to become the editor. He accepted on the condition that Holmes should be the first contributor engaged. The condition was agreed to. Holmes was very much surprised at his friend's invitation to become a regular contributor, and was at first inclined to refuse, as he had for many years been too busy with other duties and studies to give any time to literature. However, Lowell insisted and Holmes yielded. He afterwards said, Lowell "woke me from a kind of literary lethargy in which I was half slumbering, to call me to active service."

Holmes' first service to the new magazine was to christen it, for it was at his suggestion that it was called *The Atlantic*. His first contributions were a series of papers entitled *The Autocrat of the Breakfast*

*Table.* Holmes had published two papers under the same name many years before in *The New England Magazine*, which explains why he began the new papers with "I was just going to say, when I was interrupted." Previous to the publication of these papers, Holmes was known to only a small circle as a writer and a lecturer, a wit and a brilliant conversationalist, but these papers made him well known not only in America but in Europe. They contained the brightest and best of the poet's thoughts, and as a whole are doubtless his finest work. In *The Autoocrat* appeared *The Chambered Nautilus*, probably the most beautiful of Holmes's poems.

### THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main, —  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed, —  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous eoil ;  
Still, as the spiral grew,

He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Holmes's connection with *The Atlantic* was not severed until his death, and the different publishers of the magazine were always the publishers of his writings.

Following *The Autocrat* came *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, published in *The Atlantic*, in 1859. In 1871, appeared *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*. Both are written in much the same pleasing, conversational style as *The Autocrat*.

The poems which Holmes had published since 1849, appeared in 1862, in a volume entitled *Songs in Many Keys*. In this collection was the beautiful ballad, *Agnes*.

On July 4, 1863, the poet delivered an oration before

the city authorities of Boston. This oration, *The Inevitable Trial*, was an eloquent, patriotic appeal to his countrymen to be true to their country and the cause of liberty. Not only was it of value and interest at that particular period, but it is still considered, aside from its patriotism, a very fine piece of prose literature. In *Pages from an Old Volume of Life*, published later, will be found *My Hunt After the Captain*, *The Inevitable Trial*, *Cinders from the Ashes*, and many other valuable essays.

Holmes collected several of his different writings and published them, in 1866, under the title of *Soundings from the Atlantic*. In 1878, he wrote the biography of his lifelong friend, John Lothrop Motley. In 1884, a similar task, though a labor of love as before, again fell to him, that of writing the biography of his friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great poet and philosopher.

Besides his poetical works and the Breakfast-Table Series, which chiefly made him famous, Holmes wrote three novels. *Elsie Venner* was published in 1860, *The Guardian Angel* in 1867, and a *A Mortal Antipathy* in 1885.

In 1882, Dr. Holmes resigned his professorship at Harvard University, a position which he had held for over thirty-five years. His class presented him with a silver loving-cup, on which was engraved the following lines, quoted from his own writings:

“Love bless thee, joy crown thee, God speed thy career.”

Dr. Holmes, with his daughter, visited Europe in 1886. He spent most of his time in England, where

his writings were known and admired. He was most cordially received, and was overwhelmed with attentions. In 1880, Harvard had conferred upon him the degree of *Doctor of Law*. During his stay in England, Cambridge made him a *Doctor of Letters*, Edinburgh gave him the degree of *Doctor of Laws*, and Oxford made him *Doctor of Civil Law*. In memory of this journey, the Doctor wrote the volume *Our Hundred Days in Europe*.

In 1888, Mrs. Holmes died, and his daughter, Mrs. Sargent, came to live with the Doctor. She, too, passed away during the next year. His eldest son, the only remaining child, then came with his wife, and stayed with his father for the rest of his life. In his last years, Dr. Holmes's eyesight began to fail him, though he never became totally blind.

Dr. Holmes died peacefully in his chair, October 7, 1894,—“the last leaf upon the tree.”

“There’s Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit;  
A Leyden jar always full-charged, from which flit  
The electrical tingles of hit after hit;  
In long poems ‘t is painful sometimes, and invites  
A thought of the way the new Telegraph writes,  
Whieh pricks down its sharp little sentences spitefully  
As if you got more than you’d title to rightfully,  
And you find yourself hoping its wild father Lightning  
Would flame in for a second and give you a fright’ning.  
He has perfect sway of what *I* call a sham metre,  
But many admire it, the English pentameter,  
And Campbell, I think, wrote most commonly worse,  
With less nerve, swing, and fire in the same kind of verse,

Nor e'er achieved aught in 't so worthy of praise  
As the tribute of Holmes to the grand *Marseillaise*.

His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyrie  
Full of faney, fun, feeling, or spiced with satirie  
In a measure so kindly, you doubt if the toes  
That are trodden upon are your own or your foes."

LOWELL. *A Fable for Critics.*

It was just that estimate of, and admiration for, Holmes's literary ability that induced James Russell Lowell to insist upon his becoming a regular contributor to *The Atlantic*. The debt of gratitude that is due to Lowell is well expressed by Holmes himself, who said, at the breakfast given him in 1879 by the publishers of *The Atlantic*:

"But what I want especially to say here is, that I owe the impulse which started my second growth, to the urgent hint of my friend Mr. Lowell, and that you have him to thank, not only for his own noble contributions to our literature, but for the spur which moved me to action, to which you owe any pleasure I may have given, and I am indebted for the crowning happiness of this occasion."

It was at this famous breakfast that the poet read his beautiful poem, *The Iron Gate*, a selection from which we have quoted at the beginning of this biography.

Holmes is a *national* writer. Not in the sense, however, of writing about any particular period of American life, or about the peculiarities of any section of our country, as Longfellow in his *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, and *Miles Standish*, Lowell in *The Biglow Papers*, and

Whittier in his war poems, but in the sense that there is a close mingling of the humorous and the pathetic, of shrewd common sense and beautiful thoughts. His style is unique: clear in expression, high in thought, graceful and lofty.

There are in his poems suggestions of stories, and traditions of old Colonial days, as in *Dorothy Q.*, *Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle*, and in the beautiful ballad of *Agnes*. There are also beautiful descriptive passages, high moral truths, and a constant recurrence of humor and pathos.

Of all our American poets, Holmes was, without doubt, the best writer of "occasional verses," as they are called, being composed to celebrate some especial occasion. The most famous of these poems are those written for the annual meetings of the class of '29, contributed regularly from 1851 to 1894. In all of them is a tender pathetic touch which the bright sparkle of humor in them seems to hide from many readers. In *The Boys*, written for the class meeting in 1859, when the "boys" were old men, the tears and the laughter are closely mingled.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?  
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.  
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!  
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?  
He's tipsy, — young jackanapes! show him the door!  
"Gray temples at twenty?" — Yes! white if we please;  
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,  
Of talking (in public) as if we were old:—  
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"  
It's a neat little fiction, — of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," — the one on the right;  
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?  
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;  
There's the "Reverend" What's his name? — don't make me  
laugh.

• • • • •  
And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,  
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;  
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—  
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

• • • • •  
Yes, we're boys, — always playing with tongue or with pen,—  
And I sometimes have asked, — Shall we ever be men?  
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,  
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!  
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!  
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,  
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS.

*The Boys,*  
*1859.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

1819-1891



There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb  
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme,  
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,  
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders,  
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching  
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching ;  
His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,  
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,  
And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,  
At the head of a march to the last New Jerusalem.

*A Fable for Critics.*



## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

---

And what is so rare as a day in June ?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days ;  
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,  
    And over it softly her warm ear lays ;  
Whether we look or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
    An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for light,  
    Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;  
The flush of life may well be seen  
    Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;  
The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
    The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean  
    To be some happy creature's palace ;  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
    Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun  
    With the deluge of summer it receives ;  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;  
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —  
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

*Vision of Sir Launfal.*

THIS lovely passage from *Sir Launfal* shows Lowell to be truly a poet of nature. The picture of a rare day in June is so exquisite, so full, so complete that there is never a perfect day that the lines do not come

back like the ever recurring strains of sweet music. They recall the beautiful summer day, with the bright sunlight, the deep blue sky, the trees and the birds, the buds and the blossoms. Sometimes the picture they bring is that of the seashore with its stretch of white sand, the great blue ocean, and the music of the waves upon the beach; sometimes it is a bit of green woods with the birds flitting from bough to bough, and the blue sky peeping in between the leaves; and sometimes the picture is a bit of meadow and a clump of trees in whose shadow one can lie and read and read or dream of all the beautiful things of life. *The Vision of Sir Launfal* is but one of the many poems that place Lowell in the front rank of American poets, and his works in both prose and poetry show him to be one of our best scholars.

James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819. The Lowells were descended from Percival Lowell (Lowle), who came from Bristol, England, in 1639 and settled at Newbury, Massachusetts. John Lowell, who was born in 1704 and graduated from Harvard in 1721, was the first minister of Newburyport. His son, also John, took a prominent part in the forming of the state government after the Revolution. He was the author of the section of the Bill of Rights which abolished slavery in Massachusetts. Lowell, the manufacturing city, on the Merrimac, was named after the Rev. Charles Lowell, the father of the poet, and his brother, Francis Cabot Lowell, who were among the first colonists to discover a way of using the water power of New England. The

Russells were also of English descent. The first Russell, Richard, settled at Charlestown, in 1640. The poet's mother, who was of Scotch origin, came from an old Orkney family.

Lowell was most fortunate both in regard to his home life and the social influences that surrounded his boyhood. His father was a cultured, refined and gracious gentleman. His mother had a remarkable gift for languages and a great love for old songs and romances. From her, Lowell inherited his poetic temperament and his love for the beauties of nature. He was the youngest child, and had two brothers and two sisters. Does it not seem very odd that so great a man should ever have been called "Baby Jamie"? Yet such was his mother's pet name for him for many years.

The home of Lowell was named Elmwood because of some old elms that stood in front of the house. It is in Cambridge, four miles from Boston. The house is a large, comfortable one, built in the colonial style. It is three stories high, and somewhat resembles the Craigie House. In a letter to a friend, written when he was a man of mature years, Lowell thus describes his favorite room :

"Here I am in my garret. I slept here when I was a little curly-headed boy, and used to see visions between me and the ceiling, and dream that so often recurring dream of having the earth put into my hand like an orange. In it I used to be shut up without a lamp — my mother saying that none of her children should be afraid of the dark — to hide my head under the pillows, and then not to be able to shut out the shapeless monsters that thronged around me, minted in my brain. It is a pleasant

room, facing, from the position of the house, almost equally toward the morning and the afternoon. In winter I can see the sunset, in summer I can see it only as it lights up the tall trunks of the English elms in front of the house, making them sometimes, when the sky behind them is lead-colored, seem of the most brilliant yellow. When the sun, towards setting, breaks



ELMWOOD, LOWELL'S HOME

out suddenly after a thunder-shower and I see them against an almost black sky, they have seemed of a most peculiar and dazzling green tint, like the rust on copper. In winter my view is a wide one, taking in a part of Boston. I can see one long curve of the Charles, and the wide fields between me and Cambridge, and the flat marshes beyond the river, smooth and silent with glittering snow. As the spring advances and one after another of our trees puts forth, the landscape is cut off from me piece by

piece, till, by the end of May, I am closeted in a cool and rustling privacy of leaves."\*

Elmwood stood fronting upon a lane between two roads. The house was surrounded by pleasant grounds, consisting of a garden, a lawn, an orchard and a large stretch of woodland. Though Elmwood was so near the city of Boston, yet at that time the whole district was quite rural. Between the house and the village of Cambridge was a long stretch of open space. To the east from the house, close to the Charles river, was a slight elevation called Symonds' Hill. The country back of Elmwood was a farming district, with stretches of woods and meadows.

The following, taken from Lowell's *Cambridge Thirty Years Ago*, describes the region as it was in his childhood:

"Approaching it from the west by what was then called the New Road (so called no longer, for we change our names as readily as thieves, to the great detriment of all historical association), you would pause on the brow of Symonds' Hill to enjoy a view singularly soothing and placid. In front of you lay the town, tufted with elms, lindens, and horse-chestnuts. Over it rose the noisy belfry of the College, the square, brown tower of the church, and the slim, yellow spire of the parish meeting house, by no means ungraceful, and then an invariable characteristic of New England religious architecture. On your right, the Charles slipped smoothly through green and purple salt-meadows, darkened, here and there, with the blossoming black-grass as with a stranded cloud-shadow. . . . To your left hand, upon the Old Road, you saw some half-dozen dignified old houses of the colonial time, all comfortably fronting southward.

\* From Letters of James Russell Lowell. Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers.

If it were early June, the rows of horse-chestnuts along the fronts of these houses showed, through every crevice of their dark heap of foliage, and the end of every drooping limb, a cone of pearly flowers, while the hill behind was white or rosy with the crowding blooms of various fruit-trees."

At the end of the New Road toward Cambridge stood a line of six willows which Lowell mentions in his *Indian Summer Reverie* and also in *Under the Willows*.

. . . I've seen those unshorn few,  
 The six old willows at the causey's end  
 (Such trees Paul Potter never dreamed nor drew),  
 Through this dry mist their checkering shadows send,  
 Striped, here and there, with many a long-drawn thread,  
 Where streamed through leafy chinks the trembling red,  
 Past which, in one bright trail, the hangbird's flashes blend.

*Indian Summer Reverie.*

This willow is as old to me as life ;  
 And under it full often have I stretched,  
 Feeling the warm earth like a thing alive,  
 And gathering virtue in at every pore  
 Till it possessed me wholly, and thought ceased.  
 Or was transfused in something to which thought  
 Is coarse and dull of sense. Myself was lost,  
 Gone from me like an ache, and what remained  
 Became a part of the universal joy.  
 My soul went forth, and, mingling with the tree,  
 Danced in the leaves ; or, floating in the cloud,  
 Saw its white double in the stream below ;  
 Or else, sublimed to purer ecstasy,  
 Dilated in the broad blue over all.  
 I was the wind that dappled the lush grass,  
 The tide that crept with coolness to its roots,  
 The thin-winged swallow skating on the air ;  
 The life that gladdened everything was mine.

*Under the Willows.*

The boy had a very free and happy outdoor life in this country home. He keenly enjoyed such a life, caring little for school. The ample grounds, covering many acres, with their grassy lawns, orchards and groves, afforded him many opportunities to study nature. That he became an interested and a close observer of all her moods and manifestations is shown in many of his writings. Here the dear dandelion of his boyhood grew, and here he heard the robin's song.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,

First pledge of blithesome May,  
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,  
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they  
An Eldorado in the grass have found,

Whieh not the rich earth's ample round  
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me  
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow  
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,

Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease ;  
'T is the Spring's largess, which she scatters now  
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand.

Though most hearts never understand  
To take it at God's value, but pass by  
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

. . . .

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee ;  
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,

Who, from the dark old tree  
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,  
And I, secure in childish piety,

Listened as if I heard an angel sing  
With news from heaven, which he could bring  
Fresh every day to my untainted ears  
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,  
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art !  
Thou teaches me to deem  
More sacredly of every human heart,  
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam  
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,  
Did we but pay the love we owe,  
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look  
On all these living pages of God's book.

*To the Dandelion.*

In *My Garden Acquaintances* the poet invites one to wander in his little kingdom. In the essay, he mentions forty species of birds that nested within the grounds of his home, whose habits he had lovingly watched from his boyhood. He says, "All my birds look upon me as though I were a tenant at will, and they, landlords. There is something inexpressibly dear to me in these old friendships of a lifetime."

How he valued in after years the lessons taught him in his close study of nature is shown in a letter he wrote to his nephew, Charles R. Lowell.

"Let me counsel you to make use of all your visits to the country as opportunities for an education which is of great importance, which town-bred boys are commonly lacking in, and which can never be so cheaply acquired as in boyhood. Remember that a man is valuable in our day for what he *knows*, and that his company will always be desired by others in exact proportion to the amount of intelligence and instruction he brings with him. I assure you that one of the earliest pieces of definite

knowledge we acquire after we have become men is this — that our company will be desired no longer than we honestly pay our proper share in the general reckoning of mutual entertainment. A man who knows more than another knows *incalculably* more, be sure of that, and a person with eyes in his head cannot look even into a pigsty without learning something that will be useful to him at one time or another. Not that we should educate ourselves for the mere selfish sake of that advantage of superiority which it will give us. But knowledge is power in this noblest sense that it enables us to *benefit* others and to pay our way honorably in life by being of *use*.

"Now, when you are at school in Boston you are furnishing your brain with what can be obtained from books. You are training and enriching your intellect. While you are in the country you should remember that you are in the great school of the senses. Train your eyes and ears. Learn to know all the trees by their bark and leaves, by their general shape and manner of growth. Sometimes you can be able to say positively what a tree is *not* by simply examining the lichens on the bark, for you will find that particular varieties of lichens love particular trees. Learn also to know all the birds by sight, by their notes, by their manner of flying; all the animals by their general appearance and gait or the localities they frequent.

"You would be ashamed not to know the name and use of every piece of furniture in the house, and we ought to be as familiar with every object in the world — which is only a larger kind of house. You recollect the pretty story of Pizarro and the Peruvian Inca; how the Inca asked one of the Spaniards to write the word *Dio* (God) upon his thumbnail, and then, showing it to the rest, found only Pizarro unable to read it. Well, you will find as you grow older that this same name of God is written all over the world in little phenomena that occur under our eyes every moment, and I confess that I feel very much inclined to hang my head with Pizarro when I cannot translate these hieroglyphies into my own vernacular." \*

\* From Letters of James Russell Lowell. Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers.

Lowell became an earnest student and lover of books as he grew older, but they were the books of his own choosing rather than those which were required to be studied at school and college. As a little fellow, he attended a "dame's" school in Cambridge. When he was about eight years old, he became a day scholar at the boarding school of Mr. William Wells, near Elmwood. In this school he was well grounded in Latin.

Lowell mentions his childish experiences in the following poem which is published in his *Biglow Papers*:

" Propped on the marsh, a dwelling now, I see  
The humble schoolhouse of my A, B, C,  
Where well-drilled urchins, each behind his tire,  
Waited in ranks the wished command to fire,  
Then all together, when the signal came,  
Discharged their *a-b abs* against the dame.  
Daughter of Danaus, who could daily pour  
In treacherous pipkins her Pierian store,  
She, 'mid the volleyed learning firm and calm,  
Patted the furloughed ferrule on her palm,  
And, to our wonder, could divine at once  
Who flashed the pan, and who was downright dunce.

" Ah, dear old times ! there once it was my hap,  
Perched on a stool, to wear the long-eared cap ;  
From books degraded, there I sat at ease,  
A drone, the envy of compulsory bees ;  
Rewards of merit, too, full many a time,  
Each with its woodcut and its moral rhyme,  
And piereed half-dollars hung on ribbons gay  
About my neck (to be restored next day)  
I carried home, rewards as shining then  
As those that deck the lifelong pains of men,

More solid than the redemanded praise  
With which the world beribbons later days.

Ah, dear old times ! how brightly ye return !  
How, rubbed afresh, your phosphor traces burn !  
The ramble schoolward through dew sparkling meads,  
The willow-wands turned Cinderella steeds,

The dinner carried in the small tin pail,  
Shared with some dog, whose most beseeching tail  
And dripping tongue and eager ears belied  
The assumed indifference of canine pride ;  
The caper homeward, shortened if the cart  
Of neighbor Pomeroy, trundling from the mart,  
O'ertook me, — then, translated to the seat  
I praised the steed, how stanch he was and fleet,  
While the bluff farmer, with superior grin,  
Explained where horses should be thick, where thin,  
And warned me (joke he always had in store)  
To shun a beast that four white stockings wore.  
What a fine natural courtesy was his !  
His nod was pleasure, and his full bow bliss ;  
How did his well-thumbed hat, with ardor rapt,  
Its curve decorous to each rank adapt !  
How did it graduate with a courtly ease  
The whole long scale of social differences,  
Yet so gave each his measure running o'er,  
None thought his own was less, his neighbor's more ;  
The squire was flattered, and the pauper knew  
Old times acknowledged 'neath the threadbare blue !  
Dropped at the corner of the embowered lane,  
Whistling I wade the knee-deep leaves again,  
While eager Argus, who has missed all day  
The sharer of his condescending play,  
Comes leaping onward with a bark elate  
And boisterous tail to greet me at the gate ;  
That I was true in absence to our love  
Let the thick dog's-ears in my primer prove."

As before mentioned, Lowell's father was a clergyman, and he frequently would exchange Sunday services with other clergymen whose charges were in neighboring towns or villages. On these trips, which were often a day's journey from home, he would take his son James. In this way the boy had many opportunities to become well acquainted with the New England people, their manners and customs, and their peculiarities of speech. That he was a close observer of the Yankee of that period is shown in some of his writings, especially in *The Biglow Papers* and *Fitz Adam's Story*. All the early influences in Lowell's life are felt in his works.

Quite a number of Lowell's letters to his friends have been published. They are very interesting and give one a closer acquaintance with the real man. The following letters were written when he was a little boy :

Jan. 25, 1827.

My dear brother The dog and the eolt went down today with our boy for me and the eolt went before and then the horse and slay and dog — I went to a party and I danced a great deal and was very happy — I read french stories — The colt plays very mueh — and follows the horse when it is out.

Your affectionate brother

JAMES R. LOWELL.

I forgot to tell you that sister mary has not given me any present but I have got three books.\*

Nov. 2, 1828.

My Dear Brother, — I am now going to tell you melancholy news. I have got the ague together with a gumble. I presume you know that September has got a lame leg, but he grows bet-

\* From Letters of James Russell Lowell. Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers.

ter every day and now is very well but still limps a little. We have a new scholar from round hill. his name is Hooper and we expect another named Penn who I believe also comes from there. The boys are all very well except Nemaise, who has got another piece of glass in his leg and is waiting for the doctor to take it out, and Samuel Storrow is also sick. I am going to have a new suit of blue broadcloth clothes to wear every day and to play in. Mother tells me I may have any sort of buttons I choose. I have not done anything to the hut but if you wish I will. I am now very happy; but I should be more so if you were there. I hope you will answer my letter if you do not I shall write you no more letters. when you write my letters you must direct them all to me and not write half to mother as you generally do. Mother has given me the three volumes of the tales of a grandfather.

farewell

Yours truly

JAMES R. LOWELL.

You must excuse me for making so many mistakes. You must keep what I have told you about my new clothes a secret if you don't I shall not divulge any more secrets to you. I have got quite a library. The Master has not taken his rattan out since the vacation. Your little kitten is as well and playful as ever and I hope you are to for I am sure I love you as well as ever. Why is grass like a mouse who can't guess that he he he ho ho ho ha ha ha hum hum hum.\*

In 1834, when Lowell was about fifteen years old, he entered Harvard College. As many of the studies required by the college were those that did not interest him, his work as a student became very irksome. He was graduated, however, receiving his bachelor degree in 1838. His first printed poem was his "Class Poem." It was printed in pamphlet form for his classmates, and dedicated to them in the following original manner:

\* From Letters of James Russell Lowell. Copyrighted, 1893, by Harper & Brothers.

"To the class of 1838, some of whom he loves, none of whom he hates, this 'poem' is dedicated by their classmate."

Lowell had such a keen appreciation of his ability to become a writer and a poet, that it was most difficult for him to decide upon a profession. The ministry was first considered but dismissed because he felt that no man should be a minister unless he had money other than his salary to support him. "For," he wrote, "the minister of God should not be thinking of his own and children's bread when dispensing the bread of life." The study of law received his attention, but not always an earnest nor continuous attention, for all the while he felt within himself the spirit of poesy craving for expression. However, in the spring of 1839, he entered the Dane Law School. He finished his studies at the Harvard Law School the following year, receiving the degree of *Bachelor of Laws*.

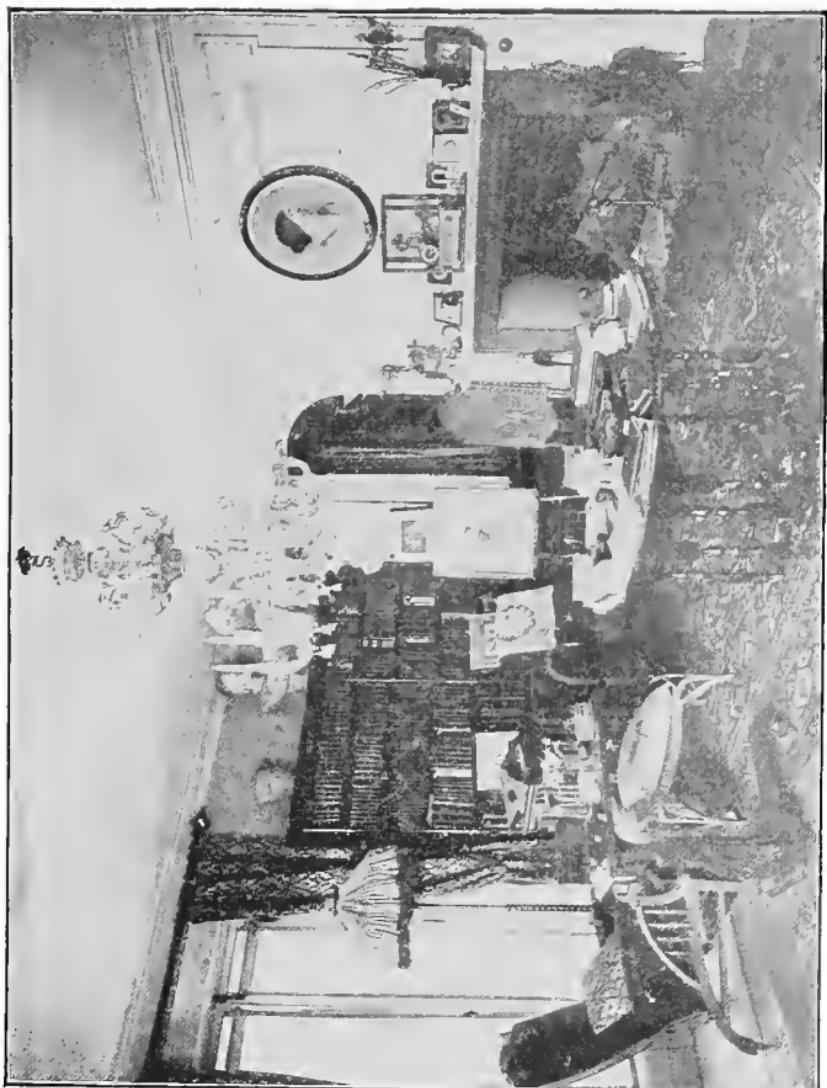
Lowell had no desire to practice law; in fact, he had a decided dislike for it, as the following lines plainly show:

"They tell me I must study law.  
They say that I have dreamed, and dreamed too long;  
That I must rouse and seek for fame and gold;  
That I must scorn this idle gift of song,  
And mingle with the vain and proud and cold.  
Is, then, this petty strife  
The end and aim of life,  
All that is worth the living for below?  
*O God! then call me hence, for I would gladly go!*"\*

Owing, however, to the fact that his father had lost the greater part of his personal property, and to Lowell's

\* Letters of James Russell Lowell. Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Bros.

LOWELL'S STUDY, ELMWOOD



desire to marry Miss Maria White, to whom he had become engaged, the practice of law seemed to be a necessity as a means of earning his livelihood. But after giving the matter some attention, he at last dismissed it entirely, and devoted his efforts wholly to literature.

Lowell was a contributor of poems to several periodicals for a year or two, under his own name and the assumed name of Hugh Percival. These poems were collected and published in 1841 as his first volume of poems. It was called *A Year's Life*. They are now published in the volume of *Earlier Poems*. He also started a literary magazine, *The Pioneer*, but only three numbers of it were published.

It was wholly the lack of business ability that caused *The Pioneer* to fail, for the magazine had as its contributors such writers as Hawthorne, Whittier and Poe. In it appeared Hawthorne's *Hall of Phantasy* and Poe's *Lenore*. In one of the numbers was Lowell's *Song Writing*, an excellent essay upon the value and influence of that form of poetry called songs. In the same number, Lowell took his stand with the anti-slavery party, and wrote an almost prophetic criticism upon the future influence of the work and writings of Garrison and Whittier.

In the winter of 1843, Lowell published his second volume of *Poems*. These indicated the growth of his powers, and plainly showed that he was wise in deciding to devote his life to literature and not to law.

Although Lowell's income from his writings was small and uncertain, yet it seemed sufficient to permit his marrying. In December, 1844, he was married to

Miss White. As Mrs. Lowell was rather frail, they spent the winter in Philadelphia, the climate there being milder than in Cambridge. They returned to Elmwood in the following June. The happiness of Lowell's home life was greatly increased by the birth of his daughter, Blanche, in December, 1845. The little one lingered with them hardly more than a year. The following beautiful poem shows how dearly her father loved her.

I had a little daughter,  
And she was given to me  
To lead me gently backward  
To the Heavenly Father's knee,  
That I, by the force of nature,  
Might in some dim wise divine  
The depth of his infinite patience  
To this wayward soul of mine.  
..

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,  
And it hardly seemed a day,  
When a troop of wandering angels  
Stole my little daughter away;  
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingari  
But loosed the hampering strings,  
And when they had opened her cage-door,  
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,  
A little angel child,  
That seems like her bud in full blossom,  
And smiles as she never smiled;  
When I wake in the morning, I see it  
Where she always used to lie,  
And I feel as weak as a violet  
Alone 'neath the awful sky.  
.
..

This child is not mine as the first was,  
 I cannot sing it to rest,  
 I cannot lift it up fatherly  
     And bliss it upon my breast:  
 Yet it lies in my little one's cradle  
     And sits in my little one's chair,  
 And the light of the heaven she's gone to  
     Transfigures its golden hair.

*The Changeling.*

In *The First Snow-Fall*, his thought is of this little daughter when he refers to "a mound in sweet Auburn."

#### THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

The snow had begun in the gloaming,  
     And busily all the night  
 Had been heaping field and highway  
     With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock  
     Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
 And the poorest twig on the elm-tree  
     Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara  
     Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,  
 The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,  
     And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window  
     The noiseless work of the sky,  
 And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,  
     Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn  
     Where a little headstone stood;  
 How the flakes were folding it gently,  
     As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,  
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"  
And I told of the good All-father  
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,  
And I thought of the leaden sky  
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,  
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience  
That fell from that cloud like snow,  
Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,  
"The snow that husheth all,  
Darling, the merciful Father  
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;  
And she, kissing back, could not know  
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,  
Folded close under deepening snow.

Lowell had four children, three daughters and a son. Only one child lived, his daughter Mabel. He dearly loved his little ones and their death was a great sorrow to him. Those who visited him at that time, remember the pairs of baby shoes that hung over a picture frame in his study. From the window, he could see Mount Auburn, the resting place of the little feet. Beside *The Changeling* and *The First Snow-Fall, She Came and Went* is another poem that expresses, but in part, his fatherly love.

## SHE CAME AND WENT

As a twig trembles, which a bird  
    Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,  
So is my memory thrilled and stirred; —  
    I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unripen,  
    The blue dome's measureless content,  
So my soul held that moment's heaven; —  
    I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps  
    The orchards full of bloom and scent,  
So clove her May my wintry sleeps; —  
    I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,  
    Through the long doorway of my tent;  
The tent is struck, the vision stays; —  
    I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,  
    And life's last oil is nearly spent,  
One gush of light these eyes will brim,  
    Only to think she came and went.

The loss of their children told greatly upon Mrs. Lowell's health, which had always been delicate, and their trip to Europe, in 1851, was undertaken with the hope that it might benefit her. The death of their youngest child, their baby son, Walter, who was buried in Rome, was a grief from which Mrs. Lowell never recovered. They returned from Europe the following autumn, and Mrs. Lowell died at Elmwood in the autumn of 1853. On the day of her death, a child was born to Longfellow. His *Two Angels*, which Longfel-

low sent to Lowell, is a most beautiful expression of sympathy for his friend's sorrow.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,  
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke ;  
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath  
The somber houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,  
Alike their features and their robes of white ;  
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,  
And one with asphodels, like flakes of flight.

'Twas at thy door, O friend ! and not at mine,  
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,  
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,  
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,  
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;  
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,  
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

*Two Angels.*

In the summer of 1846, the Mexican war was in progress, and in June of that year Lowell's first poem of the first series of *The Biglow Papers*, in which he holds up to scorn the efforts to raise volunteers in Boston, appeared in *The Boston Courier*.

The next important poem after the *Biglow Papers* was *The Vision of Sir Launfal*. It was published in 1848. The poem was written in forty-eight hours, during which time the poet scarcely ate or slept. Throughout it seems inspired. The pictures of summer and of winter, which form the introductions to the

first and second parts, are exquisitely beautiful. It is a landscape poem, and its popularity is due more to its presentation of nature than to its legend. This allegory shows the deeply religious element in Lowell's nature and his sincere love for humanity.

Shortly after *Sir Launfal*, appeared *The Present Crisis*, the most eloquent and patriotic of all his poems.

*A Fable for Critics*

"Set forth in October, the 31st day,  
In the year '48, G. P. Putnam, Broadway,"

is a keen, satirical and humorous estimate of the writers of that period. It is, on the whole, surprisingly just. The poem is unequaled by anything of the same nature, in the English language. The poet in his prefatory note says,

"This *jeu d'esprit* was extemporized, I may fairly say, so rapidly was it written, purely for my own amusement and with no thought of publication. I sent daily instalments of it to a friend in New York, the late Charles F. Briggs. He urged me to let it be printed, and I at last consented to its anonymous publication. The secret was kept till after several persons had laid claim to its authorship."

Beaver Brook, a few miles from Elmwood, was a favorite haunt of the poet. He has made the beauties of the place familiar to all in his exquisite poem, *Beaver Brook*. The mill is no longer there, but the Waverly Oaks, seven to eight in number, still stand. *To the Dandelion* and *The Birch Tree* are two other poems that are beautifully descriptive.

In the winter of 1855, Lowell was appointed to the professorship of "French and Spanish languages and literatures, and *belles-lettres*" in Harvard College. He accepted the position on the condition that he be permitted to spend a year in Europe in preparatory study. During the summer of the next year, he returned from Europe; in the autumn, he began his duties as professor.

Although Lowell was well fitted by education and by a kindly, sympathetic nature to be a teacher, still the performance of his duties was very irksome. Without doubt, his work as professor interfered with his literary efforts, and even seemed at times to crush all poetic expression. After he had been teaching about ten years, he writes, "I have been overhauling my old manuscripts, and hope to finish some beginnings which have stood still ever since I was benumbed by sitting down in the professor's chair."

In another letter, he writes, "I begin my annual dissatisfaction of lecturing next Wednesday. I cannot get used to it. All my nightmares are of lecturing."

In 1874, when he was contemplating the giving up of his professorship, he wrote, in quite a different spirit, the following:

"I was never good for much as a professor — once a week, perhaps, at the best, when I could manage to get into some conceit of myself, and so could put a little of my *go* into the boys. The rest of the time my desk was as good as I. And then, on the other hand, my being a professor wasn't good for me — it damped my gunpowder, as it were, and my mind, when it took fire at all (which wasn't often), drawled off in an unwilling fuse

instead of leaping to meet the first spark. Since I have discharged my soul of it and see the callous on my ankle where the ball and chain used to be, subsiding gradually to smooth and natural skin, I feel like dancing round the table as I used when I was twenty, to let off the animal spirits." \*

In the summer of 1857, Lowell was married to Miss Frances Dunlap. In the autumn of the same year, he became the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, which office he held for nearly four years. Shortly after giving up that work, he became the joint editor of *The North American Review*, retaining the position for ten years.

Lowell is often spoken of as the poet-statesman, and he well deserves the name, for few poets have ever rendered such service to their country as he did to his. While in Philadelphia during the winter of 1844-45, Lowell became a contributor to *The Pennsylvania Freeman*. He also became a contributor to *The Anti-Slavery Standard*, published in New York, which was the organ of the Anti-Slavery Society. The contributions to these papers, his writings in both prose and poetry, show the keen interest Lowell took in the grave and exciting events of that period, his intense patriotism and his hatred of slavery. The following, quoted from a letter to a friend, expresses his sentiments on the subject of slavery in no uncertain terms :

"The horror of slavery can only be appreciated by one who has felt it himself, or who has imagination enough to put himself in the place of the slave, and fancy himself not only virtually imprisoned, but forced to toil, and all this for no crime and no reason except that it would be *inconvenient* to free them. What if the curse of slavery were entailed upon them by their anees-

\* Letters of James Russell Lowell. Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Bros.

tors, does this in the least affect the clear question of right and wrong? If this be so, then no barbarian can ever be reformed. But, thank God, this is not so. This is the only excuse which a pandering conscience, a terrified love of gain, invent for the slaveholders, and in which we Northern freemen sustain and encourage them. Are the slaves to be forever slaves because our ancestors committed a horrible crime and wrong in making them so? Only think for a moment on the miserable and outrageous lie and fallacy here."\*

*The Present Crisis*, printed in 1848, is replete with his patriotism and his hatred of oppression. The first series of *The Biglow Papers* (published in 1848) relates to the Mexican war. Lowell regarded the war as a national crime committed in behalf of slavery. He endeavored to express the feelings of the New Englanders, especially the people of Massachusetts, upon the subject. The second series, which appeared about twenty years later (1867), refers to the exciting events of the Civil War. He had thrown himself heart and soul into the cause of abolition, and the *The Biglow Papers* were the medium through which he expressed his bitter hatred of slavery. Beneath his keen satires, his severe censure of political wrong doing, there flows a stream of gentle humor and human sympathy. The papers are an excellent comment on the exciting times from the beginning of the Mexican War to the Civil War. The keen wit and humor displayed placed Lowell in the front rank of humorists. During the Rebellion, Lowell's writings were among the most powerful and effective expressions of the North. *The Commemoration*

\* From Letters of James Russell Lowell. Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers.

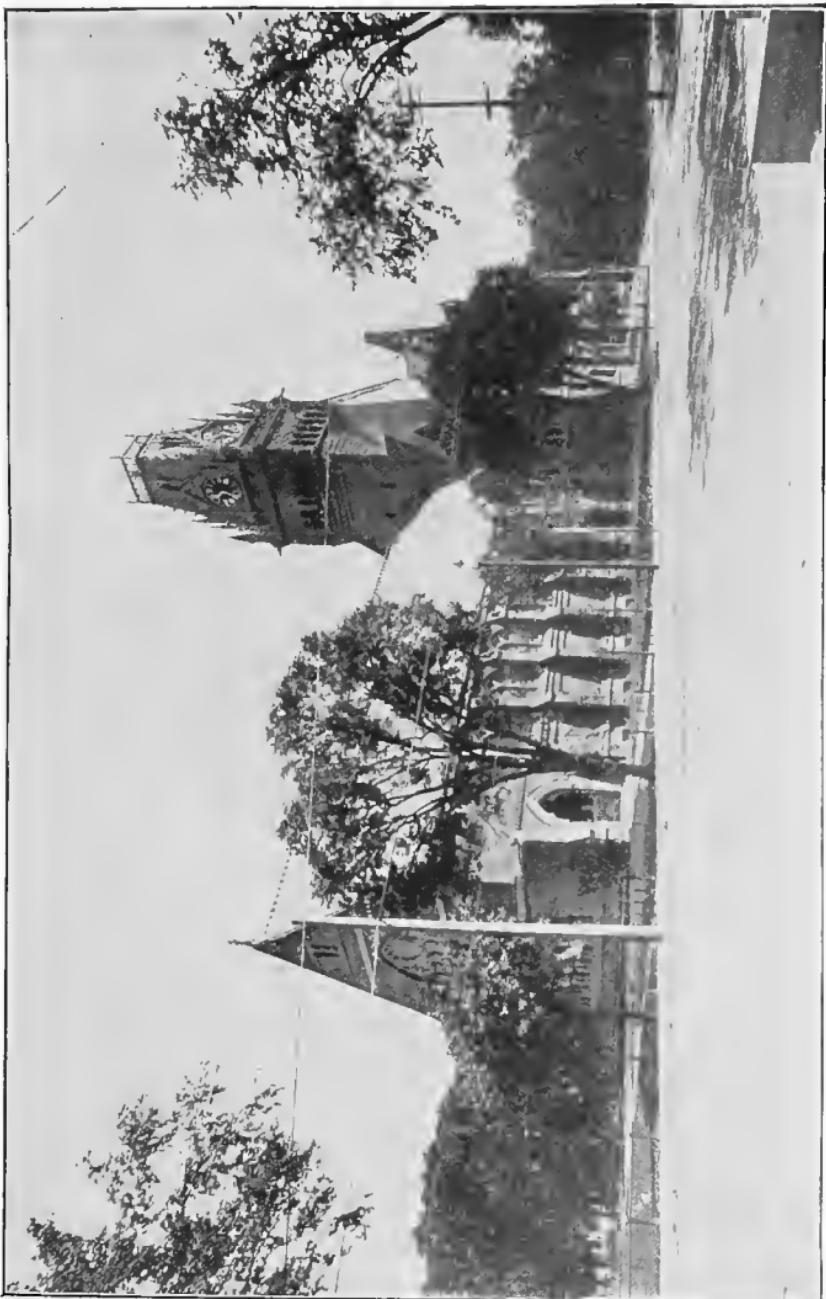
*Ode* was recited in Memorial Hall at the Harvard commemoration, July 21, 1865, in honor of the ninety-three alumni who fell in the Civil War, among whom were five of the poet's kindred. It contains a noble tribute to President Lincoln, and is full of elevated thought, great beauty and power. Beside the above, *The Washers of the Shroud* is one of the strongest war poems.

The volume of poems containing *Under the Willows* appeared in 1869. In the preface, the author states that no collections of his poems had been made since 1848 and that some of them are of still earlier date. *Under the Willows* is descriptive of the many outdoor attractions that had delighted Lowell from his boyhood. The willows themselves had always had a peculiar charm for the poet. Not only did he love the willows dearly, but he taught others to love them so well that a resident of Cambridge changed the plan of her house to avoid cutting down one of them.

In Lowell's long poem, *The Cathedral*, is a full expression of his religious faith. It is not only in this poem that we find an expression of his love for God and man, but it is shown in many of his shorter poems, especially in *The Search*, *Godminster Chimes* and *The Foot Path*.

As a writer of prose, Lowell also ranks among the first of our American authors. His first prose work, *Conversation on Some of the Older Poets*, was published in 1845. In 1854 appeared the *Life of Keats*.

*Fireside Travels* was published in 1864. This is a book of charming essays which had appeared in the magazines of the day. In this collection is *Cambridge Thirty Years Ago*.



MEMORIAL HALL, HARVARD COLLEGE

*My Study Windows*, which was published in 1870, contains some of Lowell's best prose writings.

In the summer of 1872, Lowell went to Europe, on his third visit, remaining abroad two years. The degree of *Doctor of Civil Law* was conferred upon him by Oxford in June 1873, and the degree of *Doctor of Laws* by Cambridge.

Lowell was sent by our government as Minister to Spain in 1877. He was afterward transferred to England (1880). He made many friends while in England, charming the English people by his courtliness and his brilliant talents. He delivered a number of speeches, which are published among his political and literary addresses. Lowell returned to the United States in 1885, and lived a retired life with his only daughter, at Southboro', Mass. He was not afterward engaged in public life, and was prevented by failing health from doing much literary work. He died at Elmwood, August 12, 1891.

As a writer, Lowell is one of our best poets, essayists, critics and lecturers. His writings are humorous, witty, pathetic and kindly satirical. As an American, he was a true patriot, eager for his country's good; an ardent abolitionist; and an excellent Minister to the Court of St. James. England has honored his memory by erecting a memorial window to him in Westminster Abbey.

# INDEX



# INDEX

---

## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

PAGE	PAGE		
Admitted to the bar . . . . .	23	<i>Courtship of Miles Standish,</i> <i>The</i> . . . . .	12
<i>Ages, The</i> , Selection from . . . . .	29	Cummington, Life at . . . . .	10
Ancestors . . . . .	11, 12	Natural surroundings of . . . . .	8
Baylies, Hon. William, Studies law with . . . . .	23	Curtis, George William, <i>Thanatopsis</i> characterized by . . . . .	19
Boyhood, Description of . . . . .	13, 14	Death of William Cullen Bryant . . . . .	45
<i>Boys of My Boyhood, The</i> , Selection from . . . . .	13	<i>Death of the Flowers, The</i> , Selection from . . . . .	32
Bryant, Homestead, Description of . . . . .	6	<i>Death of Lincoln, The</i> , Publication of . . . . .	34
Peter (Dr.), Description of . . . . .	12, 13	Selection from . . . . .	34
Influence of, upon William Cullen . . . . .	14, 15	<i>Death of Slavery, The</i> . . . . .	35
Marriage of . . . . .	12	Editor, Career as . . . . .	31-33
Peter (Mrs.), Description of . . . . .	12	<i>Evening Post</i> . . . . .	31
Influence of, upon William Cullen . . . . .	14	<i>New York Review and Atheneum</i> . . . . .	31
Philip (Dr.) . . . . .	11	Education, College . . . . .	18
Stephen . . . . .	11	Early . . . . .	13-16
William Cullen, Birth of . . . . .	5	Eightieth Birthday . . . . .	40
Birthplace of . . . . .	5	<i>Embargo, The</i> , Account of, . . . . .	15, 16
Death of . . . . .	45	Europe . . . . .	35
Description of . . . . .	16	Fairchild, Frances (Miss), Marriage of . . . . .	29
Edgar Allan Poe's . . . . .	38, 39	<i>Flood of Years</i> . . . . .	45
Marriage of . . . . .	29	<i>Fountain and Other Poems</i> , <i>The</i> , Publication of . . . . .	36
William Cullen (Mrs.), Death of . . . . .	39	<i>Future Life, The</i> , Selection from . . . . .	36
Description of . . . . .	29	Great Barrington, Residence at . . . . .	25
Poems to . . . . .	39		
Cedarmere . . . . .	38		
Central Park, New York City, Influence in establishing . . . . .	38		
College career . . . . .	16, 18		

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Green River</i> , quoted	26, 28, 29	Poe, Edgar Allan,	
Writing of	26	Bryant described by	38, 39
Godwin, Parke,		Poems,	
Account of writing <i>To a Waterfowl</i>	23	Complete volume	35
<i>Hallock, Moses (Rev.)</i>	16	Familiar	31
Howard, Abiel (Dr)	12	First volume	30
Howe, Samuel (Judge),		Illustrated edition	40
Studies law with	23	Later favorites	40
<i>Hymn to Death</i> ,		Of nature	41
Publication of	30	Phi Beta Kappa Society,	
Selection from	15	Harvard	29
<i>Iliad</i> ,		To Mrs. Bryant	39
Publication of	35	Poet, <i>The</i> , Selection from	5
Translation of	35	Poetry, First efforts in	15, 16
<i>Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood</i> .		Political principles	33
Publication of	22	Prose works, Quality of	35
Selection from	22, 23	Publication, First	15
Writing of	22	Reputation abroad	35
Irving, Washington	35	<i>Rivulet, The</i> ,	
June,		Selection from	10, 11
Publication of	31	<i>Robert of Lincoln</i> , quoted	42-44
Selection from	46	Roslyn, N. Y., Home at	38
Law,		Shaw, Abigail	11
Practice of	25	Slavery, Attitude toward	33
Study of	23	Snell,	
<i>Letters from the East</i>	35	Ebenezer	12
<i>Letters of a Traveler</i>	35	Sarah,	
<i>Life that Is, The</i> , Writing of	38	Ancestors of	12
<i>Lines on Revisiting the Country</i> ,		Marriage of	12
Selection from	8	Thomas (Rev.)	12
<i>Little People of the Snow</i> .		Solitude, Love of	25
The, Selection from	40, 41	<i>Summer Wind</i>	25
<i>May Sun Sheds an Amber Light, The</i> ,		Quoted	41, 42
Selection from	39	<i>Thanatopsis</i> ,	
New York City,		G. W. Curtis's opinion of	19
First visit to	31	Quoted	19-22
<i>New York Review and Atheneum</i> , Co-editor of	31	Publication of	19
<i>Odyssey</i> ,		Selection from	3
Publication of	35	Writing of	18
Translation of	35	<i>Third of November, The</i> ,	
<i>Old Man's Funeral, The</i> ,		Publication of	39
Selection from	5	<i>Thirty Poems</i> , published	39
<i>Our Country's Call</i> ,		To a <i>Waterfowl</i> ,	
Selection from	33, 34	Account of writing	23
		Parke Godwin on	23
		Quoted	24
		Publication of	23
		Translations	35
		Travels	35

PAGE		PAGE	
"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again" . . .	33, 40	Williams College . . . . .	18
<i>White Footed Deer and Other Poems, The</i> , published . .	38	Wordsworth, Influence of, upon Bryant	35

## POEMS (ENTIRE)

Green River . . . . .	26	Thanatopsis . . . . .	19
Robert of Lincoln . . . .	42	To a Waterfowl . . . . .	24
Summer Wind . . . .	41		

## EXCERPTS

Ages, The . . . . .	29	Little People of the Snow, The . . . . .	40
Death of Lincoln, The . .	34	May Sun Sheds an Amber Light, The . . . . .	39
Death of the Flowers, The .	32	Old Man's Funeral, The . .	4
Future Life, The . . . .	36	Poet, The . . . . .	4
Hymn to Death . . . .	15	Rivulet, The . . . . .	10
Inscription for the En- trance to a Wood . . .	22	Thanatopsis . . . . .	3
June . . . . .	45		
Lines on Revisiting the Country . . . . .	8		

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Ancestors . . . . .	52, 53	College life . . . . .	60-62
<i>Atlantic Monthly, The</i> . .	82	Concord, Mass., Description of . . . . .	70
Boston, Description of . . . .	52	Poems about . . . . .	70
Residence in . . . .	55, 60	Manse, The Old, Description of . . . . .	70
Boyhood, Description of .	55-58	<i>Mosses from an Old Manse</i> , written in . .	53, 70
Brothers . . . . .	55, 61, 63, 64	<i>Nature</i> , written in . .	70
Bulkeley, Peter (Rev.) .	52	Residence in . . . . .	60, 66, 68, 84
Cambridge, Mass., Divinity Hall . . . .	66	New home at, Description of . . . . .	70
Divinity School . . . .	65	Destruction of . . . . .	84
Harvard College . . . .	60		
Residence in . . . . .	66		

PAGE	PAGE
<i>Concord Hymn</i> , Account of . . . . .	82
<i>Conduct of Life</i> , Publication of . . . . .	77
Death of Ralph Waldo Emerson . . . . .	85
<i>Dial, The</i> , Earlier poems in . . . . .	79
Editor of . . . . .	79
<i>Dirge</i> , Selection from . . . . .	64
<i>Domestic Life</i> . . . . .	55
Domestic life . . . . .	73, 74
<i>Each and All</i> . . . . .	78
Education, College . . . . .	60-62
Early . . . . .	59
Emerson, Edward . . . . .	53
Joseph (Rev.) of Concord . . . . .	53
Joseph (Rev.), pioneer minister . . . . .	53
Mary Moody, Character of . . . . .	57, 58
Early life of . . . . .	57
Influence of, upon Ralph Waldo . . . . .	58
Love of learning of . . . . .	63
Ralph Waldo, Birth of . . . . .	52
Birthplace of . . . . .	52
Boyish traits of . . . . .	56, 57
Brothers of . . . . .	55, 61, 63, 64
Character of, youthful . . . . .	62
Daughter of . . . . .	84
Death of . . . . .	85
Early life of . . . . .	58
First wife of . . . . .	67, 68
Marriage of, First . . . . .	67
Second . . . . .	72
William, father of Ralph Waldo, Ancestors of . . . . .	52, 53
Education of . . . . .	53
Death of . . . . .	54
Description of . . . . .	54
Marriage of . . . . .	54
Minister, Of First Church of Boston . . . . .	54
Emerson, William, (continued), Minister of town of Harvard . . . . .	54
William (Mrs.), Character of . . . . .	54
Struggle with poverty . . . . .	54, 55
William, patriot minister . . . . .	53
End of working life . . . . .	84
<i>English Traits</i> . . . . .	74
Essayist . . . . .	77
Essays, <i>American Scholar</i> . . . . .	77
First volume of . . . . .	77
<i>Nature</i> . . . . .	77
Second volume of . . . . .	77
Europe, First trip to . . . . .	68
Second trip to . . . . .	77
Third trip to . . . . .	84
<i>Forbearance</i> . . . . .	51
<i>Fortus</i> . . . . .	59
Furness, W. H. . . . .	59
<i>Good-Bye</i> . . . . .	65
Publication of . . . . .	78
Gould, Benjamin Apthorp, Assistance of, to Emerson . . . . .	69
Harvard College, Career at . . . . .	60-62
Haskins, Ruth . . . . .	54
Hawthorne, Nathaniel . . . . .	53, 85
<i>Humble-Bee, The</i> , Selection from . . . . .	74, 79
Publication of . . . . .	78
Jackson, Lydia (Miss) . . . . .	68
Latin School . . . . .	59
Lectures, Account of . . . . .	74, 76
In England . . . . .	77
Lowell, Charles (Rev.) . . . . .	54
Manse, The Old, 53, 66, 68, 70, 84	
<i>May-Day and other Poems</i> . . . . .	82
Minister of Second Church of Boston, Ordained as . . . . .	66
Resignation as . . . . .	67
Ministry, Qualified for . . . . .	66
Studying for . . . . .	65
<i>Miscellanies</i> . . . . .	78
<i>Monadnock</i> . . . . .	70
<i>Mosses from an Old Manse</i> 53, 70	
<i>Musketaquid</i> . . . . .	70

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>My Garden</i> . . . . .	65, 70	<i>Representative Men</i> . . . . .	77
Selection from . . . . .	71	<i>Rhodora, The</i> , Publication of	78
<i>Nature</i> , published . . . . .	76	Second Church of Boston,	
<i>Nature</i> ,		Anti-slavery movement in	77
Love of . . . . .	65	Ordained minister of . . . . .	66
Poems to . . . . .	65	Resigned charge of . . . . .	67
Newton . . . . .	68	Sermons,	
<i>Nun's Aspiration, The</i> . . . . .	67	Criticisms of . . . . .	67
"Original poems" . . . . .	59, 60	Publication of . . . . .	66, 67
<i>Parnassus</i> ,		Slavery, Attitude toward	77, 78
Account of . . . . .	82, 84	<i>Snow-Storm, The</i> . . . . .	78
Publication of . . . . .	82	<i>Society and Solitude</i> . . . . .	77
<i>Peter's Field</i> . . . . .	64	South, Trip to the . . . . .	66
Poems,		Teaching . . . . .	62, 63
Earlier, published . . . . .	78	<i>Terminus</i> , Publication of	82
First . . . . .	78	<i>Threnody</i> . . . . .	72, 82
First volume published . . . . .	82	Selection from . . . . .	72, 73
Pleasure in writing . . . . .	78	<i>To Ellen</i> , Selection from	67, 68
Second volume published . . . . .	82	Tucker, Ellen (Miss) . . . . .	67
Quality of . . . . .	84	<i>Voluntaries</i> . . . . .	78
Position in literature . . . . .	51	<i>Walden</i> . . . . .	70
Preaching . . . . .	66	Walden woods . . . . .	71
<i>Problem, The</i> ,		Webster . . . . .	78
Publication of . . . . .	79	<i>Woodnotes</i> . . . . .	65, 70
Selection from . . . . .	81, 82	Publication of . . . . .	79
Prose works,		Selections from . . . . .	49, 79-81, 86
Quality of . . . . .	78		

## POEM (ENTIRE)

Forbearance . . . . .		.	.	51
-----------------------	--	---	---	----

## EXCERPTS

Dirge . . . . .	64	Threnody . . . . .		72
Humble-Bee, The . . . . .	74, 79	To Ellen . . . . .		67
My Garden . . . . .	71	Woodnotes . . . . .		49, 79
Problem, The . . . . .	81			

## EDGAR ALLAN POE

Anecdotes . . . . .	135, 137	Home in England . . . . .		95
<i>Al Aaraaf</i> . . . . .	110	Obtain West Point Ca-		
Allan, Mr. and Mrs.,		detship for Poe . . . . .	109, 110	
Adopt Poe . . . . .	94	Return to America . . . . .	98	
Death of Mr. Allan . . . . .	116	Secure Poe's discharge . . . . .		109

PAGE	PAGE
<i>Alone</i> , Selection from . . . . .	89
<i>Annabel Lee</i> ,	
Quoted . . . . .	137-139
Selection from . . . . .	118
<i>Army</i> , U.S., Enlists in . . . . .	108
<i>Arnold</i> , Elizabeth . . . . .	93
<i>Athletics</i> , Account of . . . . .	99-101
<i>Balloon Hour, The</i> , publication of . . . . .	129
<i>Baltimore</i> ,	
Last visit to . . . . .	145
Residence in . . . . .	112
<i>Baltimore Saturday Visitor</i> . . . . .	113, 116
<i>Barnaby Rudge</i> . . . . .	125
<i>Bells, The</i> ,	
Account of . . . . .	141
Quoted . . . . .	141-145
<i>Black Cat, The</i> ,	
Publication of . . . . .	128
Selection from . . . . .	102
<i>Broadway Journal</i> ,	
Connections with . . . . .	135
<i>Burton's Gentleman's Magazine</i> ,	
Associate-editor of . . . . .	121
Termination of editorship of . . . . .	123, 124
<i>Clemm, Maria (Mrs.)</i> ,	
Description of . . . . .	128
Opinion of Poe . . . . .	120
Poe's home with . . . . .	116
Removal of, to Richmond . . . . .	128
Virginia, daughter of . . . . .	116
Betrothal of, to Poe . . . . .	117
Marriage of . . . . .	118, 119
<i>Coloseum</i> ,	
Quoted . . . . .	114, 116
Publication of . . . . .	113
<i>Conchologist's First Text-Book</i> , published . . . . .	121
<i>Critic</i> . . . . .	119
<i>Cryptography</i> . . . . .	125
Death of Edgar Allan Poe . . . . .	145
<i>Descent into the Maelstrom</i> , <i>The</i> . . . . .	125
<i>Dream within a Dream, A</i> , Selection from . . . . .	105
Early struggles . . . . .	113, 114, 116
Education,	
College . . . . .	105, 107
Early . . . . .	94, 96-99, 104
Enlists in U.S. Army . . . . .	108
<i>Eulalume</i> , Selection from . . . . .	145
<i>Evening Mirror</i> ,	
Publication of <i>The Laren</i> in . . . . .	130
Sub-editor of . . . . .	130
<i>Fall of the House of Usher, The</i> . . . . .	121
<i>Fordham, Home at</i> . . . . .	137
<i>Gold Bug, The</i> , Account of . . . . .	127
<i>Graham's Magazine</i> ,	
Contributor to . . . . .	125
Editor of . . . . .	125, 126
Severed Connections with . . . . .	127, 128
<i>Haunted Palace, The</i> . . . . .	121
Quoted . . . . .	122, 123
<i>Hopkins, C. D. (Mrs.)</i> . . . . .	93
<i>Kennedy, Mr.</i> . . . . .	113, 117
Letters,	
Concerning the use of liquor . . . . .	124
Concerning his wife's death . . . . .	139, 140
To Mr. Kennedy . . . . .	113
To James Russell Lowell . . . . .	129, 130
<i>MS Found in a Bottle, A</i> . . . . .	113
<i>Murders of the Rue Morgue, The</i> . . . . .	125
<i>Mystery of Marie Roget</i> . . . . .	127
<i>Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, The</i> . . . . .	120, 121
New York City,	
Visits to . . . . .	112, 120, 128
<i>Poan, A</i> , Selection from . . . . .	104
<i>Penn Magazine</i> . . . . .	124
Philadelphia, Removal to . . . . .	121
Poe,	
David (General) . . . . .	92
David,	
Actor . . . . .	93, 94
Death of . . . . .	94
Marriage of . . . . .	93
Studied law . . . . .	92, 93
David (Mrs.) . . . . .	93, 94

PAGE	PAGE
Edgar Allan, . . . . .	102-104
Adoption of . . . . .	94
Birth of . . . . .	92
Childhood of . . . . .	94, 95
Death of . . . . .	145
Description of . . . . .	100-102
Marriage of . . . . .	118, 119
Edgar Allan (Mrs.), . . . . .	
Death of . . . . .	137
Ill health of . . . . .	126
Rosalie . . . . .	94
William Henry Leonard, . . . . .	93
Poems, . . . . .	
First volume published . . . . .	107
Second volume published . . . . .	110
Third volume published . . . . .	112
Position in literature . . . . .	145, 146
<i>Raven, The</i> , . . . . .	
Account of . . . . .	134
Quoted . . . . .	130-134
Publication of . . . . .	130
Richmond, Va., Residence at . . . . .	117, 118
<i>Snowdon's Ladies' Magazine</i> . . . . .	127
<i>Southern Literary Messenger</i> , . . . . .	
Assistant editor . . . . .	117
Contributor to . . . . .	117
Editor of . . . . .	119
Stannard, Mrs. . . . .	96-98
Stoke-Newington, . . . . .	96-98
Return to America from . . . . .	• 98
<i>Stylus, The</i> . . . . .	127
<i>Sun, The</i> (New York), . . . . .	129
Publications in . . . . .	129
<i>Tale of the Ragged Mountains, A</i> . . . . .	129
<i>Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque</i> . . . . .	123
<i>Tamerlane</i> , Selections from, . . . . .	91, 108, 109
<i>Tamerlane and Other Poems</i> , . . . . .	
Account of . . . . .	107, 108
Publication of . . . . .	107
<i>To Helen</i> , Selection from . . . . .	103
<i>To My Mother</i> , quoted . . . . .	140
University of Virginia, . . . . .	
Record at . . . . .	105, 107
West Point, . . . . .	
Cadetship, . . . . .	
Application for . . . . .	109
Appointment to . . . . .	110
Dismissal from . . . . .	112
Life at . . . . .	111, 112
<i>William Wilson</i> , . . . . .	
Selection from . . . . .	96-98

## POEMS (ENTIRE)

Annabel Lee . . . . .	137	Haunted Palace, The . . . . .	122
Bells, The . . . . .	141	Raven, The . . . . .	130
Coloseum, The . . . . .	114	To My Mother . . . . .	140

## EXCERPTS

Alone . . . . .	89	Præan, A . . . . .	104
Annabel Lee . . . . .	118	Tamerlane . . . . .	91, 108, 109
Dream within a Dream, A . . . . .	105	To Helen . . . . .	103
Eulalume . . . . .	145		

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

	PAGE
Ambitions, Literary . . . . .	170-172
Ancestors . . . . .	151, 152
Appleton, Frances Elizabeth	181
Armchair, The famous . . . . .	185
<i>Ballads and Other Poems</i> , Publication of . . . . .	181
<i>Battle of Lovell's Pond, The</i> , Account of . . . . .	166
Quoted . . . . .	165
Publication of . . . . .	165
Bowdoin College, Career in . . . . .	166, 167
Professor at . . . . .	172, 173
Stephen Longfellow, trustee of . . . . .	152
Brunswick, Home at . . . . .	174
<i>Building of the Ship, The</i> , Selection from . . . . .	182, 183
Cambridge, Residence in . . . . .	176
Carter, Nathaniel H. . . . .	164
Childish impressions . . . . .	162, 164
College, Degrees . . . . .	184
Record at . . . . .	166, 167
<i>Courtship of Miles Standish</i> , The . . . . .	183
Craigie House . . . . .	176
History of . . . . .	176-178
Purchase of . . . . .	181
<i>Day is Done, The</i> , Selection from . . . . .	151
Death of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow . . . . .	186
<i>Divina Commedia</i> , Translation of . . . . .	184
Education, College . . . . .	166, 167
Early . . . . .	162, 164
Essays . . . . .	173
Europe, First visit to . . . . .	173, 174
Second visit to . . . . .	175
Third visit to . . . . .	181
Fourth visit to . . . . .	184, 185
<i>Evangeline</i> . . . . .	181, 182
J. R. Lowell's opinion of	182
<i>Fable for Critics, A</i> , Selection from . . . . .	182
<i>Footsteps of Angels</i> , Selection from . . . . .	175, 176
<i>From my Armchair</i> , Account of . . . . .	185
Selection from . . . . .	185, 186
Harvard College, Professor at . . . . .	174, 176
Resignation as . . . . .	183
Hawthorne, Nathaniel	166, 176
<i>Hyperion</i> , Popularity of . . . . .	180
Publication of . . . . .	179
Selection from . . . . .	178, 179
<i>Indian Hunter, The</i> . . . . .	167
Quoted . . . . .	168, 169
<i>Keramos</i> , Selection from . . . . .	158, 159
Literary services to America . . . . .	186, 187
Longfellow, Abigail . . . . .	152
Henry Wadsworth, Birth of . . . . .	151
Birthplace of . . . . .	151, 152
Death of . . . . .	186
Description of . . . . .	166
Marriage of, First . . . . .	174
Second . . . . .	181
Henry Wadsworth (Mrs.), 174, 175, 181, 183	
Stephen . . . . .	152
William . . . . .	151
Zilpah Wadsworth	151, 152
Lovell's Pond . . . . .	165
<i>My Lost Youth</i> , quoted . . . . .	154-158
<i>Native Writers</i> . . . . .	167
<i>New England Magazine, The</i>	174
<i>North American Review, The</i>	174
Orr, Benjamin . . . . .	172
<i>Outre Mer</i> , published . . . . .	173
Poems, College, published . . . . .	167
First, published . . . . .	165, 166
First volume published	180

PAGE	PAGE
Poems,	
Last volume published . . . . .	186
Longer . . . . .	181
Popularity of . . . . .	186
Second volume published . . . . .	181
<i>Poems on Slavery</i> . . . . .	181
Portland Academy . . . . .	164
<i>Portland Gazette</i> , The . . . . .	165
Potter, Mary Storror . . . . .	174
<i>Psalm of Life</i> , The . . . . .	180, 181
Ropewalk, The, quoted . . . . .	160-162
<i>Sea-Diver</i> , The . . . . .	167
Quoted . . . . .	169, 170
Seventy-second birthday . . . . .	185
<i>Sketch Book</i> , The . . . . .	162
<i>Song of Hiawatha</i> , The . . . . .	183
Popularity of . . . . .	183
Selection from . . . . .	149
<i>Spanish Student</i> , The, Publication of . . . . .	181
<i>Spanish Student</i> , The, Selection from . . . . .	182
<i>To the River Charles</i> , Selection from . . . . .	179
Translation,	
Divina Commedia . . . . .	184
French text-book . . . . .	173
<i>Ultima Thule</i> , published . . . . .	186
<i>United States Literary Gazette</i> , The . . . . .	167
<i>Village Blacksmith</i> , The, Account of . . . . .	185
Selection from . . . . .	186
<i>Voices of the Night</i> , published . . . . .	180
Wadsworth,	
Henry . . . . .	154
Zilpah . . . . .	151
Wadsworth House, Description of . . . . .	152, 154

## POEMS (ENTIRE)

Battle of Lovell's Pond, The . . . . .	165	Ropewalk, The . . . . .	160
Indian Hunter, The . . . . .	168	Sea-Diver, The . . . . .	169
My Lost Youth . . . . .	154		

## EXCERPTS

Building of the Ship, The . . . . .	182	Song of Hiawatha, The . . . . .	149
Day is Done, The . . . . .	151	Spanish Student, The . . . . .	182
Fable for Critics, A: Lowell . . . . .	182	To the River Charles . . . . .	179
Footsteps of Angels . . . . .	175	Two Angels . . . . .	299
From My Armchair . . . . .	185	Village Blacksmith, The . . . . .	185
Keramos . . . . .	158		

## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

American Manufacturer, Writer for . . . . .	218	Anti-slavery, National party formed . . . . .	226
Amesbury, Home at . . . . .	221	Persecution of advocates . . . . .	223, 224
Ancestors . . . . .	195, 196		
Anecdotes . . . . .	200, 205, 206, 216, 217, 222	Poems . . . . .	225
		Society of Haverhill . . . . .	219

PAGE	PAGE
Anti-slavery, Work for . . . . .	221
<i>At Eventide</i> , published . . . . .	234
<i>Atlantic Monthly</i> ,	
Contributor to . . . . .	231
Dinner by publishers of . . . . .	234
<i>At Sundown</i> , published . . . . .	234
<i>At Washington</i> . . . . .	226
<i>Barbara Frietchie</i> . . . . .	227
<i>Barefoot Boy, The</i> ,	
Selections from . . . . .	193, 209-211
<i>Battle Autumn of 1863, The</i> . . . . .	227
<i>Boy Captives, The</i> . . . . .	199
<i>Boyhood</i> . . . . .	209, 211, 212
<i>Brown of Ossawatomie</i> . . . . .	229
Publication of . . . . .	281
<i>Burial of Barbour</i> . . . . .	213
<i>Burns</i> , Selection from . . . . .	212, 213
<i>Burns, Robert</i> ,	
Influence of . . . . .	212
<i>City of the Plain, The</i> . . . . .	218
<i>Coffin, Joshua</i> . . . . .	207, 211
<i>Common Question, The</i> . . . . .	217
<i>Crisis, The</i> . . . . .	226
Death of John Greenleaf Whittier . . . . .	236
<i>Education, Early</i> . . . . .	206-209
<i>Ein Feste Burg ist Unser Gott</i> . . . . .	227
<i>Eternal Goodness, The</i> ,	
Publication of . . . . .	233
Selections from . . . . .	193, 233
<i>Exile's Departure, The</i> . . . . .	214
<i>Expostulation</i> . . . . .	225
Farm life . . . . .	
199, 209, 209, 211, 219, 220	
<i>For Righteousness' Sake</i> . . . . .	227
<i>Frost Spirit, The</i> . . . . .	218
Garrison, William Lloyd,	
Closer association with Whittier . . . . .	220
First meeting . . . . .	213-215
<i>Free Press</i> , established by . . . . .	214
<i>National Philanthropist</i> ,	
Established by . . . . .	218
Tribute to Whittier . . . . .	230
Greenleaf, Sarah . . . . .	196
<i>Haverhill</i> , Selection from 194, 195	
<i>Haverhill Academy</i> ,	
Career at . . . . .	216, 218
<i>Haverhill Gazette</i> ,	
Contributions to . . . . .	218
Editor of . . . . .	218, 221
<i>Hazel Blossoms</i> , published . . . . .	234
<i>Herald, Newburyport</i> . . . . .	213
<i>Home Ballads, Poems and Lyrics</i> . . . . .	231
Home circle, Description of . . . . .	201-205, 222
<i>Home Coming of the Bride</i> .	
Selection from . . . . .	196
<i>Hunters of Men</i> . . . . .	225
Hussey, Abigail . . . . .	196
<i>Ichabod</i> . . . . .	229
<i>In School Days</i> ,	
Publication of . . . . .	233
Selection from . . . . .	208
<i>In War Time</i> . . . . .	227
<i>Kansas Emigrants, The</i> . . . . .	226
<i>Kenoza Lake</i> ,	
Publication of . . . . .	231
Selection from . . . . .	200, 201
<i>Laus Deo</i> ,	
Selection from . . . . .	228, 229
Writing of . . . . .	228
<i>Lays of my Home and Other Poems</i> . . . . .	223
<i>Letter, A</i> . . . . .	227
<i>Literary Recreations</i> . . . . .	231
<i>Lost Occasion, The</i> . . . . .	234
Publication of . . . . .	229
Lowell, Mass. . . . .	221
<i>Margaret Smith's Journal</i> . . . . .	231
<i>Middlesex Standard</i> . . . . .	222
<i>My Namesake</i> , Selection from . . . . .	191
<i>My Triumph</i> . . . . .	233
<i>New England Legends in Prose and Verse</i> . . . . .	219
<i>New England Review</i> ,	
Editorship of . . . . .	218
Resignation of . . . . .	219
Oak Knoll, Danvers . . . . .	221
<i>Old Portraits</i> . . . . .	231
<i>Our Master</i> . . . . .	233
<i>Puran</i> . . . . .	226
<i>Pastoral Letter, The</i> . . . . .	226
<i>Peace Autumn, The</i> . . . . .	229
Peasley, John . . . . .	196

PAGE	PAGE
<i>Pennsylvania Freeman, The</i> , Connection with . . . . .	221
Destruction of . . . . .	221
<i>Pine Tree, The</i> . . . . .	226
Poems, Comparative influence of . . . . .	229, 230
First published . . . . .	214
First volume . . . . .	219
Personal . . . . .	229
Volume of 1843 . . . . .	223-225
Political offices . . . . .	219
Position in literature . . . . .	193, 194, 236, 237
Prose Works, Quality of, 230, 231	
<i>Red Riding-Hood</i> . . . . .	217
<i>Sabbath Scene, A</i> . . . . .	226
Seventieth birthday . . . . .	234
Slavery, Attitude toward . . . . .	219-221, 223-226
<i>Snow-Bound</i> , Publication of . . . . .	232
Selections from 198-205, 232	
<i>Stanzas for the Times</i> . . . . .	225
<i>Stranger in Lowell, The</i> . . . . .	222
Teaching . . . . .	218
<i>Telling the Bees</i> , . . . . .	199
Publication of . . . . .	231
<i>Tent on the Beach, The</i> , . . . . .	222
Publication of . . . . .	232
Selection from . . . . .	223
<i>Texas</i> . . . . .	226
Thayer, A. W. . . . .	218
<i>Thy Will Be Done</i> . . . . .	227
<i>To a Southern Statesman</i> . . . . .	226
<i>To Faneuil Hall</i> . . . . .	226
<i>To John C. Frémont</i> . . . . .	227
<i>To Massachusetts</i> . . . . .	226
<i>To My Old School Master</i> , Selection from . . . . .	207, 208
<i>To Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> , Selection from . . . . .	235
Writing of . . . . .	235
<i>To William Lloyd Garrison</i> , Selection from . . . . .	215
<i>Vaudois Teacher, The</i> . . . . .	218, 219
<i>Watchers, The</i> . . . . .	237
Whittier, Elizabeth, Description of . . . . .	222
John Greenleaf, Birth of . . . . .	194
Birthplace, . . . . .	194
Description of . . . . .	198-200
Sale of . . . . .	221
Boyhood of . . . . .	209
Death of . . . . .	236
Description of . . . . .	216
Early influences . . . . .	211, 212
Father, Death of . . . . .	218
Joseph . . . . .	196
Thomas . . . . .	195
<i>Word for the Hour, A</i> . . . . .	227
<i>Yankee Gypsies</i> . . . . .	211

## POEMS (EXCERPTS)

Barefoot Boy, The . . . . .	190	My Namesake . . . . .	191
Burns . . . . .	212	<i>Snow-Bound</i> 198, 199, 201, 232	
Eternal Goodness, The 193, 233		Tent on the Beach, The . . . . .	223
Haverhill . . . . .	194	To my Old School Master . . . . .	207
Home Coming of the Bride . . . . .	196	To Oliver Wendell Holmes . . . . .	235
In School Days . . . . .	208	To William Lloyd Garri-	
Kenoza Lake . . . . .	200	son . . . . .	215
Laus Deo . . . . .	228		

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Agnes</i> . . . . .	269	<i>Fable for Critics, A,</i>	
<i>Ausestors</i> . . . . .	246, 247	Selection from . . . . .	271, 272
<i>Annals of America</i> . . . . .	246	<i>Guardian Angel, The,</i>	
<i>Atlantic Monthly, The,</i>		Publication of . . . . .	270
Contributions to . . . . .	267	<i>Harvard College,</i>	
Effect of . . . . .	272	Career at . . . . .	255
Naming of . . . . .	267	<i>Phi Beta Kappa Society,</i>	
<i>Autobiography, Selections</i>		Poetry read before . . . . .	262
from, . . . . .	248, 250-253, 260	<i>Professorship at,</i>	
<i>Autocrat of the Breakfast</i>		Account of . . . . .	266, 267
Table, The . . . . .	267, 268	Appointment to . . . . .	266
<i>Biglow, William</i> . . . . .	252	Resignation of . . . . .	270
<i>Biographies</i> . . . . .	270	<i>Holmes,</i>	
<i>Boston Daily Advertiser</i> . . . . .	260	Abiel, (Rev.), Description	
<i>Boys, The,</i>		of . . . . .	246
Publication of . . . . .	273	Abiel (Mrs.) . . . . .	246
Selection from . . . . .	273, 274	John . . . . .	246
<i>Chambered Nautilus, The,</i>		Oliver Wendell,	
Publication of . . . . .	268	Birth of . . . . .	244
Quoted . . . . .	268, 269	Birthplace,	
Selection from . . . . .	243	Description of . . . . .	244
<i>Childhood</i> . . . . .	248-252	History of . . . . .	244
<i>Children</i> . . . . .	265, 266	Property of Harvard	245
<i>Cinders from the Ashes</i> . . . . .	270	Death of . . . . .	271
<i>College,</i>		Marriage of . . . . .	265
Degrees . . . . .	271	Oliver Wendell (Mrs), 265, 271	
Record at . . . . .	255	Oliver Wendell, Jr.,	
<i>Collegian, Contributions to</i>	255	Announcement of birth, 265	
<i>Dane Law School</i> . . . . .	257	<i>Inevitable Trial, The</i> . . . . .	270
<i>Dartmouth College,</i>		<i>Iron Gate, The,</i> . . . . .	272
Professor of Anatomy in	265	Selection from . . . . .	241
<i>Death of Oliver Wendell</i>		<i>Jackson,</i>	
Holmes . . . . .	271	Amelia Lee (Miss) . . . . .	265
<i>Dorchester Giant, The,</i> . . . . .	255	James (Dr.),	
Quoted . . . . .	255-257	Studies medicine with . . . . .	260
<i>Dorothy Q.,</i>		<i>Last Leaf, The</i> . . . . .	262
Selections from . . . . .	247, 248	<i>Law, Study of</i> . . . . .	257
<i>Education,</i>		<i>Lecturer</i> . . . . .	266
College . . . . .	255	<i>Medicine,</i>	
Early . . . . .	252, 253	Practice of . . . . .	264, 265
<i>Elsie Venner, published</i>	270	Professor of Anatomy . . . . .	265
<i>Essays</i> . . . . .	270	Studies,	
<i>Europe,</i>		Account of . . . . .	260, 261
First visit to . . . . .	261	In Paris . . . . .	261
Second visit to . . . . .	270, 271	<i>Novels</i> . . . . .	270
<i>Evening, By a Tailor</i> . . . . .	255	Occasional verses . . . . .	273

PAGE	PAGE	
Old gambrel roofed house, the, Account of . . . . .	244, 245	
<i>Old Ironsides</i> , Publication of . . . . .	260	
Quoted . . . . .	258	
Writing of . . . . .	258	
<i>Our Hundred Days in Europe</i> . . . . .	271	
<i>Pages from an Old Volume of Life</i> . . . . .	270	
Phillips Academy . . . . .	253	
Pittsfield, Home at . . . . .	267	
Poems, College . . . . .	255	
First volume published . . . . .	262	
Volume of 1862 . . . . .	269	
<i>Poet at the Breakfast Table</i> , <i>The</i> . . . . .	269	
<i>Poetry</i> . . . . .	262	
	Position in literature, 244, 272, 273	
	Professor at Dartmouth . . . . .	265
	Harvard . . . . .	266, 267
	<i>Professor at the Breakfast Table</i> . <i>The</i> , published	269
	Quiney, Dorothy . . . . .	247
	<i>School-Boy</i> , <i>The</i> , Selection from . . . . .	253-255
	Writing of . . . . .	253
	<i>Songs in Many Keys</i> . . . . .	269
	<i>Soundings from the Atlantic</i> . . . . .	270
	<i>Spectre Pig</i> , <i>The</i> . . . . .	255
	<i>To an Insect</i> , Publication of . . . . .	262
	Quoted . . . . .	262-264
	Upham, Dorothy Quiney, Verses to . . . . .	248
	Wendell, Sarah . . . . .	246

## POEMS (ENTIRE)

Chambered Nautilus, The . . . . .	268	To an Insect . . . . .	262
Dorchester Giant, The . . . . .	255	Boys, The . . . . .	274
Old Ironsides . . . . .	258		

## EXCERPTS

Chambered Nautilus, The . . . . .	243	Fable for Critics. A. Lowell . . . . .	271
Dorothy Q. . . . .	247	Iron Gate, The . . . . .	241
Dorotho Q. (Upham) . . . . .	248	School-Boy, The . . . . .	253

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Ambitions, Literary . . . . .	292, 294	<i>Biglow Papers</i> , <i>The</i> . . . . .	290
Ancestors . . . . .	280, 281	First poem published . . . . .	299
<i>Atlantic Monthly</i> , <i>The</i> . . . . .	302	Influence of . . . . .	303
Anti-slavery party . . . . .	294	Publication of . . . . .	303
<i>Anti-Slavery Standard</i> . <i>The</i> . . . . .	302	Selection from . . . . .	288, 289
<i>Beaver Brook</i> . . . . .	300	<i>Birch Tree</i> , <i>The</i> . . . . .	300

PAGE	PAGE
<i>Boston Courier, The</i> . . . . .	299
Cambridge . . . . .	280, 283, 284
<i>Cambridge Thirty Years Ago</i> , . . . . .	304
Selection from . . . . .	283, 284
<i>Cathedral, The</i> . . . . .	304
<i>Changeling, The, Selection from</i> . . . . .	295, 296
Children . . . . .	295-298
“Class Poem” . . . . .	291, 292
College,	
Degrees . . . . .	292, 306
Record . . . . .	291
<i>Commemoration Ode, The</i> . . . . .	304
<i>Conversations on Some of the Older Poets</i> . . . . .	304
Dane Law School, Enters . . . . .	292
Death of James Russell Lowell . . . . .	306
<i>Earlier Poems</i> . . . . .	294
Editor of	
<i>Atlantic Monthly, The</i> . . . . .	302
<i>North American Review</i> . . . . .	302
<i>Pioneer, The</i> . . . . .	294
Education,	
College . . . . .	291
Early . . . . .	288, 289
Elmwood, Description of . . . . .	281-283, 295
Europe,	
First visit to . . . . .	298
Second visit to . . . . .	301
Third visit to . . . . .	306
<i>Fable for Critics, A,</i>	
Preface to . . . . .	300
Publication of . . . . .	300
Selection from . . . . .	277
<i>Fireside Travels</i> . . . . .	304
<i>First Snow-Fall, The,</i>	
Quoted . . . . .	296, 297
<i>Fitz Adam's Story</i> . . . . .	290
<i>Foot Path, The</i> . . . . .	304
Harvard College,	
Record in . . . . .	291
Professor . . . . .	301
Dislike of work as . . . . .	301, 302
Resignation as . . . . .	302
Harvard Law School . . . . .	292
Hawthorne, Nathaniel . . . . .	294
<i>Indian Summer Reverie, Selection from</i> . . . . .	284
Law,	
Practice of . . . . .	294
Study of . . . . .	292
Letters,	
Concerning his professorship . . . . .	301, 302
Concerning slavery . . . . .	302, 303
First . . . . .	290, 291
To Charles R. Lowell, . . . . .	286, 287
<i>Life of Keats</i> . . . . .	304
Lowell,	
Charles (Rev.) . . . . .	280, 281
Charles (Mrs.) . . . . .	281
Charles R.,	
Letter from J. R. Lowell to . . . . .	286, 287
Francis Cabot . . . . .	280
James Russell,	
Birth of . . . . .	280
Birthplace of . . . . .	280-283
Death of . . . . .	306
Early influences . . . . .	281, 282, 285, 290
Marriage,	
First . . . . .	294
Second . . . . .	302
James Russell (Mrs.) . . . . .	295, 298, 302
John, minister of Newburyport . . . . .	280
John . . . . .	280
Percival . . . . .	280
Memorial Hall . . . . .	304
Minister to Spain and England . . . . .	306
<i>My Garden Acquaintances</i> . . . . .	286
<i>My Study Window</i> . . . . .	306
Nature, Love of . . . . .	285-287, 304
<i>Pennsylvania Freeman, The</i> . . . . .	302
Philadelphia, Residence in . . . . .	295
<i>Pioneer, The,</i>	
Contributors to . . . . .	294
Established . . . . .	294
Poe, Edgar Allan . . . . .	294
<i>Poems</i> . . . . .	294
Poems,	
First . . . . .	291

PAGE	PAGE
Poems,	
First volume published . . .	294
Second volume published . . .	294
Volume of 1869 . . .	304
Poet-statesman . . .	302-304
Position in literature . . .	306
<i>Present Crisis, The</i> ,	
Publication of . . .	300, 303
Prose works . . .	304, 306
<i>Search, The</i> . . .	304
<i>She Came and Went</i> , quoted . . .	298
Slavery, Attitude toward . . .	294, 302-304
<i>To the Dandelion</i> . . .	300
Selection from . . .	285, 286
<i>Two Angels: Selection from Under the Willows</i> ,	299
Publication of . . .	304
Selection from . . .	284
<i>Vision of Sir Launfal, The</i> ,	
Estimate of . . .	280, 299, 300
Publication of . . .	299
Selection from . . .	279
Writing of . . .	299
<i>Washers of the Shroud, The</i>	304
Wells, William . . .	288
White, Maria (Miss) . . .	294
Whittier, John Greenleaf . . .	294
Yankee dialect, Student of, . . .	290
<i>Year's Life, A</i> . . .	294

## POEMS (ENTIRE)

First Snow-Fall, The . . .	296		She Came and Went . . .	298
----------------------------	-----	--	-------------------------	-----

## EXCERPTS

Biglow Papers, The . . .	288		To the Dandelion . . .	285
Changeling, The . . .	295		Two Angels: Longfellow . . .	299
Fable for Critics, A . . .	182, 271, 277		Under the Willows . . .	284
Indian Summer Reverie . . .	284		Vision of Sir Launfal, The . . .	279









